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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. XCIX.

PUBLISHED IN

*JUNE & SEPTEMBER, 1856.*

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L O N D O N:

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1856.

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**LONDON :**  
**Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford-street,**  
**and Charing Cross.**

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**S**AVONAROLA!—Was he hypocritical impostor? self-deluded fanatic? holy, single-minded Christian preacher? heaven-commissioned prophet? wonder-working saint? martyr, only wanting the canonization which was his due? Was he the turbulent, priestly demagogue, who desecrated his holy office by plunging into the intrigue and strife of civic politics, or a courageous and enlightened lover of liberty; one who had conceived, and had almost achieved, the splendid notion of an equal republic of Christian men, acting on the highest Christian principles? Was he—a subordinate question, yet not without interest—a rude Iconoclast, or one who would have purified and elevated art to the height of its holy mission? Had he more of S. Bernard, of Arnold of Brescia, of Gerson, or of Wycliffe? Was he the forerunner of Luther or of Loyola, of Knox or of S. Philipppo Neri, even of John of Leyden, or our fifth-monarchy men? Since his own day, and even in his own days, these questions have been agitated in his own Church, and among the



Reformed Churches, with singular contrariety, so as to form almost a solitary exception to the usual resolute partizanship. He who was burned under Papal excommunication, in direct obedience, or at least submission, to a Papal mandate, has been the object of passionate vindication by very zealous Roman Catholics; his beatification has been demanded, it might seem almost granted; a legend has gathered around his life, laying claim to, and obtaining implicit belief, and, considering the late period of his life, almost as prolific in miracle as that of Becket or of Bernard. Though hailed by the earlier reformers, with zeal almost equally blind to his real character, as one of themselves; as the disciple of Huss and Jerome of Prague; as the harbinger of Luther; yet the colder, later age of Protestantism cast him aside almost as a poor impostor. Such was the verdict of Bayle; such that of a writer far more serious than Bayle, Buddeus. To others, as to Roscoe, he is a wild fanatic. The enemy of the enlightened and magnificent, and all but perfect Lorenzo de' Medici, must be an enemy to all true wisdom, as well as to the real interests of Florence, which, at its height of glory and prosperity during Lorenzo's life, at his death began to darken towards its decline.

This historical and religious mystery, if we may judge by the list of works at the head of our article, has neither lost its interest nor found its acknowledged solution. It is not from the want of biographers that the Life of Savonarola has not appeared in its clear and full light. We might, without difficulty, have enlarged the copious catalogue. Of all these lives the '*Jérôme Savonarola*' of M. Perrens, in our judgment, approaches much the nearest to a just appreciation as well as to a clear and vivid life of the famous Dominican. The Padre Marchese, to whom we are indebted for the letters and other documents published, with valuable observations, in the '*Archivio Storico Italiano*,' had contemplated a Life of the Florentine preacher. The failure of his eyesight compelled him to abandon his design. M. Perrens has had the advantage of his valuable advice, in a work which he only undertook when thus given up by Padre Marchese. He visited Florence, to make himself master of his subject, and especially of the works of Savonarola. He professes to have read the whole of his sermons—no light task—and, to a considerable extent, we can avouch that he has read them well and carefully; and certainly from no other source but his own writings can the character, the influence, or the fate of this singular man be judged with historic truth or justice. Savonarola must be his own biographer. The preacher, the prophet, the politician, even the martyr, must speak for himself, and he does speak, in his own

own still stirring words ; words which, however strange and wearisome from their perpetual iteration, reveal the man in all his living lineaments, his powers, his objects, his passions, the secret of his authority, even the causes of his fatal end. Savonarola appears not only the prophet and preacher, but, what must never be lost sight of, the Man, the Italian, the Monk. M. Perrens has paid especial attention to the corresponding dates of his works, and the events of his life : we can thus follow the Preacher, step by step, day by day, up through the rapid path of his ascent to fame and power, down the still more rapid and abrupt precipice of his fall.

The family of Savonarola came from Padua, and a gate in that city bore their name. His grandfather, Michael Savonarola, a physician of great fame, had been invited to Ferrara by Nicholas Prince of Estè. His father, Michael, had five sons, of whom Girolamo was the third, and two daughters. His mother's name was Helena Buonaccorsi. Girolamo, as was also his brother Albert, was destined for his grandfather's profession. They were seemingly a religious family. Michael, the grandfather, had exercised that blessed privilege of the Christian physician, the gratuitous care of the poor. Girolamo was born September 21st, 1452. Even in his boyhood he was reserved and serious : he loved solitude ; he sought lonely walks, avoiding the gardens of the ducal palace, where the youth of Ferrara held their joyous meetings. There was a depth of religious passion in his soul which required only to be stirred to decide his future life. His protestation (cited by M. Perrens) that in early youth he had determined not to be a monk only shows that the thought was already brooding in his heart. As the world opened upon him, its religious and moral darkness appalled, repelled, drove him to seek any sanctuary where he might dwell alone with himself and with God. Nor was this the act of a timid, over-scrupulous, superstitious mind. Perhaps in no period of the civilized world, since Christ, was the moral condition of mankind, in some respects, in a lower and more degraded state ; never were the two great enemies of human happiness—ferocity and sensuality—so dominant over all classes ; and in those vices Italy, in one sense the model and teacher of the world, enjoyed and almost boasted, a fatal pre-eminence. Some who read history with but purblind sight, attribute much of this dreary state to the revival of letters. The paganism of the more cultivated minds is denounced as the dire enemy, which violently or insidiously put an end to the ages of faith. But classical learning did not thrust religion from her throne ; she came into the vacant seat, and offered all she could offer to the

desolate and yearning mind of man. Men believed in Plato, because those who ought to have taught Christ gave no signs of their belief in Christ. In the highest places of the Church was the most flagrant apostacy from the vital principles of the Founder of the Church. This subject will force itself upon us too frequently during our survey of the life of Savonarola. His favourite studies too were guided and stimulated by this intuitive predilection. He turned from the great authorities of the profession, Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna. He stole away to Aristotle, to his ethics and metaphysics, his knowledge of which betrays itself even in his most impassioned sermons; but still more to Thomas Aquinas. He may at first only have sought in the cloister, as he declared in one of his later sermons, his two dearest objects—liberty and rest, freedom from domestic cares,\* the perfection, or, at least, the security, of his own moral and religious being. But his letter to his father, written at the time of his flight to Bologna, is far better evidence of his motives at that time than sentences scattered about his later sermons. It was on the 24th of April, 1475 (he was then twenty-two years and a half old), that Savonarola deserted for ever his father's house, and knocked for admittance at the door of the Dominican convent in Bologna. The Dominican order boasted among its disciples St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of the Schoolmen, the object of the young man's ardent study; and if profound religion—the religion which, while it trained the intellect by the scholastic learning, left free scope to zealous passion and even to excursive imagination within the bounds of Church theology—it was in the cloisters of the order of Preachers. Two days after, the young man sent to his father his memorable letter, in which the calm, deliberate determination of the youthful ascetic is exquisitely touched with the tenderness of a loving son:—

‘You who know so well how to appreciate the perishable things of earth, judge not with the passionate judgment of a woman; but, looking to truth, judge according to reason, whether I am not right in abandoning the world. The motive which determines me to enter into a religious life is this:—the great misery of the world, the misery of man; the rapes, the adulteries, the robberies, the pride, the idolatry, the monstrous blasphemies by which the world is polluted, for there is *none that doeth good, no not one*. Many times a-day have I uttered this verse with tears,—

“Heu fuge crudeles terras! fuge littus avarum.”

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\* There is a vague story, resting on but slight authority, that Savonarola was the victim of a tender but honourable passion for a beautiful female.

I could not support the enormous wickedness of most of the people in Italy. Everywhere I saw virtue despised, vice in honour. When God, in answer to my prayer, condescended to show me the right way, could I decline it? O gentle Jesus, may I suffer a thousand deaths rather than oppose thy will and show myself ungrateful for thy goodness. . . . Think not that I have not endured the deepest affliction in separating myself from you. Never, since I was born, have I suffered such bitter mental torment as at the moment when I abandoned my own father to make the sacrifice of my body to Jesus Christ, and to surrender my will into the hands of those whom I had never seen. You complain of the secrecy of my departure, I should rather say, my flight. In truth, I suffered such grief and agony of heart when I left you, that, if I had betrayed myself, I verily believe that my heart would have broken, and I should have changed my purpose. In mercy, then, most loving father, dry your tears, and add not to my pain and sorrow. To be Cæsar, I would not return to the world; but, like you, I am of flesh and blood; the senses wage a cruel war with the reason, and I would not give vantage to the devil. The first days, the bitter days, will soon be over. As a man of strong mind, I beseech you, comfort my mother, and both of you send me, I entreat you, your blessing.\*

Savonarola, like all men, especially Italian men, of his temperament, sought expression for his passionate feelings in poetry. The able editor of his few poems, M. de Rians,† assigns his earliest ode, 'De Ruinâ Mundi,' to some period a year or two before his flight to Bologna. It breathes the same sensitive horror of the awful moral spectacle around him, and already Rome is the centre and source of all wickedness:—

'La terra è sì oppressa da ogni vizio  
Che mai da se non leverà la soma,  
A terra se ne va il suo capo, Roma,  
Per mai non tornar al grande officio.'—*St. 5.*

If this first poem revealed the stern aversion of his heart to the sins of the world, his second, 'On the Ruin of the Church,' showed no less his vivid imagination, already revelling in that allegorical significance which he assigned to every word of the Scripture, and in the boundless symbolism of the Church. The Ode is a string of brilliant material images, each of which has its latent spiritual meaning: jewels, diamonds, lamps, sapphires, white robes, golden zones, white horses. But Italy lost no poet by the elevation of Savonarola to be her greatest preacher. Girolamo's verses are hard and harsh; all his higher odes are utterly

\* The letter may be read in Latin in the *Epistolæ Spirituales* published by P. Quetif; in Italian, in Burlamacchi; in French, in M. Perrens; in our own tongue, in both the *English Lives*.

† *Poesie di Savonarola*. Firenze, 1847.

deficient in the exquisite music, the crystalline purity of Petrarch ; his more lowly and familiar stanzas, if they have the rudeness want the simple fervour of St. Francis, still more the vigour of Jacopone da Todi. We fear his poetry itself would hardly have disenchanted the popular ear from the profane and pagan, but light and festive, carnival songs of Lorenzo de' Medici. Savonarola's poetry is to be sought in his sermons and even in some of his treatises.

There could be no doubt that Savonarola would equal the austere sons of St. Dominic in the congenial virtues of the cloister. Yet though sternly submissive to the rigorous rules of his Order as to fastings and mortifications, there does not always appear that extravagance of asceticism in which some of the older anchorites and the more famous monks luxuriated and gloried. He has no special aspirations after peculiar filth and misery ; and throughout his teaching the advice to others on these subjects, though in harmony with the rules of his Church, has a tone of moderation and good sense ; bodily austerities are but subordinate, of low esteem, in comparison with the graces and virtues of the heart and soul. No breath of calumny ever attained the personal purity of Savonarola. When he was the spiritual lord of Florence, if he condescended now and then to notice imputations of interested motives, of covetousness or spiritual extortion, it was to reject them with a defiant scorn, with an appeal to his own lofty disdain of wealth, to his known and lavish charities to the poor. He might have been, but disdained to be, wealthy. He was even above that more fatal and common avarice of his Church ; he sternly condemned the prodigal expenditure of wealth on magnificent buildings, on church ornaments, the golden censers, the jewelled pixes, the rich embroidered vestments : he would still be the simple, self-denying monk, not the splendid churchman.

In his obedience he was a mild brother of his Order ; as yet a humble disciple, he was in all respects strictly subordinate to his rule, and to the authority of his superiors. In his studies alone he struggled with gentle pertinacity for some freedom, which he at length obtained. He submitted to the common discipline of the Order, the study of the Fathers, of scholastic theology with all its subtle perplexities and all its arid dialectics : but his heart rebelled ; and dwelt with still increasing interest and exclusiveness on the Holy Scriptures. But it was not his heart alone which found its rest and consolation in the simple truths and peaceful promises of the Gospel. It was the bold and startling imagery, the living figures, the terrible denunciatory language, the authoritative rebukes of sin in the name of

of a terrible and avenging God, the awful words of God himself, as uttered and avouched by the ancient prophets, which clave to his memory, kindled his soul, and became at length his own, as he supposed, not less inspired language. His was not anxious searching of the Scriptures, in order to find out the way for the salvation of his own soul.\* As to that way he had implicit faith in the doctrines and in the authority of the Church. He had the simple conviction that this was by faith and holiness of life, faith inspired by grace, of which holiness was the necessary manifestation. But the Bible, he felt by the terrific power of its language, by the deep meaning of its phrases and imagery, and by its direct application to the state of existing things could alone shake the perishing world around him, and beat up the universal wickedness which comprehended the people, the clergy, the Pope himself. At first indeed his mind was in the fetters of his earlier and colder studies. According to the usage of his Order he was commissioned to visit many of the cities of Lombardy, to administer spiritual instruction, to exhort, to hear confession, and in every ordinary way to promote religion. In 1482, six years after his admission into the Dominican order, he was at Ferrara, his native city. He went there with reluctance, *for no man is a prophet in his own country*, and he compares himself with unsuspected irreverence to the Carpenter's son, to whom his native Nazareth paid but slight respect—a singular illustration of his prescience of his own high powers and destiny, as well as of his simplicity.† Ferrara was threatened with war by the Venetians. Most of the Dominicans were ordered by their superior to retire from their convent in Ferrara, S. Maria dei Angeli. Among those who were sent to Florence was Fra Girolamo. He was received in the magnificent convent of the order, San Marco, hereafter to be the scene of his glory, and his fate. The name of Fra Girolamo was already not without celebrity, but it was for his learning and for his sanctity. Many stories were abroad of conversions which he had wrought, hardly less than preternatural; the number of his disciples in later days threw back the halo of miracle around many of his earlier acts. On a voyage from Ferrara to Mantua he had been shocked by the blasphemies and

\* There are four copies of the Scriptures in different libraries at Florence, annotated by the hand of Savonarola. The notes themselves are in a kind of short hand, but there is an interpretation in the MSS. The passage extracted by M. Perrens is genuine Savonarola—a record of the wild dreams which crossed his slumbering or his waking imagination, in the prophetic significance of which he seemed to have implicit faith.—Appendix, tom. i. p. 458.

† In his beautiful letter to his mother, published by F. Marchese, Archivio Storico, p. 112; no one who reads this, and no more than this, can doubt the perfect sincerity of Savonarola.

obscurities of the rude boatmen. After half an hour of his earnest catechising, eleven of them threw themselves at his feet, in profound contrition, confessing their sins, and imploring absolution.

Florence witnessed the first recorded instance of his public preaching. By the admission, it may almost be said, by the boast of his admiring biographers, this first attempt was a total, it might seem a hopeless, failure, such as might have crushed a less ardent man. He was appointed to preach the Carême (the course of Lent sermons) in the great church of San Lorenzo. The expectation was high; his countenance was known to be fine and expressive; his form, though slight, was full of grace and strength. But his voice was thin and harsh; his delivery unimpressive, his gestures rude and awkward; his language, not yet disembarassed of dry scholastic form, heavy and dull. His audience dwindled down to a still diminishing few; not twenty-five persons lingered in the vacant nave. His superiors, whether in kindness, or suspecting his slumbering powers, sent him during two consecutive years (1484-5) to preach at San Gemignano. Still all was cold and ineffective; a scanty and listless audience, or vacant aisles. He retired to Florence and re-assumed the humble office of reader; it might seem that his career of fame and of usefulness was closed for ever.

On a sudden, at Brescia, he burst out; appalling, entrancing, shaking the souls of men, piercing to their heart of hearts, and drawing them in awe-struck crowds before the foot of his pulpit. The secret was in the text-book of his sermons. It was the Apocalypse of St. John. *Aut insanum inveniet aut faciet*: such was the axiom of no less a person than Calvin on the study of this mysterious book; an axiom probably not much known to those who hold the peculiar doctrines of the French reformer among ourselves. If we receive, according to the letter, the account of this Brescian sermon, its causes and its consequences, as related in the life by Burlamacchi, it might be adduced as illustrating the wisdom of the great Genevese reformer. Not only in preaching on the chapter concerning the 23 (24) elders, did he declare that one of the elders had been commissioned to reveal to him the terrible doom which awaited Italy, and especially the city of Brescia; not only did he summon Brescia to repentance, for 'fathers would see their children massacred and dragged through the streets'—a scourge which would fall upon the city during the life-time of many there present; but besides this, it was averred by Fra Angelo of Brescia that on the night of the Nativity, in the convent of Brescia (the sermon had been preached on St. Andrew's day)

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Fra Girolamo had stood in an extacy for five hours, entirely motionless, with his face shining so as to illuminate the whole church.\* From this time Savonarola was no longer a preacher, he was a prophet.† Already, by his own account, he had struck this chord at San Gemignano, but with a feeble hand, and it had not vibrated to the hearts of his hearers: he had preached the scourging, the renewal of the Church, and that quickly; but he had preached it not by divine revelation, but as an inference from the Scriptures.‡ This more sober statement might seem to comprehend his preaching at Brescia, and all the period of four years (1486–1490) which elapsed before his return to Florence. But the study of the Apocalypse, and the congenial study of the Prophets of the Old Testament, neither found Savonarola mad, nor drove him to madness, if we take madness in its ordinary and vulgar sense. Yet if to be possessed by one great, noble, and holy aim, and in the exclusive and absorbing pursuit of that aim sometimes to pass over the imperceptible boundary of prudence and reason: if conscious of the undoubted mission of all good men, and especially of all in holy orders, or who wore the cowl of the monk, to denounce with peculiar authority the divine wrath against human wickedness, and to summon the Church to repentance, he forgot at times—or thought suspended in his own behalf—the ordinary laws of Divine Providence; if he did not reverently admit that the All-Wise jealously reserves in the mysteries of his own councils the ‘times and the seasons;’ if he at times lost his Christian patience, and no longer uttered in humble expostulation, Holy and True, how long? and imagined that he saw the sword already bare, and heard it summoned to go through the land—if these things are insanity, so far must be admitted the madness of Savonarola. But as that madness in no way whatever lessens his responsibility, if it tempers our astonishment, and permits our cool judgment to trace the causes of his failure, and to a certain degree of his fatal end, so it gives full scope to our admiration of that which assuredly entitles him (by a much better claim than doubtful miracles, seen by blind disciples) to canoniza-

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\* *Burlamacchi*, apud *Mansi*, p. 533.

† A prophecy of such ruin to Brescia might have been hazarded at any time with no doubtful chance of its veracity. No city was so often besieged, few suffered such frequent desolation. It was said to have been fulfilled in the storming by the French some years after.

‡ E andando a San Gemignano a predicarsi, comincia a predicarne, e in due anni ch'io vi predicai, proponendo queste conclusioni che la chiesa aveva a essere flagellata, rinovata, e presto. *E questo non avevo per rivelazione, ma per ragione delle Scritture.* E così dicevo, e in questo modo predicai a Brescia, e in molte altri luoghi di Lombardia qualche volta di queste cose, dove stette anni circa a quattro. *Processo. Baluz. Miscell. iv. 529.*



tion in the esteem of the wise and good. Girolamo Savonarola was the apostle and martyr of truth in an age and land, in which truth was more contemptuously trodden under foot than in most periods of the Christian Church.

During the whole of the obscure period of four years, during which we dimly trace the movements of Savonarola in the cities of Lombardy, before his second and final establishment in Florence, his fame was becoming more acknowledged not only as the preacher, or, it may be, the prophet, but as a man of profound thought, clear and subtle solution of theological difficulties, wise counsel, and grave authority. At a council of his order holden in Reggio, he displayed those qualities so entirely opposite to the accomplishment of a passionate and fanatic preacher. It is said that the famous Pico di Mirandola, the uncle of the prophet's future disciple and historian, who was present at the council, was so impressed with his transcendent abilities, as to speak strongly in his favour to his friend Lorenzo de' Medici. Yet there seems no evidence that Savonarola, when he settled in Florence more than three years afterwards, received any invitation from Lorenzo; it was almost an accidental arrangement of his superior which sent him again, as the humble reader, to the convent of St. Mark. Neither did the Order, nor did Savonarola himself, nor did Lorenzo, on the news of his arrival, foresee that in that lowly friar, who travelled on foot, and almost sunk under fatigue at the village of Pianora, eight miles from Bologna, Florence was to behold the restorer of her liberties, the ruler of her popular mind, the spiritual lord who should hold theocratical sway over her for several years in the name of God and of Christ. Later legend embellishes his journey by a celestial companion, who attended him to his inn, fed him with refreshing meat and wine, and guarded him to the gate of S. Gallo.

Lorenzo the Magnificent had now been for many years the Lord of Florence. His age has been called the Augustan age of Italian letters (strangely enough in the native land of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso), but he resembled Augustus in more than his patronage of poets and philosophers,—in the skill with which, like his grandfather Cosmo, he disguised his aristocracy under republican forms. On his contested character we must not enter; nor inquire how far he compensated to Florence, for the loss of her turbulent, it must be acknowledged, her precarious, liberties, by peace, by wealth, by splendour, by the cultivation of arts and of letters; by making her the centre and the source of the new civilization of the world.

Since the failure of the Pazzi conspiracy, Lorenzo had maintained his temperate but undisputed sway in Florence. His only

only danger was from without, and this he had averted by his wisdom and courage, by his bold visit to the court of his mortal enemy, the King of Naples; he had brought back peace to imperilled Florence, security to his own government. But the Pazzi conspiracy is so fearfully illustrative of the state of Italian, of Papal morals, at the time when Savonarola began his career, that it must not be altogether passed by. The object of that conspiracy was not the freedom of Florence, though it was to overthrow the power of the Medici. It was the substitution of the rule of another faction and family, through the authority of the Pazzi. The revolution was deliberately planned at Rome in the Papal counsels; the Pope's nephew was the prime mover, the leading agent an archbishop, its means foul murder. The place of that murder was the great church of Florence, the time of that murder the celebration of the Mass, the signal for that murder the elevation of the Host, the presentation to the adoring people (as all believed) of the God of mercy and of love. Lorenzo saw the dagger driven home to the heart of his brother Giuliano; but escaped himself by a strange accident. The ruffian to whom his death was assigned, a man whose hands were dyed with a hundred murders, and who was inured to the death-shriek of innocent men, scrupled at his task; he would not murder in a church! A priest was easily found with none of those compunctious visitings; but the priest's hand was feeble and unpractised, and Lorenzo came off with a slight wound. The Pope's complicity is beyond all doubt.

A confession of one of the ruffians was published, from which it appeared that the Pope had repeatedly declared against bloodshed, as unbecoming his office; but after this special protest, he had given these merciless men, who all the while declared that without blood their plot must fail, his full sanction. Nor was this all. The Bull of Sixtus IV. (we presume that it bore the awful prelude, 'in sempiternam memoriam,' for the eternal memory of man), his Bull of excommunication against the Florentines for their vengeance against the murderers, still glares in the eyes of posterity. Of the murder in the church, of the murder at the elevation of the Host, there is not one word of abhorrence. It is treated as a mere ordinary fray between two Florentine factions; but on the hanging the archbishop of Pisa, the murderer, taken in the fact, of whose guilt it was impossible to entertain the shadow of a doubt; on his execution the Bull assumes all its denunciatory terrors: it is the most awful sacrilege, a crime deserving the most dreadful torments here and hereafter. And Sixtus IV., against whose character there were other most foul charges, it may be calumnies, but charges published

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at the time at Rome, and throughout Italy; Sixtus, who almost began that system of princely nepotism, the foundation not of estates but of principalities for his needy, rapacious, and too often profligate relatives, was the head of the Christian world, when the holy Savonarola cast his eyes abroad upon that Church, in which he hoped to find the spirit, the sanctity of the Lord and his apostles. The successor of Sixtus IV. was Innocent VIII. (Cibo). The poetical pasquinades of the day stigmatized this Pope as the father of sixteen bastards; charity and truth brought the number down to seven; two only survived to benefit by their father's elevation; his defenders therefore have asserted that there were but two. Innocent was the first Pope who cared not to disguise his parental relation under the specious name of nepotism. But the new Pope was no longer hostile, he was in close alliance with Florence and the House of Medici; his son was married to a daughter of Lorenzo. In a well-known letter Lorenzo (so much had the advancement of the Pope's kindred become a matter of course) gently reproaches Innocent with the timid reserve with which he had hitherto provided for his own flesh and blood. Innocent was to be succeeded, almost before Savonarola had begun his more famous career, by Alexander VI., a Pope, from whom papal zeal shrinks, and has hardly ventured on the forlorn hope of apology.\* In truth this period, even when compared with that at the close of the tenth century, and the worst times in Avignon, and during the schism, is the darkest in Papal history. The few brighter years after the Council of Constance, of Martin V., of Nicolas V., and in spite of the confessions of his youth, and his flagrant tergiversations, of Pius II., had raised the pontificate to some part at least of its old awe and respect. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Popes had become Italian princes; their objects were those of the Viscontis or Sforzas of Milan: it might seem their sole aim to found principalities in their houses; their means were the same,—intrigue, treachery, violence and rapacity. Such was the state of the Papacy when the Dominican, now arising to the zenith of his fame, and master of an eloquence, unheard for centuries in the pulpits of Italy; with a character altogether blameless, and as yet unsuspected, probably unconscious, of political designs; with the sole purpose of promoting the religion of the people, took up his abode in the convent of St. Mark. The Dominican convent of St. Mark had been rebuilt by the munificent piety of

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\* It appears from Dr. Madden that a French writer has undertaken this foolish task, but we must acknowledge that this ultramontane school, the school of Audin and Rohrbacher, is so far below contempt, that it hardly touches our curiosity: paradox must be ingenious and plausible even to amuse.

Cosmo de' Medici. In three years he is said by P. Marchese to have spent 36,000 gold florins upon it. Cosmo had delighted to visit within its walls the holy Antonino, afterwards archbishop of Florence, and in good time a saint. Cosmo's grandson, Lorenzo, maintained the hereditary respect of his house for the convent of St. Mark. On the walls were now, fresh in all their saintly beauty, the frescoes of Fra Angelico, who in its cells had prayed and painted, painted and prayed; his prayers no doubt crowded with themes of the holy images which he painted, while his paintings, as it were, embodied prayer. St. Mark is perpetually visited in the present day by those who, gazing with admiration on the works of Fra Angelico, forget that its cloisters were trod by the no less holy, but less peaceful, feet of Fra Girolamo. But with what rapture must the Preacher have gazed on the congenial paintings of Fra Angelico!\*

From this time Savonarola is to a certain degree his own biographer: the successive volumes of his sermons, from Advent, 1491,† to Lent, 1498 (the year of his death) display the gradual development of his eloquence, his influence, and his aims, till he rises to his height, the legislator, and ruler of Florence.‡

He began with the humble office of Reader, that is, the Instructor of the novices, perhaps of the tertiaries, the lay members, of the Order. The sphere of his first efforts was a close hall, of moderate dimensions. The whole body of friars within the convent, and pious hearers from without, crowded the narrow room; he descended into the garden of the convent, and, under the damask rosebushes, or in the porch of a chapel, continued his pious instructions. There was something still of want of freedom in his gestures, something harsh in his intonation, which offended the fastidious eyes and ears of the Florentines.§ But these defects fell away, or were lost in his deep earnestness, and kindling fire. There was a general demand that, from the lowly chair of the teacher, he should mount the authoritative pulpit. Savonarola at first hesitated to accept the offer of his Superior, the Prior of St. Mark. His biographers assert (legend now begins to speak) that, when he yielded, he said, 'To-morrow I shall begin to preach, and I shall preach for eight years.' The Apoca-

\* The letter-press of the beautiful engravings from these frescoes is by the Padre Marchese.

† These two courses were published at Prato (1846) in a volume intended as the commencement of a complete collection of his works. This design has, we regret to find, been abandoned.

‡ Perrens—'Recherches Supplémentaires,' tom. ii. p. 457.

§ Perrens, p. 42, with the quotation from the Magliabecchian Library, and from his book 'De Veritate Prophetica.'

lypse was again his inspiring theme. On the 1st of August (1491), on a Sunday,

‘I began publicly to expound the Revelations in our church of St. Mark. During the course of the year, I continued to develope to the Florentines these three propositions: “That the Church would be renewed in our time.” “Before that renovation, God would strike all Italy with a fearful chastisement.” “That these things would happen shortly.” I laboured to demonstrate these three points to my hearers, and to persuade them by probable arguments, by allegories drawn from the Sacred Scriptures, by other similitudes and parables drawn from what was going on in the Church. I insisted on reasons of this kind; and I dissembled the knowledge which God gave me of these things in other ways, because men’s spirits appeared to me not yet in a state fit to comprehend such mysteries.’

In all the early sermons, Savonarola is as yet neither tribune nor prophet; but he is a preacher such as perhaps Italy had never before heard. He himself describes perpetually, what deadened the force of all Italian preaching—subtle logical distinctions, profane and idle similitudes, illustrations from heathen poets, from Dante or Petrarch; he compares the preachers of his day to the singers and mourners in the house of the ruler of the synagogue, whose mournful music made the soul weep, but could not raise the dead. Savonarola might now seem to have studied hardly more than one book, and that the Book of Books: he is said to have learnt the Bible by heart. But it was that book, read by an imagination which opened out the biblical language with a boldness and luxuriance, certainly as yet untried, and perhaps hardly surpassed in later days: every image, every allegory, every parable, every figure has not one but a thousand meanings,—meanings, each of the same authority with its plainest and most literal significance,—meanings heaped one upon another with prodigal profusion; and that not in wanton ingenuity, but with a vehemence and fervour which enforce the belief that the preacher had the fullest confidence in every one of his wildest interpretations. There is still enough of the Peripatetic philosophy of his master, S. Thomas Aquinas, to show that it is not for want, but from disdain, of erudition, that he rests his teaching on the word of God, and on that alone. At the same time he retains the most humble deference for the doctrines of the Church on all theological questions, and has full faith in the poetic mythology of the middle ages, in the Virgin, and in the Saints.

From this time all Florence crowded to the preacher. The narrow church of St. Mark was too small. He was summoned to the cathedral; and here men climbed the walls and swarmed

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on the pillars, to catch a glimpse of his keen, delicate features, and the tone of his deep and thrilling voice.

And Florence had need of a preacher of Christian righteousness. There is no reason to suppose that Florence was, in Shakspeare's phrase, a more 'high-iced' city than others in Italy. But her commerce, perhaps, made her sensuality more splendid and notorious; and the cultivation of letters and arts, and the Platonic philosophy, if it had made the manners more elegant, had probably not heightened the moral tone.

The form of religion, it is true, subsisted—the hierarchy in all its splendour, and with its awful titles; the ceremonial of the Church, in its utmost gorgeousness; the doctrine, which as yet few were so religious as to dispute, in all its rigour; but its life, its sanctifying graces, its elevating aspirations were gone. Its serious power, even its poetry (to speak generally) had lost its hold on the inner soul of man; and that soul must have something to fill its insatiable craving after higher things.

The year after his settlement in Florence (in 1491) so great was his fame that Savonarola rose to the dignity of Prior of St. Mark. As the convent had been enriched by the bounty, and had prided itself hitherto on the reverence shown towards it by the house of Medici, it was the custom for the Prior on his appointment to pay a kind of homage to the head of the family. Savonarola seemed to be ignorant, or simulated ignorance, of this usage. The older friars remonstrated. 'Is it God or Lorenzo de' Medici who has named me prior?' 'God,' was the instant answer. 'Let me, then, render thanks to God, not to man.' Lorenzo heard the report of this speech: he merely observed, 'A monk, a stranger in Florence, has taken up his abode in my house, and will not deign to visit me.' To Lorenzo, no doubt, Savonarola was no more than a man of surpassing eloquence, whom his civilities would gradually tame down. Lorenzo would have delighted to have added Savonarola to the brilliant society which assembled around him in Careggi, to share his splendid hospitality and discuss arts, letters, philosophy, and religion, with Politian and Mirandola. He would have listened, as a high intellectual gratification, to the unrivalled preacher. But Savonarola felt that the friendship of Lorenzo was more dangerous to his lofty purpose than his enmity. He would not even tamper with the perilous courtesies of a man who at least dallied with heathenism, whose delight was in heathen poets, whose own poetry was bright with heathen images, and melodious with the names of heathen gods and goddesses, and in whose presence were discussed such solemn questions as the immortality of the soul, with arguments extraneous to those of the Scriptures and of the Church.

Throughout

Throughout we must remember that Savonarola was, as will hereafter appear, a monk in all the rigour and intolerance of monkhood. To Savonarola these evenings at Careggi—so beautifully described, and in a kindred spirit, by Mr. Hallam, who of all persons might fairly assume that classical culture is not incompatible with Christian goodness—were but profane revels; hence his uncourteous and almost unchristian rejection of the advances of the princely host. Lorenzo, punctual in all the ceremonies of religion, came to mass at St. Mark's. It was told to Fra Girolamo, that after the mass he was walking in the garden. 'Let him walk as long as he will,' was the cold answer. Lorenzo (the Magnificent) placed a number of pieces of gold in his contribution to the alms-chest of St. Mark. The Prior knew from whence came the splendid oblation. He set aside the baser metal as sufficient for the simple wants of the convent and sent the gold to the *buonumini*, to be distributed among the poor.

Savonarola relates himself a further instance of his own haughty demeanour to the lord of Florence. Five persons from the noblest houses in Florence, a Bonsi, a Vespucci, a Soderini, a Valori, a Rucellai, appeared before him to persuade him, for the sake of the public peace, to moderate his tone; his darkening prophecies were already disturbing the city. 'You tell me,' said the preacher, 'that you are come of your own accord. I say you are not. Go, and make this answer to Lorenzo de' Medici,—Let him repent of his sins.' His friends told him that he was in danger of imprisonment. 'You, who have wives and children, may dread imprisonment. I care not; let him do as he will; but let him know that I am a stranger here, and he a citizen and the first of the city. But I shall stay where I am; it is he that shall depart.' This, of course, afterwards grew into a distinct prediction of Lorenzo's death. Other and milder means were tried to keep down the growing influence of the Dominican. There was a famous Franciscan preacher, Fra Mariano. He was set up to calm the popular mind. He preached on the text, '*It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father has put in his own power*' (Acts i. 7). Savonarola accepted the defiance; he preached on the same text. Mariano was awed to silence; the rival preachers met in courteous intercourse, but Mariano, at a later period, found his hour of vengeance: he preached in Rome, inciting the Pope to rid the world of that pestilent fellow. Brother Girolamo continued his triumphant course. In Lent, 1492, he preached on the Book of Genesis at San Lorenzo. Women, when he rebuked their immodest attire, appeared in dark close dresses. One man,

as he left the church, hastened to make restitution of three thousand ducats. The year had not passed when Savonarola stood by the deathbed of Lorenzo de' Medici. He had been summoned; it should seem, by the dying man himself, who had always shown the most humble obedience to the rites of the Church, and had already received the last sacraments, uttering words of the most profound piety. Politian, who was present, relates the interview. Girolamo exhorted the expiring prince to hold fast the faith; Lorenzo declared that his faith was unshaken. That he should amend his life; Lorenzo promised so to do in the strongest terms. That he should resign himself to death, if such were the will of God; 'with joy,' said Lorenzo, 'if such be God's decree.' The friar rose to depart; Lorenzo implored his blessing, bowed his head, and made the responses in the firmest and gentlest tone. Politian adds, that men would have thought that all present were suffering death, and not Lorenzo. We have no scruple in accepting this simple statement of Politian as the whole truth. It was an after-thought of Savonarola's admirers and of Lorenzo's enemies which represents Lorenzo as racked with remorse by three sins of his life, the massacre at Volterra (which was no deed of his, but one of those dreadful accidents of war for which not even the commander of the forces at Volterra was responsible); the plunder of the Monti de Pietà founded for the dowry of Florentine damsels who had been deprived of their marriage-portions; and the condemnation to death of many innocent persons after the Pazzi conspiracy—an act, of which popular fury, and not Lorenzo, was guilty. The Friar, it is said, sternly enjoined faith and restitution of all his ill-gotten gains. Lorenzo hesitated, but made the promise. The third and last demand of the inexorable Girolamo was, 'If you would have peace with God, restore her liberty to Florence.' Lorenzo turned his face to the wall, and spake no word; the friar withdrew. All this, however, rests only on the report of Burlamacchi, in whose work legend has always to be separated from history; and to Burlamacchi it came from Maruffi, the somnambulist and man of visions, the least trustworthy of all Savonarola's followers.

So died the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, at the age of forty-four, on the 8th of April, 1492. On the 25th of July died Pope Innocent VIII. Piero de' Medici succeeded, without struggle, to the acknowledged but undefined supremacy of his father in Florence; on the throne of St. Peter the unblushing and venal conclave placed the Cardinal Borgia, who took the name of Alexander VI. Savonarola acquiesced with the rest of Florence in the sovereignty of Piero; but in the Advent of that year he preached on the Ark



of Noah, a course, it should seem, suddenly broken off, and resumed in the Lent of 1494. The clean and unclean beasts in the ark were a fruitful subject for the bold imagination of the friar. In the Lent of 1493 he was in Bologna, but it should seem that at Bologna he had tamed his manner; the prophet was at first thought but a simple man, fit to preach to women. The preacher's fire soon began to kindle both himself and others; all ranks, all orders, the artizan, the peasant, the burgher, the prince, were at his feet. The haughty wife of John Benivoglio, Lord of Bologna, condescended to be present; but she came, and, in spite of remonstrance, came repeatedly, with a pompous train and in the midst of the service, interrupting the devotion of the people, and the discourse of the teacher. In the spirit of old Chrysostom to the Byzantine empress—'Herodias dances, Herodias would have the head of John'—Savonarola addressed her as the Devil, who came to disturb the word of God. Her brothers attempted on the spot to avenge the insult; they could not make their way through the throng. Assassins were hired; according to the legend, they were admitted to his presence, but cowered before his look and words, and crept back to their employers. The friar boldly gave out that he was about to return to Florence, he should sleep at Pianora; 'it is not my fate to die at Bologna.'

The Prior of St. Mark determined to commence in his own convent that reformation which with terrible denunciation he had demanded from the whole Church, the Pope, the clergy, the people. He urged upon his brethren the strictest austerity and conformity to their rules, of which he himself set the example. He resolved to remove the cloister from the din and licence of the city, and obtained a site at Carreggio, where he settled most of the brethren. So far was he from discouraging learning, that he left part of the convent in Florence to be an institution for the study of the Oriental languages. He had further views. Tuscany was but a district of the Lombard provinces of his order; he aspired to make it independent, and obtained its severance from Pope Alexander; himself was to be the first vicar-general. During this reform, though he ceased not to thunder against the vices of clergy and people, he was still on terms of peace with the Pope and with Piero de' Medici. M. Perrens quotes a passage which reads almost like humble adulation of the son of Lorenzo, and contrasts it with his hard and uncourteous demeanour to the Father.

But the time was coming when the sword, the sword of God, which Savonarola had so long proclaimed as about to sweep down the sons of guilty Italy, might be seen, as it were, in its  
portentous

portentous gleaming on the summit of the Alps. Charles VIII. of France had been summoned by the Duke of Milan. Savonarola at times disclaimed, at times seemed darkly to intimate, that he had foreshown the descent of the French; but he at once designated Charles VIII. as the coming scourge, as the renovator of the Church.

The judicial folly which seized Piero de' Medici might to a less devout man seem the smiting of the hand of God. Florence had been, in all former wars, the faithful ally of the French. Piero de' Medici had entered into close confederacy with the King of Naples, whose throne Charles VIII. claimed as his own. Piero de' Medici might have resolutely maintained or might have repudiated the Neapolitan alliance: like all weak men he chose the worst course—vacillation. He knew that he had not, like his father, a firm hold on the respect, or at least the awe of the Florentines, but was bated for his pride and profligacy. Almost the first act of Charles VIII., on his descent from the Alps, early in 1594, was to send an embassy to Florence. He reminded the Florentines that Charlemagne had been the second founder of their city; he touched on the recent alliances with the kingdom of France, especially with his father Louis XI., and urged the stronger argument, the immense commercial advantages derived from France. The Florentines were almost the bankers of the realm. The answer of Piero de' Medici was ambiguous. Charles at once prepared to march on Florence. Such was the public discontent that the magistrates entreated Savonarola to allay the angry people. The Preacher obeyed, but he did not scruple to remind them of his repeated but neglected text (a text, by the way, invented or imagined by himself): 'Behold, the sword of the Lord is upon the land, instantly and rapidly.'\* Piero de' Medici was seized with the utmost panic; he thought of his Father's daring embassy in his own person to the hostile court of Naples. What Lorenzo had done with bold wisdom, he would imitate with weak despair: he went as his own ambassador to the camp of Charles; but, instead of overawing, fell prostrate before the invader. He accepted at once the hard terms; he was even more lavish of concession than the king of demands; he stipulated for the surrender of the fortresses of Pietra Santa, Sarzana, Sarzanella, the occupation of Pisa and Leghorn, the loan of 200,000 ducats.

Florence rose in fury. Francesco Valori, once a friend of the Medici, headed the movement, mounted his horse, and sum-

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\* *Ecce gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter.* His favourite phrase was that the barbiere (the barber or barbarian) would come and shave all Italy. See especially 'Sopra i Salmi,' serm. xxiv. p. 166.

moned the people to liberty. Piero de' Medici and all his faction were declared rebels; they stole out of the city, and took refuge in Bologna. Savonarola seemed stunned with the revolution—the Prophet saw not clearly what was to come. His sermon (on Haggai) dwelt only on the mercy of God; he urged the people to imitate God, and show compassion. He spoke ambiguously of the scourge impending over the city: let Florence appease God, who is already half-appeased; let the approaching Advent be a fast as rigorous as Lent. The burthen of his discourse, the burthen on which he perpetually dwelt, was calamity on Italy, on Florence, on the clergy.

And he said again and again that Italy shall be utterly subverted, and specially the city of Rome. Nevertheless it was revealed to him, and had been revealed in former visions he had seen at intervals for the last four years, that the prophecy against Florence was *conditional*: it might be averted by her repentance and by God's mercy. Four ambassadors were named of noble houses—a Nerli, a Rucellai, a Capponi, a Cavalcanti; the fifth was the Dominican stranger, Girolamo Savonarola. They set out for Lucca; Charles eluded their reception; he was on his march to Pisa, whither they followed him; but Piero de' Medici had pre-occupied the weak mind of the king by his humble submission. On their solemn audience Savonarola addressed the king in a long florid Ciceronian harangue, in which there are but few gleams of the fervid Preacher. It was a general exhortation to imitate God in showing mercy.

On the 27th of November Charles VIII. entered Florence; his manners were courteous, but the terms which he dictated hard and imperious—the restoration of the Medici to their full sovereignty. The magistrates had not lost the Florentine courage: they firmly repelled the proposals. 'What then,' said the impetuous Frenchman, 'if I sound my trumpets?' 'Then,' resolutely answered Gino Capponi, 'Florence must toll her bells.' The threat of the terrible tocsin, the signal of general insurrection in all Italian cities, startled the king, and he turned off, with a coarse pleasantry on the name of Capponi.\* Yet Florence, unorganised, if not unarmed, might well fear the lawless Transalpine soldiery let loose in her streets. Savonarola was sent on a second embassy to the king. We see no reason to treat, with M. Perrens, his account of his own language as vain boasting: 'I spoke to the king as not one of you would have dared

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\* Nardi, i. 51. M. Perrens well observes that Machiavelli has said better:—

'Lo strepito dell' armi e de' cavalli,  
Non potè far che non fosse sentita  
La voce d' un Cappon fra cento Galli.

to have spoken, and, by the grace of God, he was appeased. I said things which you yourselves would not have endured, yet he heard them patiently.' Charles VIII. was not so superior to the awe of a man who spoke, like Savonarola, in the name of God, and whom many believed to be a prophet, as not to cower before his presence, or, at least, to reverence his saintly character. On November 26th the treaty was signed, and Charles left the city.

Florence was now free, but with the Medici had fallen the government which had subsisted for seventy years. The old republican forms remained, but they had fallen into desuetude, and the habits of self-government had long been obsolete. All at first was factious confusion, trade ruined, shops closed, the people ground down by the enormous sums exacted by the French king as free gifts. There were great names—Soderinis, Capponis, and Valoris—but none of commanding authority. The stranger, the monk Savonarola, was the first man in Florence, on him all eyes were turned; he alone had overawed the mighty king of France; to him Florence owed that her streets had not run deep with blood. That he himself was the founder of the new republic, was no idle boast; his sermons on Haggai during the Advent of the present year, reveal the workings of his mind, and the course of his proceedings. Savonarola awaited his time; his first proposal was that of a religious teacher rather than of a legislator—it was to make collections, one for the poor of the city, one for the poor of the territory; to open the shops in order to give employment to the needy, to lighten the taxes, especially those which weighed on the lower orders; to enforce strict justice; and, finally, to pray fervently to God. If all eyes were previously turned on Savonarola in despair, they were now turned in popular gratitude. By common consent Savonarola became the lawgiver of Florence. He summoned the whole people, except the women, to meet under the dome of the cathedral. He began by laying down four great rules or principles as the groundwork of the new constitution. I. Fear God. II. Prefer the good of the republic to your own. III. A general amnesty. IV. A council formed on the model of that of Venice without a doge. Nor was the constitution which he proceeded to develop the extemporaneous conception of a great mind, called forth by the exigencies of the time, nor that of a bold fanatic grasping at power, which in wielding he learned to wield. Savonarola had profoundly studied the principles of government. These questions had not been avoided in their vast theory of human life by the Schoolmen. S. Thomas had entered into them with all his cold, analytical, Aristotelian precision and his

his exhaustive plenitude ; and Savonarola was master of the whole of S. Thomas. His book on Government is the practical application of that of the schoolman. According to both, monarchy is nearest to the government of God — it is the best of governments ; but both the Schoolman and the Prophet had a noble aversion to tyranny, into which Italian monarchies seemed inevitably to degenerate. The death of S. Thomas is by some attributed to poison administered by Charles of Anjou, against whose dire despotism his book of government had been a stern protest. Savonarola, in more than one passage, draws the ideal of a tyrant in the blackest hues, manifestly with allusion to the hated Medici.

The constitution of Florence, as founded by Fra Girolamo, was not a fierce democracy ; it by no means recognised universal suffrage. The parliament of the whole people, summoned by the tocsin, had been the main instrument of the silent despotism of the Medici ; this turbulent assemblage had of necessity devolved its full powers on a Balia, and on certain functionaries, the Accoppiatori, whose names, duly prepared by the Medicean faction, had been carried by acclamation, and thus assumed the sovereignty under the secret dictatorship of Cosmo, or his descendants. It was thus shown, on a small scale, how universal suffrage ends in despotism. The great Council of the nation, established by Savonarola, comprehended the citizens with the right of suffrage ; it consisted of all who had the right to take part in public affairs, that is, citizens of above thirty years of age (in some cases twenty-five), of blameless character (*netti di specchio*), who themselves or their fathers, grandfathers, or great-grandfathers, had been either in the signory, gonfaloniers of the companies, or of the twelve Buonomini. The population of Florence and its territory was reckoned by a curious statistical return, published by Roscoe, at 450,000 ; the great Council comprised but 3200 ; of those one-third were chosen by lot for six months, and so in succession. No meeting had authority if of less than 1000. The attributes of this kind of broad hereditary peerage were, to appoint to all the magistracies, to adopt or reject all laws. Afterwards it became a court of appeal from the sentences of death or exile passed by the Signory ; this was called the trial of the six beans (*sei feve*). The Signory was supreme, under the control of the Great Council. There was a second council of eighty (the *richesti*) ; a senate which advised the Signory, drew up the laws to be submitted to the Great Council ; decided on peace or war, conducted foreign and military affairs. Every member of the eighty must be full forty years old ; all the magistrates formed part of it ; and had a deliberative voice in its counsels.

Such,

Such, in its outline, was the constitution of Savonarola, or rather of God; for Savonarola enacted it in the name and authority of God; on its maintenance depended God's blessing and the promised unexampled prosperity of Florence. Nor was this all; it had a head, and this head was no less than Christ himself. Our own fifth-monarchy-men were anticipated in this instalment of King Jesus as the paramount sovereign. The popular cry in defence of the constitution was, 'Live Jesus Christ;' again and again the preacher, in his panegyric on his own great work, declares it the especial care of the Saviour and of the Virgin.

What was the office and position of Savonarola himself in the new constitution? It was one of greater influence and authority, because it was anomalous and undefined. The Lord of Florence was Jesus Christ, but the representative of the divine will, the prophet by whom it was permitted to reveal the future, was Savonarola. His office was something like that of a judge of Israel, or a Roman censor with dictatorial power. Nor was it that the Signory or the Council had resort to the cell of the friar, as to the seat of a living and perpetual oracle. He is found in the pulpit during the more than three years of his domination, with rare pause or intermission, and that not merely as the Christian preacher denouncing the sins of men, but as the guardian of the public weal. It is Florence which is the constant object of his terrible or cheering address. Against the attempt to restore the parliament, he thundered with more than his usual vehemence. 'People, if you would not ruin yourselves, permit not the parliament to assemble—keep well this maxim, and teach it to your sons. People, when you hear the bell which summons you to parliament, rise up, draw your sword, and say to those who convoke it, what would you have? Has not the Council full power? What law do you propose? Will not the Council do it as well?' He urges them to make the Signory take a solemn oath not to assemble the parliament, to inflict heavy fines on all who should order the bells to sound for it. 'I would have, if the guilty man be of the Signory, his head struck off; if he be not, let him be declared a rebel, and his goods confiscated.' This was strong language even for the tribune preacher.\*

But in truth, according to Savonarola, it was the primary and essential postulate of the constitution of Florence, that Florence should be a Christian city; a city such as had never been seen on the earth; the model to Rome, to Italy, to the world. It was to

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\* *Predic. sopra li Salmi*, July 28, 1495. See Perrens, p. 214, for the rest of the quotation.

enjoy an age of peace and prosperity. Therefore it was that the preacher plunged headlong into politics. Whom were the Christian people to consult in all things but their Christian teacher, him who had the divine mission to preach, which not even the Pope could annul? Who was to guide the Lord's people but the prophet of the Lord? It is idle to judge, as we might now judge, of the incongruity of religious men mingling themselves in the turmoil and strife of the ringhiera, of making the pulpit a rostrum, instead of keeping the faith of Christ in holy and peaceful seclusion from the passions of men, and preserving the clear, definite distinction between the citizen and the Christian. For centuries the priesthood had been the rulers of the secular as well as the spiritual affairs of men. Bishops had been lords of cities, though latterly in Italy they had shrunk into a more peaceful sphere before the terrible tyrants, the Condottieri captains, the hereditary podestàs. Preachers, saints, even female saints (at Florence S. Catherine of Sienna), had mingled in matters of state. The Popes had been the demagogues of Christendom, and if they had shown a tithe of the zeal for the liberties of mankind, which they did for what they called their own liberties, but which in fact was an iron spiritual tyranny, they had been demagogues to whom history might pay the highest honour. Yet was not Savonarola himself without some apprehension of this unnatural position of the Christian teacher; but with his characteristic boldness he resolved it into the manifest will of God:—

‘I have spoken to God in my own language. “And what, Friar, hast thou said unto the Lord?” I have said, Lord, I confess that thou art just, good, almighty, and that thou art my God; that thou hast created me out of nothing, and I am dust and ashes; yet will I speak to thee with confidence, for thou hast been crucified for me. Pardon me if I am presumptuous and too familiar in my speech. Thou, Lord, who doest all things well, thou hast deceived me; thou hast betrayed me, worse than man was ever betrayed. For though I have prayed long time that thou wouldest grant me such grace, that I might never be compelled to the government of others, thou hast made me just the reverse; thou hast drawn me little by little to this port ere I was aware. My highest delight was peace—you have drawn me forth with your lure as a bird is drawn into the snare; if I had seen the snare perhaps I had not been where I am. I have done as the moth, which desires the light when it sees the candle burning; not knowing that it burns, it sings its wings. Thou hast shown me thy light, in which I rejoiced greatly, and having told me that it was well to make manifest that light for the salvation of men's souls, I have plunged into the fire, and burned the wings of contemplation. I have entered into a vast sea, and with great desire I long for the haven, and I see no way to return. Oh

Oh my sweet haven, shall I ever find thee more! Oh my heart, how hast thou suffered thyself to be taken away from so sweet a haven. Oh my soul, look where thou art; surely we are in the midst of a deep sea, and the winds are adverse on every side. Lord, I say unto thee, as Jeremiah said—"Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived; thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed; I am in derision daily; every one mocketh me. For since I spake, I cried out, I cried violence and spoil, because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a derision daily."\* . . And again I will say with Jeremiah—"Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me, a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth."† I would go to the haven and I find not the way; I sought rest, but found no place of rest; I would be in peace and speak no more, but I cannot, for the word of the Lord is as a fire in my heart. His word, if I utter it not forth, burns my marrow and my bones. Well then, Lord, if thou wilt that I navigate this deep sea, thy will be done.'‡

The pulpit was the throne of Savonarola: for nearly three years he held the sway over Florence with as rigid a despotism as the Medici of old. His sermons are, to the Florentine history of his brief period, what the orations of Demosthenes are to that of Athens, of Cicero to that of Rome. Now it is that his eloquence swells to its full diapason. His triumphant career began with the Advent of 1494 on Haggai and the Psalms. But it is in the Carême of 1496, on Amos and Zechariah, that the preacher girds himself to his full strength, when he had attained his full authority, and could not but be conscious that there was a deep and dangerous rebellion brooding in the hearts of the hostile factions at Florence, and when already ominous murmurs began to be heard from Rome. He that would know the power, the daring, the oratory of Savonarola, must study this volume. Nor do the discourses on the Festivals of the same year, on Ruth and Micah, fall much below this height. The Advent of 1496, the Lent of 1497 on Ezekiel, and above all, the last series, during the Lent of 1498, on Exodus, are those of a haughty mind struggling bravely with his inevitable destiny; they are gloomy and solemn with his approaching end.

The Sermons of Savonarola may be read even now with curious interest, and not seldom with admiration. What must they have been, poured forth without check, by the excited teacher to a most excitable audience, by a man fully possessed with the conviction that he was an inspired prophet, to those who implicitly believed his prophetic gift!

'The manner in which an Italian—a Dominican—preaches, I cannot convey to you; so fervid, so forcible, so full of action and of passion;

\* Jer. xx. 7, 8.

† Jer. xv. 10.

‡ On Amos, Predic. i. p. 9.  
often



often as if he would pour out his very soul with his speech, and if not attended to would expire on the spot. But this is the kind of sermon with which Savonarola wrought upon the mind of the people at Florence. Day after day, an outpouring of mixed doctrine and emotion, of exhortation and prayer; speech full of force, though not of grace; surging up, as it were, from hot-springs in his heart, and flowing forth from his eyes, his hands, his features, as well as from his lips; rendering him unmindful of all but his subject, and his audience unmindful of all but himself.\*

We read after this with much less wonder Burlamacchi's bold assertion, that his more fervent hearers beheld angels hovering over him while he preached, the Virgin herself uttering with him his benedictions; palms of martyrdom upon his head; blood welling from his side. One noble lady declared that he never preached without some of these celestial signs.†

His sermons address alike the fears, the hopes, the imagination, the affections. Nor do they less appeal to the republican Florentine pride, for if the burthen of woe was ever denounced on Florence, to Florence were made all the ennobling promises of prosperity and peace. There was even the fierce factious spirit and invective against political enemies. In place of the old battle-cries of Guelf and Ghibelline, White and Grey, Palleschi (Medicean), or popular, had grown up new names of religious partisanship, the Piagnoni, who with Savonarola mourned over the sins of the city; the Tiepidi, the lukewarm, among the monks and clergy, whom he hated with the greatest cordiality; the Arrabbiati, the infuriated at his doctrines; the Compagnacci, the young libertines, who detested his austerities, and looked back to the free and gay times of Lorenzo and his sons. He is himself a Florentine, even in their animosities. For subject, for oppressed Pisa, the lover of Florentine liberty has no word of sympathy or of mercy. Pisa, on whom Charles VIII. in his rashness or his ignorance had bestowed its freedom, must be brought again under the detested yoke of Florence; and that triumph Savonarola promises as the heaven-appointed reward of the fidelity of Florence to God their Lawgiver and the Head of their republic.

The chief characteristic of his eloquence was that it was

\* We quote this from 'Lectures on Great Men,' by the late Frederick Myers, the remarkable book of a remarkable man, of rare abilities and more rare virtues. The life forms one of a course of lectures, delivered as parochial instruction in the school of a small district in the north of England, part of Keswick. It is a popular life from popular materials, with somewhat too much of Mr. Carlyle, but of his better part. The idol of Mr. Myers is not Force, but Goodness; and it has also this peculiarity, that it is written in sound and racy English.

† Apud Baluzium (Mansi), p. 539. See, too, the chapters on his affability, humility, his singular and edifying amusements with the young friars.

still more and more biblical. Every image, every word, every event in the Old Testament, was not merely a remote sign, a figure, a type, but a direct, undeniable presignification of the state of things around him. It was all as plainly and intentionally spoken of Florence, of Italy, of Rome, as it had been of Israel and Judah.\* It was the gift, the mission of Savonarola, to interpret, with the authority of God himself, all this vast adumbration of things to come, to unfold these phrases of terror, these pregnant, awful metaphors, which were not applicable by a moral affinity to present persons and events, but by the profound counsels of God, had been endowed with those endless inexhaustible meanings. From one who read off the visions of the older seers into their modern signification, the step was easy to the authority of a prophet. The more limited sense of '*prophesying*,' usual in the New Testament, belonging to the commissioned preacher of the new revelation, was lost in the wider mission of the Hebrew seer. Nor was this a paroxysm to which he was now and then wrought up by the excess of zeal; a temporary hallucination, which gave way to more calm and sober views. It was his deliberate, repeated, printed, assertion. No one can know Savonarola who has not read and studied the '*Compendium Revelationum*,' in which he offered to the world, as it were, the credentials of his prophetic mission.†

This book was published in the midst of his career; it opened with the distinct avowal of his power of predicting future events by divine inspiration. This gift he had exercised rarely on account of the hardness of men's hearts. He will not scatter pearls before swine. His prophetic gift is from God alone, for God alone beholds future and contingent things. He indignantly rejects all arts of divination, especially astrology, against which he wrote a treatise. God reveals futurity to his chosen servants, either by supernatural light infused into the soul, by which man becomes in a certain sense participant in the eternity of God: he sees intuitively, and with certainty, that particular things are true, and that they are of God, as the philosopher perceives that two and two make four. The second more specific, and more ordinary mode of divine revelation, is threefold. 1. By flashing things directly upon the mind; 2ndly, by visions;

\* E. g. hanno scritto che questo Amos ha ribellato contro la Italia, et che egli ha fatto lega con questo e con quell' altro gran maestro, et che gli ha acquistato molte migliaia de' ducate, e che egli ha fatto ricchi i suoi, e che egli e l' huomo che guasta la Italia, et che e dice mal del Papa, de' Cardinali, et de' episcopi e de' Prelati . . . e che dice questo Amos (he himself is Amos), che Hieroboam a morire in gladio? &c. &c.—*Predic.* xxiii. p. 231.

† The Latin may be read at the end of the Life by Pico de Mirandola. We always prefer the Italian of the Friar to his Latin.

3rdly, by the intermediation of angels. In all these ways he, Savonarola, had known future events. He relates his first predictions, when interpreting the Apocalypse, in 1489. In 1490, his misgivings were solemnly rebuked; in consequence of which he made a terrible sermon (*una spaventosa predica*). He seems utterly unconscious of the vagueness of his own predictions; he was preaching on the Ark of Noah, on the words 'the waters shall cover the earth.' This, by his awe-struck hearers, and by himself, was supposed to foreshow the descent of Charles VIII. on Italy, though uttered when Charles had already passed the Alps. But Savonarola was too absolutely convinced of his divine inspiration, to suspect that these things were within the range of mere human conjecture.

The extraordinary part of the treatise is the argumentative. In a visionary dialogue with the Tempter (under the form of a holy hermit), he suggests every possible rationalistic objection to his own supernatural gift, and, to his own satisfaction, disdainfully refutes them all. He has simulated nothing, as some supposed, with the holy purpose of deceiving mankind to their good. 'If I ever used simulation in my preaching, may God deprive me of Paradise!' Nor did his visions proceed from a spirit of melancholy, or a disordered imagination. 'This,' he replies, 'was belied by his profound knowledge of philosophy, and of the Scriptures, inconsistent with a bewildered phantasy.' It could not be from astrology or divination, which he denies, and abhors as condemned by Holy Writ. 'It is no deception of the Devil: the Devil knows not future effects; the Devil would not wish the good wrought by his preaching. How can the Devil know the times and seasons?' The Tempter appeals to the prophets of old! 'Why should God have chosen him (*Fra Girolamo*) as his prophet, when there were so many better than he in the Church?' 'Why did God elect Peter, Paul, Luke, and Mark rather than others as Apostles and Evangelists? Even sinners have been gifted with prophecy, as Balaam.' The Tempter goes on: 'he received it all from foolish dreaming women.' He rarely conversed with women. Though there have been prophetesses named in Holy Writ, women are ignorant, fickle, vain, liable to be misled by the Evil One. 'Some say that you are in the secret of the councils of princes.' It would be folly to rest the truth of prophecies on such changeable and insecure foundations; so especially, he asserts, of the rulers of Florence. 'He had learned these things by astuteness and political wisdom; he had learned them from the old prophecies of Joachim and S. Bridget. He ought to suppress such perilous truths in silence.' 'Did Moses, Isaiah, or the saints of old, or

S. Benedict,

S. Benedict, S. Victor, or S. Catherine of Sienna suppress their oracles?' 'He ought to prove his divine mission by miracles.' 'Did Jeremiah, did John the Baptist work miracles?' 'He was an heretic;' he believed, he replied, the whole doctrine of the Roman Church. 'Many great men, many of the wisest, laughed his prophecies to scorn.' 'The wise of the world always scorn the words of heaven.' 'The believers are few in comparison with the unbelievers.' 'Many are called, but few chosen. Few heard Christ and his apostles. The many persecuted them.' 'He had prophesied many things not true.' This he denies; all that he had *prophesied* had turned out true to an iota; but he drew subtle distinctions. 'Sometimes he spoke as a man! The Holy Spirit did not always dwell in the prophet!' The Tempter then argues with him at length upon the unreasonableness of his mingling in politics, and examines his whole conduct both as political leader and as prior of St. Mark. Savonarola justifies himself at still greater length, and in every particular. 'He ought to preach like other preachers, on virtues and vices.' Savonarola triumphantly appeals to the fruits of his preaching.

In our summary whole pages have shrunk into sentences. The rest of this remarkable work is occupied by a Vision, as purely poetic as those of Dante, in which the Virgin takes her place, as it were, as the divine Protectress, the tutelar Saint of Florence. This will show how entirely southern and Italian was the mind of Savonarola; how little kindred it was with those of whom he has been considered the harbinger, the German and English Reformers. We may add, that though in prose, it approaches nearer to that less read part of Dante, the *Paradiso*, than anything in Italian literature since the *Divina Commedia*.

If the imagery of the Old Testament predominates in the preaching of Fra Girolamo, so does the tone: the terrible judgment of God was its burthen; its promises, bright as they were, were seen only in remote distance, on the faint horizon, behind long and heavy-looming banks of clouds, which must first burst and overwhelm. The denunciations were against all orders, especially the clergy and the monks.

'You who write to Rome (*of Rome more hereafter*), and say that I have spoken evil of this man and that, write this—that I say the cause of this visitation is the evil life of the prelates and of the clergy; and the bad example of the heads of the clergy is that which brings down this visitation. . . . I tell you to repent, and if you do not repent I announce to you two most terrible chastisements (*flagelli*). One in this world which you cannot escape; that is the tribulations which are at hand, for the Lord God cometh in haste and instantly. I tell you that it

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is coming. 'The other chastisement shall be that they shall go down into hell. Did they but know what I know, for this chastisement will reach a vast multitude in Italy and beyond Italy, but I will confine myself to Italy in which I say that very few will be saved. . . . The Lord says, by the mouth of Malachi the prophet, that the priest ought to know the law, for he is an angel of God, and now ye know nothing of the Scripture: you do not even know grammar; and this would be tolerable, if you were of good life, and did set good example. For this cause says the Lord God, I have given you up to the scorn of the people for your wicked doings. Ye keep concubines, ye do worse, and ye are notorious gamblers; ye lead lives more flagitious than the seculars; and it is an awful shame that the people should be better than the clergy. I speak not of the good but of the bad. Give up your mules, give up your hounds and your slaves; waste not the things of Christ, the gains of your benefices on hounds and mules. And the same have I to say to the bishops. If you do not yield up your superfluous benefices which you hold, I tell you, and I proclaim to you. (and this is the word of the Lord,) you will lose your lives, your benefices, and all your wealth, and ye shall go to the mansion of the devil; every way ye must lose them—and this ye shall know by experience. And now to the religious—the monks and friars.\*—*These fare no better.*—*Predica*, p. 499.

This is the perpetual tone; the burthen is their simony, concubinage, nameless vices; the country clergy had everywhere their concubines; as to the cardinals, we must revert to a passage in one of the older sermons to illustrate the frightful state of morals.† He is insisting on the universal curse upon the earth—*quia maledicta terra in operibus eorum*—on the universal misery of mankind. Kings are not exempt from this misery. There are ever those who would kill and betray them, they are ever in straitness and sadness of mind.

'You will say, perhaps, ecclesiastical persons, cardinals and prelates, who have great possessions and revenues, enjoy profound peace, for they have not to think of wives and children. They go out hunting and riding every day, and suffer not the least trouble; they are served by all, held in reverence and gratitude by all. It seems indeed that they have perfect peace. But I tell you, "*maledicta terra in operibus eorum*"—for the higher the rank the greater the danger: they have no peace, for they are always in fear lest they should be killed or poisoned. Look, when they eat how many buffets must there be—*quante credenze bisogna fare*; [here is the origin of the credence table or closet in private and in the church], lest the common food, lest the spiritual food of the holy Eucharist should be poisoned. If they travel to any place

\* See a curious passage on Zachariah, *Predica xxxiv.*, in which he treats on St. Augustine, St. Basil, St. Dominic, St. Francis bastinadoing their degenerate disciples.—*Amos*, *Prediche*, p. 352.

† See in his earlier volume, p. 293, his invectives against adulterated medicine, false weights, tricks of attorneys, &c.

they must take everything with them. This seems to me a miserable life, a life full of death. I had rather eat bread and onions, like peasants who labour all the day, and eat that bread and those onions with a good appetite, than eat as you do snipes, partridges and pheasants.'—*Sopra il Salmo*, c. viii. p. 313.

The vices which Savonarola denounces as the shame and disgrace of Florence are luxury, usury, and covetousness, splendid and immodest apparel, sensuality in its most degrading and repulsive form, incest, promiscuous intercourse, and gambling. Fully to illustrate this we must have quoted page after page.

In a terrible sermon (on Psalm xxvi.) he is not content with his own maledictions, awful as they were; but he calls on the magistrates to execute punishments more stern than those in the Mosaic law. For one nameless crime, he will have no secret fine or penalty, he would light a fire to burn the guilty, whose lurid glare should affright all Italy. Thus he goes on—

‘Shall a thousand, ten thousand perish for one wretch? those poems are the cause of God’s wrath. Fathers, keep your sons from poems (poesie). Bring out all the harlots into the public place with the sound of trumpets. Fathers, there are enough to throw any city into confusion. Well then begin with one, then another. Punish gaming, prohibit it in the streets. If you find only one man staking fifty ducats, tell him the State has need of a thousand. “Pay up on the spot.” Pierce the tongues of blasphemers! St. Louis of France ordered a blasphemer’s lips to be cauterised, and said “I should be happy if they would do the same by me, if I could clear my realm of blasphemers.” Put down balls, it is not time for dancing, put them down in town and country. Have your eyes everywhere, punish all offenders. Have all taverns shut up at six o’clock. This has been ordered again and again. Shut your eyes awhile, and then catch them in the fact, and exact the penalty. Let all shops be shut, even apothecaries, on festival days. If your tooth aches have it drawn on a festival, there is no harm in that, but stand not buying boxes and toys. Let debtors leave their houses to go to church on week days without fear of arrest.’

His audience was not only all Florence and the country around, but people came from the neighbouring cities, Pisa, and Leghorn. The seats in the cathedral were built up in an amphitheatre to accommodate the crowds; and even the piazza was full.

The wonderful change which his preaching wrought is the boast of his admirers, the sullen but implicit admission of his enemies. Half the year was devoted to abstinence. It was scandalous to purchase meat on a day assigned as a fast by Savonarola. The tax on butchers was lowered. On the days when the Prior of St. Mark preached, the streets were almost a desert; houses, schools, and shops closed. No obscene songs were heard

heard in the streets, but low or loud chaunts of lauds, psalms, or spiritual songs. Vast sums were paid in restitution of old debts, or wrongful gains. The dress of men became more sober, that of women modest and quiet. To ladies of great rank Savonarola would allow some jewels and ornaments; in others they were proscribed or cast off. Many women quitted their husbands to enter convents. Savonarola enforced severe continence even on married people. Weddings were solemn and awful ceremonies; sometimes newly-wedded couples made vows of continence, either for a time or for ever. It was a wiser counsel of Savonarola that mothers should nurse their own offspring. Nor were the converts only amongst the lowly and uneducated. Men of the highest fame in erudition, in arts, in letters, became amongst the most devoted of his disciples;—names, which in their own day were glorious, and some of which have descended to our own.\* At his death there were young men among the brethren of St. Mark, from all the noble families of Florence, Medici, Rucellai, Salviati, Albizzi, Strozzi.†

But Savonarola might seem at last to despair of the present generation, inured to their luxuries and sins, in which they were either stone dead or constantly relapsing into death; he would train a new generation to his own lofty and austere conceptions of holiness, virtue, and patriotism. He issued to the youth of the city a flattering invitation to attend his sermons; on their young imagination, and souls yet unenslaved to habits of indulgence, he would lay the spell of his eloquence. They crowded in such numbers that he was obliged to limit the age to between ten and twenty. He proceeded to organize this sacred militia. The laws to which they subjected themselves by enrolment (and the enrolment swept within its ranks almost all the youth of the city) were, 1, the observation of the commandments of God and of the Church; 2, constant attendance at the Sacraments of penance and the Eucharist; 3, the renunciation of all public spectacles and worldly pleasures; 4, the greatest simplicity of manners, conduct, and dress. The young republic had its special magistrates, peace-officers (*pacieri*) who kept order and silence in the church and in the streets and regulated processions; correctors (*correttori*) who inflicted paternal punishment on delinquents; almoners (*limosinieri*) who made collections for religious objects; lustratori, who watched over the cleanliness and propriety of the crosses and other objects of worship; and finally young inquisitors.

The young inquisitors were to fulfil the office of the older neg-

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\* Burlamacchi observes with wonder, not without triumph, that even some Franciscans were among his converts.

† Marchese, 185, *Note*.

ligent magistrates. They were to inquire after and denounce blasphemers and gamblers, to seize their cards, dice, and money; to admonish women and girls too gaily dressed. It was touching to hear them, says Burlamacchi, utter such simple and sweet sounds as these, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, the king of our city, and of the Virgin Mary—We command you to cast off these vanities; if you do not, you will be stricken with disease.' They forced themselves into houses and seized on cards, chess-boards, harps, lutes, perfumes, mirrors, masks, books of poems and other instruments of perdition. Savonarola not only urged the reversal of the law of nature, not only did he vindicate this boyish police set over the state, but inveighed with more than usual vehemence against the older citizens.

The tyranny exercised by these boy magistrates over their parents was not the only abuse; his enemies aver that there was discord and delation in every house; wives wrote to Savonarola to accuse their husbands as plotting against his authority. Two cases of this kind are named in the hostile *Process*, as notorious throughout the city. The object of Savonarola's most devout aversion was the Carnival, celebrated as it was at Florence, with gaiety which degenerated into wild licence, with poetry which had taken a Pagan turn. Youths on chariots drove through the city representing ancient triumphs; masques paraded and danced and sung their carnival songs from Lorenzo's poetry. Perhaps, indeed, his *Canti Carnialeschi* are the most spirited and graceful of his works, but they sang of Bacchus and Ariadne, and of Cupid and Venus. The Carnival must be put down or at least cast off its heathen character. If still riotous it must be religious riot. The firmer the ascendancy of Savonarola, the more the monk broke out. He was not content with Florence as a Christian republic, he would have it one wide cloister. The holy revolt of the children against parental authority caused sullen murmur. He acknowledged the reproach, which was if not loudly, secretly urged against his proceedings. 'Dice Firenze e fatta Frate, il popolo e diventato Frate; non vogliono più d'esser sbeffate per queste quaresme e orationi.' He adds, that in the perfect state of Florence, matrimony shall be all but unknown.

But even if Florence had submitted to his austere yoke, would Rome bear the neighbourhood of a city which was not only a standing reproach, but a bitter invective against her and against her rulers?

The old religion of Rome and the new religion of Florence could not but come into terrible collision. The Christian religion of Florence would not endure as it were on her borders the simoniacal, the worse than heathen, Christianity of Rome: Rome would



would not endure the rebellious pretensions of Florence to holiness, which she had repudiated so utterly and so long. Savonarola and Alexander VI. could not rule together the mind of Christendom: it must be an internecine war between Savonarola the Prophet, with the austerity of the most famous founders of the monastic orders, and Alexander VI., against whom all contemporary history, without a protest, lifts up its unrebuked voice. Never yet had the Roman Church such desperate difficulty to separate the man Borgia from the Pope Alexander VI.; to palliate, to elude, to perplex by theological subtlety, the incongruity which glared upon the common sense, and sent a deep shudder through the moral feelings of mankind. Men must believe that God could appoint as his Vicar upon earth, as Vicar of his sinless, gentle, peaceful Son, a man loaded with every crime, with simony, rapacity, sensuality, perhaps with incest; that infallibility as to faith might dwell together with vices which in their blackest form, disdained disguise; that in direct opposition to the Saviour's words, which had indissolubly linked together the acquaintance with his tenets with the practice of his precepts, the same person could have the most profound knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel with the most utter contempt of its virtues. It was impossible that Savonarola should preach his severe cloistral Christianity in Florence and be respectfully silent on the anti-Christian iniquities of Rome; or vaticinate the renovation of the Church by the terrible chastisements of God, and leave unrebuked the capital and centre of all offence. Throughout his sermons it is Rome, against which he thunders his most bitter invectives, and calls down and predicts, with the profoundest conviction, the imminent wrath of God. He always, says Burlamacchi, called Rome Babylon.\*

Alexander VI. could neither close his ears against the stunning maledictions of the prophet, nor fail to perceive its fearful consequences; yet at first, his unrivalled secular sagacity might seem at fault. Alexander had permitted himself to be surprised into a consent to render the convent of St. Mark independent of the Dominican province of Lombardy. The report of one of the most terrible sermons of Savonarola had been taken down by a hostile scribe and transmitted in darkened colours to Rome. The preacher had attacked the clergy with the bitterest taunts; he traced the whole evil up to that shameless pontifical court, where all the crimes that pride, cupidity, and luxury can commit are done in open day. To this he attributed the past, present, future miseries of Italy and of the world, and summoned the Court to answer

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\* p. 551.

for it before man as before God. Yet in all this the Pope saw only the somewhat wild zeal of a devout friar. He desired a bishop of the Dominican order to reprove Savonarola. The bishop frankly replied, that it would be hard to show that simony, concubinage, and incest, were not vices and crimes. 'There is a better way to silence such troublesome men; give him good preferment.' Another Dominican, Louis de Ferrara, was sent to Florence; he disputed with great vigour against Fra Girolamo, but made no impression on his stubborn virtue. He tried other means—the offer of the archbishopric of Florence, the prospect of a cardinal's hat. The indignation of Savonarola was at its height: he summoned the tempter to hear his next sermon; he mounted the pulpit and renewed in aggravated terms his fierce denunciations—I will have no hat but that of the martyr, red with my own blood.\*

But the Pope had now to guard against more immediate enemies: Charles VIII. was in Rome. Alexander took refuge in the castle of St. Angelo; only three or four, some assert but two, cardinals followed him; the rest encircled the King of France. Even before the French king's descent from the Alps there had been dark rumours, that among his objects in Italy was to depose the wicked Pope. The cardinals urged him to take this bold step. They urged the assembling of that tribunal—since Pisa and Constance, awful to Papal ears—a General Council.

It was not till Naples, Rome, and Italy were relieved from the presence of the French king that the Pope had leisure to fear and hate Savonarola. But already, in July, 1495, a Papal brief, obtained from the Pope by the enemies of Savonarola through the Duke of Milan, Ludovico the Moor, had arrived at Florence; it was sheathed in bland words: it invited him, or rather courteously commanded him to go to Rome. Savonarola alleged excuses of his health, and of danger of assassination on the road. He was preparing his great work which was to vindicate his prophetic powers, the '*Compendium Revelationum*.' In September came another brief, more peremptory and less laudatory; then a third, threatening Florence with interdict. Savonarola obeyed not, but he suspended for a time his sermons. Still, however, he preached in the neighbourhood, in many cities of Tuscany, with his wonted power and success.

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\* This sermon is not extant. M. Perrens quotes an allusion to this: 'Io non voglio capelli, non mitre grande nè piciole: non voglio se non quello che tu hai dato alli tuoi Santi; la morte, uno cappello rosso, uno cappello di sangue.'—p. 93.

Charles VIII. had passed away,\* but the Pope's more redoubtable adversary was again in his stronghold—his pulpit—hurling defiance at his unforgiving foe, and entering into that strife in which success was hardly conceivable, and in which defeat was martyrdom. In the Lent of 1496 he preached the famous Carême upon the prophet Amos. That he was at deadly war with the Pope he disguises not from himself or from his hearers; and it is curious and most instructive to see the strong man struggling in the inextricable fetters of the Roman system, endeavouring to reconcile his own obstinate rebellion with the specious theory of universal obedience to the successor of St. Peter. Hence the perpetual contradiction, the clashing and confusion of his arguments. At times he would take refuge in the more plausible argument that the ears of the Pope had been abused by his enemies,—the Arrabbiati and the Tiepidi. The Pope had been deceived; he appealed from the Pope deluded by false representations to the Pope better informed as to facts. At times he will not believe that such an order has arrived;—

‘They are too wise to believe the falsehoods which are promulgated of me. If the Pope were to allow himself to be persuaded by these Pharisees and should command me to preach no more, as this order would be contrary to the cultivation of the Lord’s vineyard (this every old woman in Florence knows), I would not obey him: I would appeal from his words to his intentions. I cannot believe that the Pope has sent such an order. Absit! absit! that he should prohibit the culture of the Lord’s vineyard. If a Prelate should give me an order to violate our constitution (the Dominican), and not cultivate the vineyard, I must not obey; so says St. Thomas. If he commanded me to eat flesh when in health, or, like a Cardinal, belie my religion, I would not, must not, do so; so write St. Bernard and other doctors.’

At times he triumphantly reverts to his own unimpeachable orthodoxy, as he might in justice on all the great articles of the faith and on all the tenets of the Roman Church; but he forgot that Rome had long exercised the power of enlarging the limits of orthodoxy; that absolute instantaneous obedience to the See of Rome was now an unquestioned doctrine of the Church.

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\* Savonarola had an interview with the king at Poggibonzi, of which he gives an account in a sermon, the XX. ‘Sopra i Salmi,’ preached June 22nd, 1496. He says, ‘Io sono stato là in campo, e come essere nello inferno.’ (p. 148.) At this time took place the interview which Philip de Commines had with Fra Girolamo, described in his *Memoires*, l. viii. c. 2. Commines believed fully in the holiness of Savonarola; he was inclined to believe his prophecies. To Commines he predicted the safe return of Charles to France, after most signal calamities, supposed to be verified in the death of his son.

At times we seem to hear not only Gerson or Zabarella asserting the power in the Church to depose a wicked Pontiff, but Wycliffe or John Huss asseverating that a wicked Pope is no Pope. It was a strange argument, with which he bewildered himself in order to bewilder his hearers.

‘Who has inhibited my preaching? You say, the Pope. I answer you, it is false. “Oh friar, the Briefs are here, what say you?” I say that the Briefs are not of the Pope. . . . They say the Pope cannot err, and they think that a fine saying, and in itself it is true. But another saying is true—that a Christian, as far as he is a Christian, cannot sin. Yet may Christians sin because they are men, and may err. As far as I am a Christian I cannot err; as far as I am a friar I cannot go beyond my rule. . . . Thus the Pope, as far as he is Pope, cannot err; when he errs he is not Pope. If he commands that which is wrong, he does not command it as Pope. As a Christian I cannot err; when I err I do not err as a Christian. . . . It follows, then, that this Brief, which is such a wicked Brief, is not the Pope’s Brief. I have shown you that such excommunication (the excommunication had now been issued) does not come from the Pope. . . . Summing up all this; whoever will judge rightly, will judge that such an excommunication is no excommunication; such briefs are of no validity, they are of the devil, not of God. . . . I say, and you know it, that I am manifestly sent, and I am of the order of preachers, and I am sent by God to tell you this distinctly; and I must preach, and even if I have to contend against the whole world, and I shall conquer in the end.’

Brave and resolute words, but how to be reconciled with Papal Supremacy, or even with ecclesiastical discipline? Savonarola asserts a mission above the mission of the Pope. In another passage he instances those five Bulls of Pope Boniface VIII., ‘who was so wicked a Pope.’ Nor, in the mean time, does he soften or mitigate his eloquence; it is now at its height; is even more terribly vituperative; his fulminations against Rome are still more relentless. Neither did the Fraticelli, the lower Franciscans, nor the northern Lollards, brand more broadly the evils which the assumption of temporal power had brought upon the Church. There is a long awful passage on the rod of Moses swallowing up the rod of Aaron. ‘If you would live well go not to Rome—I had rather go to the Turks.’ But it is impossible to judge Savonarola without one passage, a passage which we cannot quote entire, and which has been withdrawn from most of the copies of the Sermons on Amos.\*

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\* Out of six copies in the libraries of Florence consulted by M. Perrens, it is only in one. It is in that which we have used belonging to Sion College Library. It is quoted entire in M. Perrens’ Appendix.

It is in the wildest and most characteristic manner of the preacher:—

‘O vaccæ pingues quæ estis in Monte Samariæ. O vacche grasse che siete nei monti di Samaria, che vuol ella dire questa Scrittura? Tu mi risponderai e dirai queste profetie e le Scritture Sacre sono finite in Cristo e non vanno più là, e furono verificate a tempo loro. Io ti respondo che non ci bisognerebbe più adunque il vecchio Testamento a noi, e vi espose pure dalli santi dottori al tempo delli eretici le Scritture, secundo quelli tempi d’allora per li eretici; e tamen fu dopo Cristo, va demandane li dottori. Ad me adunque questa Scrittura e queste vacche grasse vogliono dire le meretrice della Italia e di Roma (io non dico di le Donne da bene, io dico di chi è). Eccene nessuna in Italia et in Roma? Mila son poche a Roma; dieci mile sono poche, dodeci mile sono poche, quatuordici mile sono poche a Roma. Udite adunque queste parole, o vacche di Samaria, udite ne lo orecchio. La vaccha è un animale insulso e grasso, e proprio come uno pezzo di carne colle due occhi. Donne fate che le vostre fanciulle non sono vacche; fate che la vadino coperte il petto. . . . Queste che sono come io v’ho detto un pezzo di carne con due occhi; non vi vergogniano di niente; puo essere che son non vi vergogniate che voi non solamente siate concubine, ma concubine di preti e di frati.’

We must break off; this is modesty, decency, mild rebuke to what follows. We have afterwards Herodias dancing and demanding the head of John the Baptist:

‘Queste dicano al toro taglia le gambe al quello, ammazza quest’ altro che non mi lasciano vivere al mio modo: quanti credi tu, che ne perisca l’anno in questa forma, o concubine, o vacche.’

We might here almost suppose an allusion or a prophecy to the murders committed on each other by the Borgias. Then comes the sentence,

‘Juravit Dominus Deus in sancto suo, Iddio ha giurato nel suo figliuolo e nel corpo suo, che verranno i di amari sopra di te, Roma, e sopra di voi vacche, verranno dico i giorni amari.’—*Amos, Pred. xii. p. 129.*

Another passage might seem aimed directly at Alexander VI., if his effrontery had not already been anticipated by his predecessors, Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII. ‘They disdain the more decorous vice of nepotism; they publicly call their bastards by the name of sons.’ (p. 143.)

Savonarola would not trust to his eloquence alone; the phrenzy of the people must be kept up with counter means of excitement. His enemies were by this time become strong and furious; there were rumours that they intended to poison him. At one period the magistrates (his partisans) gave him a body-guard to protect his life. It was at the close of this Lent, on Palm Sunday, that

that he organised the famous procession which was to put to shame the unholy merriment of the old Carnival, to show the way in which the austere season of Lent was hereafter to commence and to close. He would oppose the Cross to the sword of justice. In the Church of the Annunziata assembled not less than 8000 children, each of whom as he passed St. Mark received a red cross. Mature men, clad in white like children, went chanting and dancing before the Tabernacle on the Public Place. They all sang mystic lauds composed for the occasion, of incredible extravagance, and to our feelings of incredible profaneness. 'Viva Christo, viva Firenze,' was the burthen. They were a kind of Christian Bacchanalian song, with infinitely greater wildness, and without the grace of Lorenzo de' Medici's Carnival Odes :

'Non fu mai più bel solazzo  
 Più giocondo ne maggiore,  
 Che per zelo e per amore  
 Di Giesù divenir pazzo.  
 Ognun grida com' io grido  
 Semper pazzo, pazzo, pazzo.'

They paused for a time before the church of Santa Maria dei Fiori. On an altar in Santa Maria dei Fiori were vases for offerings, full of gold, rings, and trinkets; chests for larger objects, robes of silk, and every kind of gorgeous dress and decoration. All these oblations were for the Monti di Pietà, institutions which Florence owed, at least in their flourishing state, to Savonarola. The Tabernacle bore a painting representing the Lord as he entered Jerusalem on an ass, with the people shouting Hosanna and strewing their garments in their way; on the other side was the Virgin with a gorgeous crown. They returned to St. Mark's, and there, in the open square, the Dominicans, crowned with garlands, went whirling round in mad dances, chanting all the while their Christian Bacchanals.

What shall we say if we hear Savonarola, in the sermon of the following Monday in the Holy Week, vindicating all this sacred revelry, and with examples which we hardly dare to cite? 'What shall I say of the festival of yesterday—that for once I drove you all mad; is it true? It was Christ, and not I. . . . What will ye say if I make you hereafter madder still, yet not I, but Christ.' He returns to the subject later in the sermon. He adduces of course the example of David dancing before the Ark, 'yet David was a king and a prophet;' of Elijah running and dancing before the king when the rain came down, 'and he was a prophet.' 'Ye mock at these things for ye have not read the Scriptures. Tell me, did not our Saviour himself

himself go mad in this way?' and he refers to the Gospel of St. Mark, iii. 21; he adduces the rejoicing and crying by the Apostles on the descent of the Holy Ghost, when it was said they *were drunk with new wine*; St. Paul, to whom Agrippa said, '*Thou art mad*'; lastly, St. Francis, in whom he might certainly have found better authority for his mystical ecstasy—'This is the effect of divine love.' 'What would ye say if I should make you all, old men and old women, dance every one around the crucifix; and I, the maddest of all, in the midst of all.'—Predica 41, *sopra Amos*.\*

The Pope, on the intelligence of these doings, during the Lent of 1496 appointed a commission of fourteen theologians, all Dominicans. Only the result of their deliberations is known; all but one condemned Savonarola as 'guilty of heresy, schism, and disobedience to the Holy See.' Yet some unknown cause, perhaps the powerful influence of some of the cardinals, for he had cardinals among his admirers, more likely some more urgent occupation, delayed the tardy anathema. On the 7th November arrived a brief uniting St. Mark to a new Tuscan province of his order; Savonarola ceased to be vicar-general.

The more eventful year 1497 opened with the accession of a signory in which the Piagnoni, his serious followers, obtained the ascendancy; at the head stood his noble partisan Francesco Valori. But they seem to have committed a fatal political error; the Grand Council, deducting the aged, sick, and infirm, was now reduced to 2200. To fill it up they extended the age of admission to twenty-four years; but among the citizens of that age a great majority were of the Compagnacci, the gay youth of the Medicean faction; these were older than the children, who were all under his sway, younger than the more sober citizens, who had groaned under the yoke of the Medici. Savonarola would distinguish this carnival with still further solemn abnegation of its profane rejoicings. Florence should make a costly sacrifice of her vanities and worldly treasures. Days before, his young police were sent around on their rigid inquest to compel the people to surrender all their treasures of ornament, arts, and letters, which might offend the most fastidious monkish delicacy. A vast pyre was erected in the Piazza. At the bottom were masks, false beards, masquerading dresses, all the wild attire of satyrs, harlequins and devils, worn of old in the riotous days; above them books of Italian and Latin poetry, the Morgante, the works of Boccaccio and even Petrarch, then came whole female toilets, perfumes, mirrors, veils,

\* Religious dancing seems to be a favourite notion with Savonarola. He says to his faithful disciples, '*Se tu morrai, ti troverai a ballare con li angeli*.'—*On Amos*, Pred. xxxiv. p. 352.

false hair; then instruments of music, lyres, flutes, guitars, cards, chess-tables, draft-boards; the two upper layers were pictures, portraits of the most famous beauties of Florence, the works of the greatest masters. Whatever painting betrayed one gleam of human nakedness was heaped up for the sacrifice. Among the famous artists who threw with unaverted faces all their academical studies on the pyre were Baccio della Porta, known afterwards as one of the holiest and most perfect of painters, Fra Bartolomeo, and Lorenzo di Credi. Such was the value of the holocaust, that a Venetian merchant offered to purchase it at 20,000 crowns. The austere signory revenged this outrage on morality by ordering a picture of the merchant to be painted and thrown into the fire. How little discrimination would be shown in a moral inquest thus held by fanatic boys and an ascetic monk may easily be surmised. As to letters, Savonarola in his sermons constantly devotes all the poets, ancient and modern, and even Plato, who himself condemned poets, to hell fire. Among the artists, not only Fra Bartolomeo, Lorenzo di Credi, but others, such as that wonderful inventor of a new art, Luca della Robbia, were among his most ardent disciples, and were faithful to the end to their holy teacher. No doubt the pure and lofty religious emotions excited by the Friar in their congenial minds combined with their exquisite genius in sanctifying the paintings of these great masters almost to the utmost height of sanctity. No doubt much good was wrought by a protest against that *naturalism*, into which high art was inclined to degenerate, which scrupled not to embody the features of the beauties of the day, who were not always of the purest life, in Magdalenes, saints, and the Holy Virgin herself. Yet we cannot but think the eloquent panegyric of M. Rio, in his 'Art Chrétien,' much overdrawn. Both he and M. Cartier, in the 'Annales Archéologiques' for 1847, frame a perfect theory of the Beautiful, an æsthetic system, with much fervent ingenuity and some truth, from the writings of Savonarola. We have not space to enter into these interesting questions, but we think that we could show that not a little of this was but the commonplace philosophy of the day, in which Savonarola was fully read; and that there must be a more faithful balance of his denunciations against the homage which he pays, or rather the indulgence which he sometimes shows, to letters and to arts. If painting had never left the cloister, to which Savonarola would have driven it back, how many of its noblest works had been lost to mankind. In truth, Savonarola was in some respects almost an iconoclast; against nothing is he more vehement than in his denunciation of the wealth



wealth wasted on magnificent buildings and on rich and stately ceremonials.

The events of the year darkened as it advanced; a doubtful signory was installed on March the 1st. The malignants (the Arrabbiati) and the faction of the Medici began to come to an understanding against the common object of their hatred. Piero de' Medici made an attempt on the city. Savonarola, who during the Lent was continuing his sermons on Ezekiel, was consulted as the oracle of Florence. 'O ye of little faith, Piero de' Medici shall approach the gates, but shall not enter the city.' Piero de' Medici, with a powerful troop, approached the gates, trusting to his faction within; they remained sternly closed, and he retired in discomfiture. So writes the historian Nardi, and other documents confirm his statement. But with Savonarola's knowledge of the state of Florence, he needed no prophet's inspiration. On May 1st a signory avowedly hostile to the friar assumed the government. He was to preach on Ascension day, May 4. On the eve, some wretches, with the connivance of certain priests, stole into the church, heaped the pulpit with filth, spread an ass's skin as a pulpit-cushion, and ran nails with their points upwards into the board, that in his energy he might strike his hands against them; by some accounts it was a dead ass placed on the preacher's seat. But his disciples were on the watch; the pulpit was cleansed; and his enemies had the disappointment of beholding him ascend with perfect calmness. His sermon was unusually quiet and dignified, with less of the ordinary invective. The high-born rabble tried other means of annoyance. The signory, pretending solicitude for the public peace, entreated the friar to abstain for a time from preaching.

On May 12 the Pope at length determined to hurl the terrible bull of excommunication against the rebellious friar. It had long impended: at Rome his old antagonist, Fra Mariano di Ghinezzano, had preached against him, urging the Pope to vengeance. In his sermons in March Savonarola had prepared his hearers for the blow. The Papal bull is lost, but it contained three charges—I. The refusal to obey the summons to Rome; II. Perverse and heretical doctrines; III. The refusal to unite St. Mark to the Tuscan and Roman provinces. On May 22, Savonarola addressed a short letter to the Pope. He protested solemnly against the charge of heresy; he appealed to his hearers, to his printed sermons, to his great work about to appear, 'The Triumph of the Cross.' On Fra Mariano he took a revenge neither high-minded nor Christian. He accused him of having  
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spoken ill of the Pope, whom Fra Girolamo had defended against his insolent invective. 'Reprocher son ingratitude à un Pape sans entrailles, c'était une première maladresse.' So justly observes M. Perrens. Some other parts of his letter rest on poor equivocations. A short time after came an apology, then two more letters, and a cloud of apologetic writings from his partisans, labouring with ineffective subtlety to reconcile that which was irreconcilable, flagrant disobedience to the Papal supremacy with the theory of the most profound and entire obedience.

In June the plague broke out in Florence. Some letters written by Savonarola at the time to his relatives show that the tenderness of his domestic affections was not chilled by fanaticism, by power, or by peril. M. Perrens hints that he betrayed want of Christian courage in avoiding exposure during these sad times. He was not by the bedside of the sick, he was not burying the dead, he sent away most of the young friars (a proper precaution), he shut himself up with the rest in their cells; his disciples might come to consult him, but he went not forth into the pestilence-stricken streets. So writes M. Perrens, we think not quite fairly; for nothing can surpass his calm faith in God: he had been urged to withdraw, and was offered many pleasant places of retirement, but he would not abandon his flock. He stayed to console the afflicted, the secular as well as the brethren, and describes the joy of those who regarded with equal delight life or death: they sleep, they do not die.\* For a time the strife of the Arrabbiati and Piagnoni was suspended by the common danger. A terrible event, however, occurred at Rome—the murder of the Duke of Gandia, the son of the Pope—of which there is an appalling incident related in the despatches of one of the Venetian ambassadors—'The wild wail of the bereaved old man in the Castle of St. Angelo was heard in the streets around.' Savonarola addressed a letter to the Pope. This letter is disappointing, and for that very reason we are inclined to believe its authenticity. It is neither the awful denunciation of the prophet nor the gentle suasion of an evangelic teacher; there is one brief hint that it may be the beginning of the accomplishment of the friar's dark predictions: the rest is cold, courteous sympathy, and nothing more. At this time, when the Pope's mind was unhinged, and, it might be hoped, the remorseless passion of hatred in some degree allayed,†

\* Lettera a Maestro Alberto, p. 131.

† 'Yet,' writes Captain Napier, 'the Pope's mistress too, Giulia Farnese, who was called La Giulia Bella, and conspicuously, nay, even ostentatiously, exhibited at all the great religious festivals, had increased the public scandal by producing another son to occupy the place of him whose blood had so lately reddened the hand of the fratricide.'—*History of Florence*, iii. p. 603.

strong efforts were made by a favourable signory, by many of the highest influence in Florence and in Rome, to induce the Pope to withdraw the dread sentence of excommunication. M. Perrens is of opinion that, but for the fatal course of events, Savonarola might have been re-admitted into the pale of the church. The faction of the Medici had not been crushed by the repulse of Piero de' Medici from the gates of the city. A wide-spread conspiracy was discovered to overthrow the existing state of things—the heaven-appointed republic of Savonarola. We cannot enter into the dark and intricate details of this plot; the manner in which the awe-struck tribunals shifted the responsibility of condemnation one from the other. At length the terrible blow was struck; the appeal to the Great Council, Savonarola's own law, was refused, and the five guilty men of high rank had their heads struck off at midnight. Was Savonarola the adviser? was he assentient to this remorseless sentence? At all events his voice was not lifted up for mercy, and his most faithful partisan Francesco Valori was the man whose commanding language and threatening action had overruled the wavering judges. A modern historian of great impartiality adds: 'The Frateschi gained a considerable increase of power by their success, and medals were struck with Savonarola's image on one side and on the other that of Rome (the centre of the conspiracy was supposed to be Rome) over which a hand and dagger were suspended, and the legend, "*Gladius Domini supra terram cito et velociter.*"' \* This was the well-known burthen of all the prophet's preaching.

Alexander threw off once and for ever all his unpapal softness, all his temporising lenity. On October 16 was issued a brief, addressed to the prior and the brotherhood of St. Mark. It arraigned 'a certain Girolamo Savonarola;' condemned the novelty of his doctrines, his presumption in declaring himself a man sent of God, and speaking in his name, a claim which ought to be confirmed by miracle; his audacity in declaring, that if he lied Jesus Christ lied in him, and that all who believed not his doctrines were damned. 'The Pope had hoped by his equanimity to induce Savonarola to acknowledge his errors; he now peremptorily interdicted him from preaching in St. Mark and elsewhere.' There were other instructions for the execution of this sentence. At the same time came a letter to Savonarola himself, in blander terms, the manifest object of which was to tempt him to go to Rome. Savonarola replied in a long letter, full, as usual, of

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\* 'Napier's Florentine History,' vol. iii. p. 601—a work which had made more impression, if the author, with his wide acquaintance with the Italian historians, had not acquired their fatal prolixity. On this event he writes on the authority of some valuable unpublished Memoirs of Francesco Cei.

his subtle distinctions and ingenious or artful excuses. In truth, he had but one alternative, as a good Catholic, to submit humbly and at once, or, like Luther, to burn the bull. He abstained indeed from preaching in the churches; but under the modest and specious name of conferences, and in more familiar language, he continued at St. Mark's to keep up his disciples to their fever heat. On Christmas-day the excommunicated Savonarola publicly administered the mass, and led a solemn procession through the cloisters.

On the 1st January, in the fatal year 1498, was chosen a Signory, mainly of the partisans of Savonarola. They pressed him again to preach in public. The magistracy attended a splendid divine service at St. Mark's on the Epiphany, and received the Eucharist from the excommunicated friar. On Septuagesima Sunday he mounted the pulpit of the cathedral Santa Maria dei Fiori; he commenced his last and not least striking course of sermons on Exodus. Though his disciple, almost his rival in popularity, Domenico Buonvicini, preached at St. Lorenzo, the concourse was so great, that they were obliged to replace the seats which had been erected to accommodate his countless hearers. The Arrabbiati beat drums around the cathedral; there were regular battles with stones or worse. In these sermons he sought not to avoid the perilous question, his resistance to the Pope. It was the old argument in the same form, or in even bolder forms:—

‘I lay down this axiom, there is no man that may not deceive himself. The Pope himself may err. You are mad if you say the Pope cannot err! How many wicked Popes have there been who have erred; if they have not erred, should we do as they have done we should be saved. You say that the Pope may err as man, but not as Pope. But I say the Pope may err in his processes and in his sentences. How many constitutions have Popes issued, annulled by other Popes; how many opinions of Popes are contrary to those of other Popes. He may err by false persuasions; he may err by malice, and against his conscience: we ought indeed in this case to leave the judgment to God, and charitably to suppose that he has been deceived. Can a Pope do everything? Can he order a married man to leave his wife and marry another?’

He said the briefs of Alexander were so full of contradictions, that they must have been drawn by heads with but little sense. He spoke of excommunications, as launched with such recklessness that they had lost all authority. The first sermon closes magnificently. He had before protested, that if he sought absolution, for that absolution he would that God might cast him down into hell:—

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'I should think myself guilty of mortal sin if I should seek absolution. Our doctrine has enforced good living, and so much fervour, and such perpetual prayer, yet are we the excommunicated, they the blessed. Yet their doctrine leads to all evil doings—to waste in eating and drinking, to avarice, to concubinage, to the sale of benefices, and to many lies, and to all wickedness. Christ! on which side wilt thou be?—on that of truth or of lies? of the excommunicated or of the blessed? The answer of Christ may be expected. . . . The Lord will be with the excommunicated, the Devil with the blessed.'

He exhorts them all, even women and children, to be prepared to die for Christ.

At the carnival there were processions more gorgeous, and more lavish in their fantastic religious symbolism, their images, their banners, than ever before; there was a second *auto-da-fé*, it should seem, of precious things, which had escaped hitherto the inquisitorial zeal of the boy-censors. Burlamachi names marble busts of exquisite workmanship, some ancient (it is said by others, representing Lucretia, Faustina, Cleopatra); some of the well-known beauties of the day—the lovely Bencina, Lena Morella, the handsome Bina, Maria de Lenzi. There was a Petrarch inlaid with gold, adorned with illuminations valued at fifty crowns; Boccaccios of such beauty and rarity as would drive modern bibliographers out of their surviving senses. The Signory looked on from a balcony; guards were stationed to prevent unholy thefts; as the fire soared there was a burst of chaunts, lauds, and the *Te Deum*, to the sound of trumpets and the clanging of bells. Then another procession; and in the Piazza di San Marco dances of wilder extravagance, friar, and clergyman, and layman of every age whirling round in fantastic reel, to the passionate and profanely-sounding hymns of Jerome Benivieni.

Rome was furious; the two first sermons upon Exodus had been laid before the Pope; \* new briefs arrived threatening the most extreme measures; Florence was menaced with interdict, the Ambassador with difficulty obtained a short delay. There were sinister rumours that the new Signory would be hostile to the Piagnoni. Yet on the day of their election to their office, Savonarola outdid himself. 'There are briefs arrived from Rome,

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\* *Lettere di Bonsi, Marchese*, p. 167. Not only had the Pope heard that the Friar declared that he would go to hell before he would ask absolution, but 'that he had reproached the Pope about the death of his son.' This was no calumny of his enemies, the allusion was patent (see *Marchese, Note*). See also the 22nd Sermon, more furious than ever against Rome: '*Vanno hora in S. Pietro le meretrici, ogni prete ha la sua concubina.*' He warns the Frati solemnly not to go to Rome: '*Vuoi tu viver bene, non andare a Roma, non star con prelati,*' &c.—p. 144.

is it not so? They call me the son of perdition. He whom you so call, has neither catamites nor concubines, he preaches the faith of Christ; his spiritual daughters and sons, those who listen to his doctrines, pass not their time in perpetrating such wickednesses; they confess, communicate, live godly lives. This friar would build up the Church of Christ, which you destroy. Leave me to answer the letters from Rome: time will open the casket, one turn of the key and such infection, such filth shall arise from the city of Rome, that it will spread throughout Christendom, and corrupt the whole atmosphere.' But Savonarola thought it prudent now to withdraw into St. Mark's; there he still preached to the men during the week, to the women who would not be excluded, on Saturday. The Signory endeavoured to propitiate the Pope; they represented the wonderful effects of the preaching of Savonarola, and entreated his Holiness to mitigate his strong measures. The remarkable answer of Pope Alexander is published for the first time by M. Perrens, who writes, 'It is very hard in form, in substance very conciliatory.' Of its rigid impenetrable hardness there can be no doubt; but all that is conciliatory, the faint hope held out that, after her humiliation, Florence was again to be permitted to hear her beloved preacher, sounds to us no more than diplomatic delusion addressed to a Signory in which the Pope has many voices, and hoped to induce them either to take the strong step of silencing, or still better of sending the friar to Rome.

At this juncture Savonarola threw away the scabbard, and boldly and resolutely appealed to Christendom, against the wicked Pope. He wrote letters to all the great sovereigns of Europe, to the Emperor, the King of France, the King and Queen of Spain, the King of England, the King of Hungary: he called upon them with the deepest solemnity to call a Council to depose a Pope who was no Pope. The words of his denunciation vary; their significance is the same.\* Alexander was no Pope, because he had notoriously bought the pontifical mitre by sacrilegious simony; because he was guilty of monstrous vices at which the world would shudder, and which Savonarola was prepared to prove at fit time and place; because he was no Christian, but an absolute atheist. The language of Savonarola had long bordered †

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\* M. Perrens has printed the original Latin of two of these letters, which were before known only in Italian. Of their authenticity there can be no doubt; the fact of Savonarola's appeal is attested by all the best historians, Nardi and others. It is alluded to more than once in the trial.

† Scitote enim hunc Alexandrum VI. minime pontificem esse, qui non potest non modo ob simoniacam sacrilegamque pontificatus usurpationem et manifesta ejus scelera; sed propter secreta facinora a nobis loco et tempore proferenda quæ universus mirabitur et ob (ex) seerabitur orbia. Ad Reg. Hisp. Affirmo ipse non esse

on, or rather been the same with that of Wycliffe and John Huss, that a wicked priest, bishop, or pope, was no priest, bishop, or pope. The Council of Constance and the deposal of John XXIII. were still fresh in the memory of the world. Of these fatal letters one was intercepted by the Duke of Milan and transmitted to Rome.

No wonder that on the 13th March arrived at Florence a new and more furious Bull imperatively commanding the Signory to proceed to the execution of the former decrees. The same day Savonarola replied in a letter of calm yet defiant expostulation, asserting his power of prophesying the future, remonstrating at the too easy audience given by the Pope to the enemies of himself and of God; and in a brief concluding sentence, exhorting the Pope not to delay, but to look well after his own salvation. The Signory were in alarm: the Council was divided: the Piagnoni and the Arrabbiati contested every point. Was the question of the guilt or innocence of the friar to be debated in the Great Council, the Council of 80, or by chosen delegates? A commission of 12 was appointed. They entreated Savonarola, for the sake of the peace of Florence, to cease from preaching. For once Savonarola listened to the voice of prudence, but with sullen reserve. 'He would cease at least for a time: he would cease till the Lord, as no doubt he would, should compel him to preach again.' He took a tender farewell of his hearers: he closed with a kind of awful blessing: he thought not, as he descended from the pulpit, that he would never ascend it again. The Signory communicated the result of their deliberations to the Pope; \* and the Pope seemed to acquiesce in the silence of his redoubted adversary.

It was the folly of Savonarola's disciples and not his own magnanimity or rashness which precipitated his fate. The Franciscans throughout the career of Savonarola had been his most implacable adversaries, and their own conscious inferiority as preachers was not likely to soothe their jealous hatred. It was an ancient and perpetual feud; the Dominicans of old had scoffed at the preaching and the wonders of the famous Franciscan John of Vicenza. Either from some incautious words of Savonarola himself that he would go through the fire to attest the truth of his prophetic gifts, or from some rash defiance of his followers, or from the no less blind fanaticism of incredulity in the Franciscans as to the inspiration of a Dominican friar, mutual provocations and challenges had passed,

esse Christianum qui nullum prorsus putans Deum esse, omne infidelitatis et impietatis culmen excessit. *Ad Imperat.*, p. 486.

\* Letter of the Signory to the Pope. *Marchese*; *Doc.* xxiii.

two years before, between the two Orders, thus to submit the momentous question to the judgment of God. This was no new ordeal : there was a famous instance of such a trial in the near neighbourhood of Florence, when the great debate on the celibacy of the clergy was actually submitted to the ordeal of fire, and the monks of Vallombrosa triumphed over the gentle and holy archbishop of Florence.\* It is said that Savonarola proposed other miraculous tests, that the two parties should ascend some height, each with the Host in his hands, and implore the Almighty with fervent prayer to send down fire, as in the days of Elijah, to burn up his adversaries : that they should meet, and whichever should raise a dead body, should be held worthy of all belief. To this it is added that Pico of Mirandola had such faith in his adored Savonarola, that he entreated that, for the benefit of letters as well as of the true faith, the dead man raised to life might be his famous uncle, Pico of Mirandola. The Franciscans, it might seem, shrunk from these tests ; but one of them, Fra Francesco di Puglia, who was preaching in the church of Santa Croce, was either maddened by his ill-success, or goaded by the Arrabbiati to accept the challenge of passing through the fire. The challenge was eagerly accepted by Buonvicino as the champion of St. Mark's and of Savonarola.

We cannot enter into the long dispute as to the acceptance, and the terms of this challenge to the ordeal of fire ; nor into the seeming vacillations, almost the tergiversations of Savonarola, who manifestly saw its folly, though we doubt if he had much sense of its presumptuous impiety. The difficulty on both sides was, not who should, but who should not, share this glorious peril. The pride of either Order was at stake ; the long-cherished, sometimes mitigated, yet ever out-flaming jealousy of Franciscanism and Dominicanism was at its height. Savonarola himself declined the perilous appeal to heaven : the original challenger, Fra Francesco, would not deign to confront an humbler adversary. The championship devolved on Fra Dominico Buonvicini, and a Franciscan convert, Giuliano di Rondinelli. Buonvicini vowed to maintain, by the trial of fire, these propositions of his master :—  
 '1. The Church of God must needs be reformed. 2. It shall be scourged (flagellato). 3. It will be reformed. 4. After these visitations, Florence, like the church, will revive to great prosperity. 5. The infidels will be converted to Christianity. 6. These things will take place in our days. 7. The Papal excommunication of Savonarola is null and void. 8. Those who do not re-

\* See quotation in Perrens, p. 326. Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' iii. p. 91.



spect it do not sin.' All was drawn up with strict legal form, and mutual covenants were signed and exchanged. Ten citizens were chosen to regulate the day, and to make the arrangements for the ordeal.

On Saturday, the vigil of Palm Sunday, April 7th, a pile was erected on the piazza of the Signory, forty yards long, with a narrow path in the centre, of every kind of combustibles, and charged, it is said, with gunpowder. Five hundred soldiers kept the circle. But besides this, 500 Compagnacci guarded the Franciscans; 300 Frateschi were enrolled to protect Savonarola. The Signory took their places in a lofty balcony; the crowds around, above, at every window, on every roof, baffled calculation. A loggia, called that of Orcagna or of the Lanzi, was assigned to the two Orders; in their compartment the Dominicans erected an altar. Before he set forth, Savonarola celebrated mass at St. Mark's to a great number of the faithful; but in his short discourse he spoke not without some doubts: 'God had not revealed the issue of the ordeal, or whether it would take place. If he were asked, he supposed that it would.' It is conjectured that there were rumours of a brief from Rome, prohibiting the ordeal. They marched in procession; Savonarola, in his priestly robes, bore the Host. He placed it on the altar, at which Buonavicini knelt in humble devotion. There arose a deafening burst of chaunting from the Piagnoni; the Franciscans maintained a solemn silence. The Signory gave the sign to advance to the trial. The spectators were in the agony of expectation. Then began a strange altercation: the Franciscans would not consent that their adversary should enter the fire in his sacerdotal dress. His robes might be enchanted: they were not content with his changing his dress for a friar's garb: they would have him stripped naked, lest there should be some magic charm about him. The Franciscans stood watching every motion of Savonarola, lest he should lay some spell on his champion. The crowd grew weary of this wrangling; but it ended not there: The Franciscans protested against the small red crucifix, always borne by the followers of Savonarola. 'If not the cross,' exclaimed Savonarola, 'let him bear the Host.' The Franciscans raised a cry of horror at the sacrilegious proposal to expose the Redeemer's body to the fire. Savonarola stood firm: it had been revealed, *Burlamacchi* says, to Fra Silvestro Mamuffi, that the champion must not enter the fire without the Host. On every side was fierce dispute, tumult, confusion. The Compagnacci strove to approach Savonarola, and put him to death. *Salviati*, amid his Piagnoni, drew a line with his hand, and threatened *Dolfo Spina*, the captain of the Compagnacci, to strike the

the man dead who should pass that line. Hours had passed, the day was wearing away; suddenly came down torrents of rain; the Signory seized the opportunity of declaring that God would not permit the ordeal to proceed. The Franciscans stole quietly away; but Savonarola, as he came in greater pomp, must retire with more solemn dignity: he had to bear back the Host.\*

Conceive the fury of a vast populace, thus strung to the most intense excitement, baffled, fatigued, and, no slight aggravation, drenched with rain. There was one burst of imprecation, and all hurled at the fated head of Savonarola. The Franciscans were obscure, unknown men: it was the final appeal to God in the cause of Savonarola,—of Savonarola, who for several years had been the centre of their thoughts, the object either of their fond idolatry, or of their no less intense hatred: the legislator, the prophet, on whose lips they had hung; who had swayed them in cowering terror, or in ardent admiration. And now he had himself fallen back like a coward from the post of honour: he had put forward his poor deluded follower, and even had shrunk from exposing him, and so his whole cause, to the judgment of God. He had quibbled, shuffled, basely eluded the trial. What contempt could be sufficiently contemptuous? What terms of reproach—‘poltroon, hypocrite, impostor, false prophet’—could be too scornful for one who had defrauded them of their promised spectacle? Woe to him who excites the populace to the madness of high-wrought expectation, to be succeeded by the madness of disappointment! With difficulty the slow and broken procession made its way to St. Mark’s, amid the jeers, curses, and peltings of the people, though environed by the body-guard which the Signory sent to protect them. The Host alone—some believed from its inherent awfulness, some from its miraculous power—saved the person of Savonarola from the utmost violence. For the last time the gates of the church closed on their devoted Prior: the spell was broken; the wand of the magician had crumbled in his hands. Once more he mounted the pulpit; made a faithful exposition of the events of the day; gave good counsel to his scanty audience, and, after a hymn, dismissed them in peace.

The night passed away: in the morning some of the friends of Savonarola were for taking up arms, and anticipating the threatened danger: they were repressed by the prudence of Francesco Valori. The Priors met: it was agreed, that for the public peace the Friar must leave Florence; a sentence of

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\* We agree with M. Porrens in following Nardi, as the most probable account of the order of events.

banishment was passed: he had not the time, if he had had the will, to obey it. His place in the pulpit of the cathedral was to be filled by Mariano degli Ughi. No sooner had the preacher appeared than there was a cry, 'To arms! to arms!' The Compagnacci, in strong bands, thronged towards St. Mark's: the Signory passed a resolution to arrest the prior. This seemed to authorise the movements of his enemies. The convent was begirt by hostile bands. On their first appearance two Piagnoni had been massacred; blood had thus been shed; a few penetrated into the chapel, and insulted the worshippers: they were with difficulty ejected; the gates were closed and barred. The convent, strange as it may seem, was prepared for a siege: there were arms, munitions, even cannon. But on the first message of the Signory, commanding all but the monks to quit the convent, some withdrew. Francesco Valori had set the example, after urging submission, of retreat through a postern-gate: it was hoped that he went to rally the Piagnoni without to a rescue. The more fanatic followers rushed to arms; they were headed by Benedetto, a distinguished miniature painter. Among the rest was Luca della Robbia: the hands accustomed to model those chaste and exquisite Madonnas wielded a sword: he himself deposes to his having passed that sword through the reins of one man; struck another in the face; and disarmed two more. The defence was desperate: they tore off the tiles of the buildings, and showered them down on their assailants.\* In the mean time Savonarola had made a procession through the cloisters and had taken up his post upon his knees before the altar. Francesco Valori was summoned before the Signory: he was foully murdered on the way and his palace plundered, as were many others of the principal Piagnoni. Warning after warning came from the Signory to St. Mark's, threatening confiscation, exile, to all laymen who should remain in the convent. The defenders gradually fell off. A new band of 800 ruffians, of the lowest class, mere plunderers, joined the assailants. At length came a peremptory order from the Signory and commissioners, to seize the persons of Savonarola, Domenico Buonvicini, Silvestro Maruffi. Even then Savonarola might have been saved by flight: he was betrayed by a Judas,† as he is termed by the poet, the author of the 'Cedrus Libani,' the most accurate chronicler of the event. Malatesta Sacramoro declared that the convent ought not to be destroyed, for his sake: 'The Shepherd should lay down his life

\* Compare the whole account in the 'Cedrus Libani,' the author of which took great part in the strife. This, he says, was unknown to Savonarola.

† Yet Sacramoro had been one of those who had offered to pass through the fire. *Marchese*, 'Documenti,' p. 174.

or the sheep.' Savonarola made a short speech, in Latin, to his followers, and took a touching farewell. Together with Domenico (Silvestro was not arrested till later, betrayed in his concealment by the same Malatesta) he came forth into the piazza, their hands bound behind their backs. They were received with a wild howl of joy, and a volley of stones. The guards crossed their halberds above them, to prevent their being torn to pieces; his enemies in profane mockery, adapted to him words from the New Testament; words uttered to his Divine Master at the same sad hour. They struck him behind. 'Prophecy who it was that smote thee.' They twisted his delicate hands so as to wring out a cry of pain: one kicked him behind, and coarsely said, 'There is the seat of his prophetic power.'

The intelligence flew to Rome. The remorseless joy of the Pope broke out in five briefs. One congratulated the Signory on their virtuous rigour. It enjoined them, having questioned Savonarola on all which concerned the State, to send him to the frontier, to be tried for his religious offences at Rome. The second gave the vicar-general of the archbishop and the chapter, power to absolve all concerned in the attack on the convent, even if guilty of homicide, and to suspend all sentences against the others; to publish a jubilee at Florence, a plenary indulgence, with re-admission into the pale of the Church, to all the Piagnoni who should repent of their errors. The other briefs were to the Franciscans and Francesco di Puglia, highly approving their zeal and success in unmasking the impostor. The Signory had not awaited these briefs to enter on the interrogatory of Savonarola. On the 9th, the very next day, began the examination of the prisoners: it was continued, with the exception of Easter-day, till the 19th. The answers of Savonarola were of studied obscurity. The first day he was submitted to torture of that kind, which, in the horrible nomenclature of the dungeon, is called hoisting. A cord is passed under the arm-pits; the body suddenly hauled up, and let down with violence that wrenches every joint. This was thought the mildest torment. M. Perrens observes that Savonarola himself had proposed to apply it to obstinate gamblers. But the frame of Savonarola was, as is common in men of excitable temperament, singularly delicate and sensitive.\* He broke down at once, and confessed all which they asked: no sooner was the agony over than he revoked his confession. Examination, torture, re-examination, wrung forth but

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\* In the odious letter addressed to the Pope by the Signory, in which they humbly thank his Holiness for his great goodness in allowing them to torture a man in orders, they assert that he was '*potentissimi corporis*,' and rather boast of his being tried *multâ et assiduâ questione multis diebus*.—*Marchese*, p. 185.

a wild incoherent mass of confession, and recantation of confession, on which no legal process could be framed. There needed a subtle villain, who could mould all this into something of which law might take cognisance. A notary of bad character, one Ceccone, offered himself, at the price of 400 crowns, as the agent in this infamy. He was concealed during the interrogatory; out of the admissions or free or enforced confessions of the friar he made a long, minute report, extending over his whole life, full of gross contradictions, and monstrous improbabilities. This was adroitly substituted for the genuine report, and published to wondering Florence. Of the villany of Ceccone there can be no doubt. It rests not only on the authority of Savonarola's admiring biographers but on the honest Nardi and the grave Guicciardini. It is confirmed by the process itself, which may be read with all its palpable fictions. The wretch, however, did not satisfy his employers, and received but some paltry 80 crowns. On the 19th April the report was read to Savonarola: he was asked if he admitted its truth. Savonarola would strive no longer. He answered, in ambiguous phrase, 'What I have written is true,' or 'What I have written I have written.' The Judas of the faction Malatesta Sacramoro, summoned with other friars of St. Mark's to bear witness against him, said, tauntingly, 'Ex ore tuo credidi, et ex ore tuo discredo.' Savonarola deigned no reply.

Even now there seemed difficulty in proceeding to capital punishment. Savonarola remained in his prison without further interrogatory for a month. He employed his time in writing a commentary on the Penitential Psalm l.; he began another on the xxxth—'In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.' Pen and paper were then forbidden him. In the meantime a new Signory was to take office on the 1st of May. There was even now a dread of re-action, though the heads of the Piagnoni had been sent into exile, and others hostile to him recalled. Recourse was had to the unconstitutional measure of disfranchising 200 members of the Great Council—Veri de' Medici, a known enemy of the Friar, was Gonfalonier of Justice.

The first act of the new Signory was to demand permission from the Pope to proceed to the capital sentence. Alexander still desired to make an awful example of the rebel in Rome. But the Signory insisted that his punishment in Florence was absolutely necessary to disabuse the deluded people. All were most eager, they said, to see the punishment of the deceiver. They adhered resolutely to their prior right of vengeance. They thanked the Pope in words of incredible baseness for his *divine virtue and immense goodness* in ceding to them this privilege.

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On the 14th he appointed two commissions to preside, in his name, at the execution of a man of the inviolable sacerdotal order. One of these was Giovacchino Torriano of Venice, general of the Dominican order, of high character for learning and gentleness; the other a Spanish doctor, Romolino, a man of true inquisitorial mercilessness, a sure guarantee against the possible fraternal weakness of his colleague; he was reported to have said, 'We shall see a fine blaze; I have the condemnation safe in my hands.'

On the 20th, the morrow of their arrival at Florence, Romolino summoned before him Savonarola and Fra Silvestro. Fra Domenico, it is uncertain for what cause, was left out. One of the Arrabbiati reminded Romolino of the omission. 'It were dangerous to leave one of them; they must be extirpated, root and branch.' Of course, replied Romolino; a miserable friar (*frataccio*) more or less, what can it signify?

On the 20th of May took place a new examination before the commissioners of the Pope. Of this examination Nardi has given an account; and from him M. Perrens has said, that in Savonarola appeared a wonderful struggle between the weakness of the flesh and the energy of a courageous spirit. But he adds, 'that of this process, of the answers of Girolamo and Silvestro, there remains not a trace. It was sent to Rome by Romolino, and has never been found.' At the end of a volume, the *Appendice alla Storia Politica dei Municipi Italiani*, by Signor Giudici, published in 1850, we find a document—*Processo di Frate Girolamo Savonarola*. The author of this work, Signor Giudici, is a man of high character. The process is stated to be taken from the Magliabecchian Library. It contains the earlier examination, agreeing in substance with Ceccone's falsified process, as it appears in Quetif and Mansi. But in addition there is a full report of the examinations in May before Romolino. It is a document of profound interest; the simple and terrible pathos of some of its passages is to us a guarantee of its authenticity. Savonarola was questioned by Romolino in the presence of Torriano, with two of the gonfaloniers, whose names are given, and other of the magistrates of Florence, whether he admitted the truth of his former confessions to which he had subscribed, and he replied in the affirmative. Questions were put on his relations with foreign sovereigns: what cardinals were his friends. He was at length asked whether he had said that the Pope was not a Christian; had never been baptised; was no true Pope? His answer was, that he had never said these things. He had written them in a letter which he had burned, and which was the draft of those he had proposed to write to the Kings. He was asked if he

he had spoken the truth, and the whole truth. As he made no further answer, Romolino commanded that he should be stripped, to be hoisted by the cord. He fell on his knees, in an agony of fear, and exclaimed—‘God, thou hast caught me (colto), I confess that I have denied Christ, I have told lies. O Signory of Florence, bear me witness, that I have denied him for fear of torture; if I must suffer, better that I suffer for the truth. What I have said I received of God—God grant me repentance for having denied thee from fear of torture.’ In the meantime he was stripped. He threw himself again on his knees, showed his arms distorted, and went on to say—‘Oh God, I have denied thee for fear of torture.’ Hauled up, he said, Jesus aid me, now thou hast caught me (colto). When he was hung up by the cord, they asked him why he had said so—For good reason—lacerate me not so, I will speak the truth, surely, surely. ‘Why hast thou denied just now?’ ‘Because I am mad.’ When set down, he said, When I see the instruments of torture I lose myself; when I am in a room, with a few quiet persons, I speak better. In these few heart-rending sentences is to us the key to the whole of Savonarola’s confession. The imploring pardon of Jesus for having denied him speaks volumes. After that there is nothing that he will not admit—nothing that he will not recant—confessions betrayed to him by his fellow sufferers; his contumelious vituperations of the Pope, the falsehood of his visions, his schism, his letters to the Kings to summon a General Council, his pride and madness, his factious turbulence in Florence, his cold recommendation to mercy of the five of the Medici faction who were put to death. And yet his priestly judges were not satisfied. The next day there was another examination and again torture. The main object seems to have been to extort confession about his intercourse with the Kings concerning the Council and the deposition of the Pope, still more his connexions with the cardinals inimical to Alexander, especially the cardinal S. Pietro in Vincula, and the cardinal of Naples.

There is a frightful official brevity in the notice which closes the examination.

‘A di xxii di Maggio detto.

Fra Girolamo,	} a ore 13 furono degradati, e poi arsi in piazza de’ Signori.’
Fra Domenico,	
Fra Silvestro,	

Though hastening to the melancholy end, we must be somewhat more particular. On the evening of the 22nd the sentence of death was communicated to him. According to the usage a certain James Nicolini was to pass the night with Savonarola.

‘I come

‘I come not,’ he said, ‘to urge resignation on one who has converted a whole people to virtue.’ Girolamo calmly answered, ‘Do your duty.’ He refused to sup, lest the process of digestion should interrupt his serious meditations. He prayed fervently and long, laid his head on Nicolini’s lap, and slept quietly. Nicolini was astonished that he smiled and talked in his sleep. The feeblener Domenico heard his sentence with calmness; his last words were a wish that the works of his master, bound, should be placed in the library of the convent, and another copy in the refectory, to be read during meals. The visionary somnambulist Maruffi broke down; he had neither the courage of the martyr nor the resignation of the saint. In the morning they were conducted to the chapel, and received the Holy Communion. Plenary absolution offered in the Pope’s name was humbly accepted by the victims of his cruelty. Savonarola spoke a few touching words, imploring the pardon of God for any sins he might have committed—any scandal he might have occasioned. The Ringhiera was connected by a wooden bridge with the place of execution; the planks were so badly laid, that wanton and cruel boys thrust pointed sticks through the crevices to prick their feet. The place was crowded to see the men whom but now they had adored, bound to the gibbets and burned. They were stripped of their clothes, with only a long woollen shirt—their feet naked. The prior of Santa Maria Novella, and the bishop of Vaison, both Dominicans of their own order, had the office of degrading them. They were clad again in their sacerdotal robes, which were then ignominiously stripped off—‘I separate you,’ said the bishop, ‘from the church militant and the church triumphant.’ ‘Not from the church triumphant,’ said Savonarola, ‘that is beyond thy power.’ The sentence of death was read by Romolino. Silvestro died first—all he said was, ‘Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit.’ Then followed Domenico, with quiet courage. Savonarola had to witness their sufferings, of which he could not doubt that himself was the cause. Did he think them victims or glorious martyrs? He died full of confidence in his own innocence—firm, calm, without the least acknowledgment of guilt—with no word of remonstrance against the cruelty of his enemies; at peace with himself, in perfect charity with all. A moment the flames were blown aside and showed the bodies untouched—‘a miracle,’ shouted his partizans while his enemies mocked the miracle of a moment. In vain their ashes were cast into the Arno, lest the remains of the martyrs should become objects of worship. Bones were found, or supposed to be found; and even splinters of the gibbets became the treasures of succeeding generations.



Savonarola died, so wrote his admiring biographer, from this cause only, because he was hated by the wicked, beloved by the holy.\* That he died because he was a preacher of righteousness in an age and in a church, at the very depths of unrighteousness, who will deny? His absolutely blameless moral character, his wonderful abilities, his command of all the knowledge of his time, his power of communicating his own holiness to others; even his rigid authority as regards the great doctrines of his church, who will impeach? Let any one read in Italian, and he will not be unrewarded, the *Trionfo della Croce*, and determine this point for himself. His other practical works, as on the Simpleness of the Christian life, if not of equal excellence, are as faultless and devout.

We have not disguised what, from our point of view, seems to detract from the grandeur, the heroic, the saintly, the true Christian grandeur of Fra Girolamo. It was a monkish reformation which he endeavoured to work, and therefore a reformation which could not have satisfied the expanding mind of man. But it was the monkish reformation of a church, which still professed to believe monasticism to be the perfection of Christianity, a higher gospel than that of Christ. We have touched on his extravagances of religious passion, the rigour of his puritan asceticism. But not only was he an Italian; he was of a church in which, as witness the lives of half the saints (look especially to S. Francis), those extravagances had been held up as the very consummation of holiness. If he was a religious demagogue, and mingled too much in secular affairs, how many, not of the worst only, but of the best in the history of his church, would disdain to elude the imputation! Above all he did not discern the dim line which distinguishes the mission of a preacher of righteousness from that of a prophet of the Future; he did not, in his extatic fervour of zeal, discriminate between the ordinary and the extraordinary gifts of divine grace; yet his church believed herself to be endowed with a perpetual gift of miracle—with a perpetual, if more rarely exercised, gift of prophecy. How many, who had prophesied smooth things of her, or even harsh things, had been canonized! It was not because they were untrue that Savonarola's predictions were pre-

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\* *Una hæc perditionis causæ Hieronymo, displicuisse nequissimis, placuisse sanctissimis.*—Pico Mirand. in *Præfat.*

† Dr. Madden expresses his surprise that the book was never translated into English; but, though his bibliographical labours are the best part of his book, he is mistaken. We have before us a small volume, printed at Cambridge, by John Field, Printer to the University, 1661: 'The Truth of the Christian Faith; or the Triumph of the Cross of Christ. By Hier. Savonarola. Done into English out of the Author's own Italian Copy,' &c. The fine poetic Preface is left out.

sumptuous,

sumptuous, impious, but because they were unwelcome. Had Charles VIII. descended the Alps on the Pope's side, Girolamo's prediction had been a revelation from heaven. We may believe the whole to have been hallucination—part a fond perversion of unmeaning words by his partisans, part mere human sagacity—some fortunate guesses, or prophecies which wrought their own accomplishment, but all their real criminality to Rome was their hostility to Rome. This was felt in his own day (the re-action was almost immediate); and it has been felt by the better part of the Roman Catholic Church at all times. There has been a strong demand for that highest homage to man, his canonization. It was said to have been contemplated even by Julius II.; if we are to trust Dr. Madden it has been thought of in our own time. How far it would tax theological subtlety to reconcile the excommunication, the murder of Savonarola (we can use no milder term), by one Infallible Pope, his sanctification by another, is no concern of ours.

But Italy, Rome, the Church, repudiated the reformation, the more congenial and less violent reformation of Savonarola. A wider, more complete Reformation—a Reformation on different principles became more and more necessary, and inevitable. It was only by the re-action of the more formidable revolution of the North, that the South at length conformed to some of the views of the reformer of Ferrara. In truth the Roman Catholic Church owes a debt of gratitude to Luther, only inferior to our own. Had Luther never lived, Loyola had never been endured; but for the Confession of Augsburg, the Council of Trent had not sat, that Council which, however fatal and irremediable the evil which it wrought by petrifying the opinions and superstitions of the middle ages into doctrines, did infinite service to the discipline, to the decency, to the religion of the Roman Church. The Reformation of Luther worked wonders even where Luther was repudiated as a son of perdition.

But Luther was a renovator of the Church, including, as did his Reformation, the secession of half-Christendom, little foreseen by the Florentine Prophet; had he foreseen it, he had hid his face in sorrow. His own renovation was to be a renovation (that was the very substance of his prophecy) during the days of men living, to say nothing of the conversion of the Turks,\* which he promised with equal certitude, as constantly at hand. His

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\* See among many such passages the splendid close of the 37th Sermon on Amos and Zachariah, p. 384. In another place, he says: 'I Turchi s' hanno a battezzare, e così sarà; et se non fussi stato la tua incredulità et la tua ingratitude, io t' harei detto non solamente l' anno, ma il mese e il dì.'—*Predica xxvi*, Sopra i Salmi, p. 198.

political vaticinations were at least as sadly untrue ; such as the promise to Florence of an age of unexampled prosperity after her tribulations. The star of the Medici was in the ascendant, as baleful to the Church of Rome as to Florence. Leo X., the boy cardinal, who fled before Savonarola's face, during his papacy, witnessed or rather caused the rise of Luther. The bastard Medici, Clement VII., witnessed, or caused the revolt of Henry VIII., the emancipation of the English Church, and the sack of Rome. Catherine de' Medici is inseparably connected with the day of St. Bartholomew. Tuscany, Florence, fell to the Grand Dukes of the House of Medici, than whom no more odious or crafty tyrants ever trampled on the liberties, or outraged the moral sense of man.

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ART. II.—*A History of Greece*. By George Grote, Esq. London. 12 vols. 8vo. 1846-1856.

MR. GROTE'S *History of Greece* is the most important contribution to historical literature in modern times. Whether viewed as a special history of the Hellenic race, or as an exhibition of the true method of historical criticism, it is alike admirable. There is hardly a single subject connected with Hellenic antiquity upon which this work has not thrown new and unexpected light ; and it is surprising to find, after the labour that has been bestowed upon Grecian history by many of the most learned scholars in Europe, how much remained to be done ; how much we had both to learn and to unlearn. Errors the most inveterate, that have been handed down without misgiving from generation to generation, have been for the first time corrected by Mr. Grote ; facts the most familiar have been presented in new aspects and relations ; things dimly seen, and only partially apprehended previously, have now assumed their true proportions and real significance ; while numerous traits of Grecian character and new veins of Grecian thought and feeling have been revealed to the eyes of scholars by Mr. Grote's searching criticism, like new forms of animated nature by the microscope. The completion of such a work is a subject of congratulation not only for Mr. Grote himself but for our national literature. We have during its progress directed attention to separate portions of it ; \* but we now propose

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxviii. p. 113, *seq.* ; vol. lxxxvi p. 384, *seq.* ; vol. lxxxviii. p. 41, *seq.*

to view it as a whole; to point out its most striking features, and to give a few of its most important conclusions. We are aware that we shall be traversing ground familiar to scholars; but we believe that a large class of our readers will not be unwilling to have presented to their notice the chief characteristics of so eminent an historian, and a brief account of some of the principal improvements which Mr. Grote has effected in the current views of Grecian history.

Among the many qualifications which Mr. Grote possesses for writing a history of the free commonwealths of Greece we may first mention his practical knowledge of political life. It is this, among other things, which gives him a decided advantage over the ablest of his predecessors; and the want of which disqualifies the most learned Germans from fully apprehending and adequately expressing the manifold phenomena of Grecian history. As one of the great bankers of the city of London, and an active member of the Commons' House of Parliament, Mr. Grote has had abundant opportunities of studying life and character under its various phases, of observing the struggles of political parties, and of tracing the progress of constitutional changes: and if Gibbon could write that 'the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers had not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire,' with much greater force might Mr. Grote declare that the advocate of the ballot in Parliament had not been useless to the historian of the Grecian commonwealths. This practical experience has not been purchased at the expense of scholarship. Mr. Grote's learning is profound, extensive and minute; not only does he exhibit a familiar acquaintance with all the ancient authorities, even the most outlying and remote, but he has made careful and constant use of the almost innumerable works which the industry of German scholars has produced upon every portion of Grecian antiquity. This union of the practical knowledge of the English gentleman and the British statesman with the erudition of a German professor gives a peculiar charm and value to his history. In Germany there is unfortunately an almost complete severance between the practical and the speculative life; and there the statesman and man of the world are content to leave to the professor the knowledge and elucidation of a previous age. In this country it is fortunately different; and we have a second instance of the combination in the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, though constantly occupied for many years in administrative and political offices, has found time to produce a series of works, combining the sagacity of the statesman with the most extensive erudition, the latest of which  
is

is destined, we believe, to effect before long a complete revolution in the treatment of early Roman history.\*

Rare as these qualifications are, Mr. Grote possesses two others which are rarer still. First, he has conceived Hellenic antiquity as a living whole. Previous writers on Grecian history, with the exception of Dr. Thirlwall, have more or less judged the Greeks by their own standards of religion, morals, and politics, and have not endeavoured to understand or account for the feelings by which the Greeks themselves were actuated. Mr. Grote, on the contrary, divesting himself, as far as possible, of modern notions, transports himself into Hellenic society, and endeavours to view the events of Grecian history with the eyes of a contemporary, and to realise to his own mind the various phenomena of Grecian thought and feeling. He has spared neither time nor pains for the purpose of understanding this wonderful people; the whole map of Grecian history was unrolled for many years before his eyes; and this long-continued study enabled him to take a comprehensive view of the entire subject before he gave any portion of it to the world.† Hence he frequently throws light upon the history of one period by that of another; and by contrasting the two he brings out the distinctive features of each.

By endeavouring to think and feel as the Greeks thought and felt, and by regarding events from a Grecian point of view, Mr. Grote is able to explain numerous occurrences which were formerly regarded as incomprehensible or absurd. Under a monarchical form of government, combined with representative institutions, we enjoy such complete protection of life and property, and so much freedom and happiness, that it is difficult for us to understand the rooted antipathy in Greece to a permanent hereditary ruler—an antipathy in which the few and the many equally concurred, and which led the philosophers as well as the people to regard the *tyrannus* or *despot* as the greatest of criminals.

\* We allude more particularly to Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's works, 'On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics,' 'On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion,' and to 'An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.'

† The first volume of the 'History' appeared in 1846, but the work has been the labour of a life-time. As far back as 1827 we find Niebuhr, the historian, writing in the following terms to Professor Lieber, then a political refugee in England:—'Endeavour to become acquainted with Mr. Grote, who is engaged on a Greek history; he, too, will receive you well if you take my regards. If you become better acquainted with him, it is worth your while to obtain the proof-sheets of his work, in order to translate it. I expect a great deal from this production, and will get you here a publisher.'—*Reminiscences of an Intercourse with G. B. Niebuhr*. By Francis Lieber. London, 1835. P. 34.

Hence,

Hence, Mr. Mitford, and similar writers, have too often looked upon the Greeks as fools and madmen, whose motives of action it was not worth while to try to understand. Their love of republican institutions has been considered a species of insanity, and the despots who brought them under a monarchical form of government have been praised as the greatest of benefactors. But Mr. Grote shows that there cannot be a more certain way of misinterpreting and distorting Grecian phenomena than to read them in this spirit. The conception which the Greeks formed of a king was an irresponsible ruler, who had the right to do what he pleased with the lives and fortunes of the people, and who generally used his power for oppressive purposes. Such a ruler, exercising his sway in a small town, where the citizens had previously been accustomed to regulate their own affairs, naturally excited the utmost abhorrence. The word king conveys to us an entirely different notion from that which it conveyed to a Greek; and the difficulty which even such a thinker as Aristotle would have experienced in understanding our idea of monarchy, has been expressed by Mr. Grote in a remarkable passage:—

‘The theory of a constitutional king, especially, as it exists in England, would have appeared to him impracticable; to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and licence with the reality of an invisible straitwaistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king.’ . . . ‘When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendancy of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democracy of Athens more perhaps than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely-spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England, respecting kingship; and it is the application, sometimes explicit and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard, which

which renders Mr. Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair.'—vol. iii. pp. 17–19.

Modern historians have generally failed to give due prominence to the religious element in the Grecian mind. It is so difficult for us to judge of the religion even of our contemporaries whose creed differs from our own, and so many things seem to us absurd which are to them most sacred, that we need not be surprised that the religious feelings of the ancient Greeks have not been fully understood and appreciated. It is one of the merits of Mr. Grote, that he makes us comprehend that religion was a vital and actuating principle among them, that it entered into all their thoughts, and influenced their actions on all occasions, whether great or small. This would doubtless be admitted in general terms by other writers; but how little do we feel and perceive it in their narrative! Mr. Grote, on the other hand, speaks of the guiding and superintending providence of the gods as a reality to the Greek, which he firmly believed to determine the course of events. Take, for example, the history of Timoleon, whose wonderful success, with small means against an overwhelming power, was regarded as a striking instance of the unbounded favour of the gods. In Mr. Grote's narrative the Greek point of view is brought forward prominently, and the interposition of the gods is spoken of in terms which might possibly give offence, if it was not understood that he puts himself in the place of the people whose history he records. The voyage of Timoleon, when he set out upon his expedition, was accompanied by 'manifestations of divine presence and encouragement,' which diffused universal hopefulness through the armament. His first victory under the walls of Adranum was owing to a special providence; for at the moment when the battle was commencing, the inhabitants of the town 'had seen the portals of their temple spontaneously burst open, and the god Adranus brandishing his spear, with profuse perspiration on his face.' Upon his arrival before Syracuse, his prospects appeared hopeless; but 'it was soon seen that the manifestations of the two goddesses and of the god Adranus in his favour, were neither barren nor delusive.' After another unexpected success—'thus did the gods again show their favour towards Timoleon by an unusual combination of circumstances, and by smiting the enemy with blindness.' These expressions, though they can hardly be appreciated, detached from the context, will nevertheless give some conception of the manner in which Mr. Grote represents the intervention of the gods as a living conviction, instead of weakening it by qualifying phrases,

or

or representing it, according to the rationalistic method, as a pious fraud of the prudent general.

Another of Mr. Grote's merits is the ethical interest which he imparts to his subject. Other historians may excel him in picturesque description; they may paint in more gorgeous colours the pomp of war, the intrigues of courts, and the outward events of history; but no writer with whom we are acquainted, with the sole exception of Thucydides, penetrates more deeply into the inward life of a people, and analyses more carefully the political, social, and moral significance of each event. The method pursued by the other most eminent historian of antiquity in the English language presents a striking contrast to the method of Mr. Grote. In the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' the grandeur of the events, their mighty influence upon the destinies of the world, and the pictorial skill with which their most prominent features are seized and presented to our view, arrest our attention and excite our imagination. The decay of the Empire which had so long ruled the world—the origin and progress of Christianity—the irruptions and settlements of the barbarians of Germany and Scythia—the foundation of Constantinople—the life of Mohammed and the rapid spread of the new religion—the Crusades of the nations of Western Europe to recover possession of the Holy Land—the conquests of Zingis Khan, Tamerlane, and the Turks—the fall of Constantinople—the revolutions of Rome in the middle ages—these events pass before our eyes in the brilliant pages of Gibbon, like some gorgeous pageant or moving panorama; but all ethical interest is wanting; the historian rarely penetrates below the surface, and rarely endeavours to ascertain the inner motives or feelings which determine the conduct of men and nations. It would be impossible to illustrate fully Mr. Grote's ethical treatment of history without taking some large and important subject which would not be within our limits; but two or three examples of the numerous incidental remarks which he makes upon events will exhibit this peculiarity in his work. Thus the well-known tale of the scourging of the Hellespont by Xerxes, because the rebellious stream had destroyed the bridge of the Persian monarch, has been frequently regarded as the invention of the Greeks, who attributed to the mad barbarian an act of childish absurdity. But Mr. Grote well observes that the absurdity and childishness of the proceeding is no reason for its rejection, if we identify ourselves with the feelings of the time and the person concerned. 'To transfer to inanimate objects the sensitive as well as the willing and designing attributes of human beings, is among the early and wide-spread instincts of mankind, and one of the primitive forms of religion; and although the



enlargement of reason and experience gradually displaces this elementary fetichism, and banishes it from the regions of reality into those of conventional fictions, yet the force of momentary passion will often suffice to supersede the acquired habit, *and even an intelligent man may be impelled in a moment of agonizing pain to kick or beat the lifeless object from which he has suffered.*” \* In like manner Mr. Grote remarks upon the destruction of the citadel of Dionysius in the island of Ortygia at Syracuse, that ‘it was beneficial in discharging the reactionary antipathies of the *Syracusans*, inevitable after so long an oppression, upon unconscious stones; and thus leaving less of it to be wreaked on the heads of political rivals, compromised in the former proceedings.’ † Again, in narrating the immediate repentance of the Athenians after passing the barbarous decree that the male population of Mitylene should be put to death, Mr. Grote directs attention to an important principle in human affairs, which was doubtless one cause of the instant revulsion of feeling, ‘that the sentiment of wrath against the Mitylenians had been really in part discharged by the mere *passing* of the sentence, quite apart from its execution; just as a furious man relieves himself from over-boiling anger by imprecations against others, which he would himself shrink from afterwards realizing.’ ‡

In the elaborate account of the trial and condemnation of the six generals who fought at the battle of Arginusæ—one of the foulest blots upon the page of Athenian history—Mr. Grote takes especial pains to investigate the causes which led the Athenians to violate the laws securing to prisoners a fair trial. On no other occasion did the Athenian people commit an act of similar injustice. Even under the strongest provocation, after the hateful usurpation of the Four Hundred and the tyranny of the Thirty, the accused parties were not deprived of the judicial securities provided by the law. This wrong was now perpetrated, not in the case of traitors or declared enemies of the state, but in the case of generals who had just gained a signal victory—a victory, too, which saved Athens from inevitable ruin. So strange does the conduct of the Athenians appear, that some modern writers have attempted to explain it by the supposition of a deep-laid oligarchical plot; but Mr. Grote gives a very different and much more probable explanation. He points out that this atrocious act was owing to the people having broken loose from their obligations as citizens and members of the commonwealth, and having surrendered themselves heart and soul to the family sympathies and antipathies. At the outset

\* Vol. v. p. 22.

† Vol. xi. p. 234.

‡ Vol. vi. p. 337.

their

their feelings had been powerfully affected by the thought of their friends and relations having been left to perish unheeded upon the wrecks of the vessels, and then these feelings had been still further inflamed by the family festival of the Apaturia, which took place after the first day's debate upon the trial of the generals, and at which the relations of those who had perished appeared in the garb of mourning. So intense and overwhelming was the excitement thus produced that the survivors thought of nothing but vengeance, and were ready to sacrifice to its gratification even the constitution itself. Mr. Grote's concluding remarks upon this occurrence are eminently characteristic:—

‘Such is the natural behaviour of those who, having for the moment forgotten their sense of political commonwealth, become degraded into exclusive family-men. The family affections, productive as they are of so large an amount of gentle sympathy and mutual happiness in the interior circle, are also liable to generate disregard, malice, sometimes even ferocious vengeance, towards others. Powerful towards good generally, they are not less powerful occasionally towards evil, and require, not less than the selfish propensities, constant subordinating control from that moral reason which contemplates for its end the security and happiness of all. And when a man, either from low civilization, has never known this large moral reason; or when from some accidental stimulus, righteous in the origin, but wrought up into fanaticism by the conspiring force of religious as well as family sympathies, he comes to place his pride and virtue in discarding its supremacy—there is scarcely any amount of evil or injustice which he may not be led to perpetrate by a blind obedience to the narrow instincts of relationship. “*Ces pères de famille sont capables de tout,*” was the satirical remark of Talleyrand upon the gross public jobbing so largely practised by those who sought place or promotion for their sons. The same words, understood in a far more awful sense and generalized for other cases of relationship, sum up the moral of this melancholy proceeding at Athens.’—vol. viii. p. 281.

We can give only one more example. Pericles, in a well-known passage of his celebrated speech in the second book of Thucydides, praises Athens for its tolerance of different tastes and pursuits. Mr. Grote directs attention to this part of the speech, because it serves to correct an assertion usually made, that the ancient societies sacrificed the individual to the state, and that only in modern times has individual agency been allowed its proper freedom. The ideal societies of Plato and Aristotle are frequently referred to in confirmation of this opinion; but it should be recollected that those philosophers were strongly opposed to the existing institutions and social arrangements at Athens, and that it would be as reasonable to

judge of the state of Athenian society from the writings of these philosophers as of the social condition of England or France from the theories of Robert Owen or Fourier. The current opinion respecting the difference between ancient and modern societies is true of Sparta, but is certainly untrue of Athens, and, as far as we know, of most other Grecian cities. Modern society, while it allows the citizen greater licence in his relation to the state, is in reality intolerant of all social differences; but the Athenian democracy, while it strictly exacted from the citizen the discharge of his public duties, permitted the indulgence of individual tastes, impulses, and even eccentricities to a degree unknown in England. In this country, and, indeed, in almost all modern governments, 'the intolerance of the national opinion cuts down individual character to one out of a few set types, to which every person or every family is constrained to adjust itself, and beyond which all exceptions meet either with hatred or derision. To impose upon men such restraints, either of law or of opinion, as are requisite for the security or comfort of society—but to encourage rather than repress the free play of individual impulse, subject to those limits—is an ideal which, if it was ever approached at Athens, has certainly never been attained, and has indeed comparatively been little studied or cared for in any modern society.' \*

In connexion with these two characteristics of Mr. Grote—a vivid conception of antiquity and an ethical mode of treating its history—we would mention a third, which imparts additional liveliness and instruction to his work. With a view of realizing the past more perfectly, and bringing it home more faithfully to our minds and our hearts, Mr. Grote frequently calls in the aid of the institutions and events of modern times, in the way either of analogy or of contrast. We are well aware that historical analogy is a somewhat dangerous ground, and has been frequently abused, of which we have a signal instance in Niebuhr's 'Lectures on Ancient History,' where many of the analogies are far-fetched and misleading. At the same time it must be recollected that as human life is essentially the same in all ages, and as the same causes will produce the same results, many modern events throw light upon those of ancient times; and there can be no objection to employ them, provided the important distinction is preserved of using them as illustrations, and not as proofs. If used only as illustrations, even if the analogy is not always perfect, no great injury is done; while they serve to correct the error which is apt insensibly to creep over

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\* Vol. vi. p. 202.

us, that because the men of antiquity are removed from us by an interval of two or three thousand years, they are not men of like passions with ourselves, subject to the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows. Mr. Grote's allusions to modern events are very frequent and striking; and they display an acquaintance with modern literature, which is really surprising in one who possesses such a thorough knowledge of the ancient writers. No modern work which could throw even a ray of light upon Grecian antiquity seems to have escaped his notice; a recondite treatise on mediæval law, a fugitive book of travels, or a code of laws for a Transatlantic state, are equally pressed into his service, and made to yield their contributions to the illustration of his subject. We know of no historian of antiquity, with the exception of Niebuhr, whose learning is at once so multifarious and so profound as Mr. Grote's, and who can produce it so readily, or so aptly. The readers of his volumes will obtain a vast fund of information upon many subjects which they would never have expected to find in a work devoted to Grecian history. Thus the chapter on Grecian myths, of which we shall speak presently, gives rise to another chapter on the mythical tendencies of modern Europe,\* as manifested in the legends of the saints, and the legends of chivalry, which are narrated and explained with the most copious learning, and which open new and unexpected ranges of thought. In like manner the account of the phratriæ and gentes at Athens suggests analogies borrowed from very different people, and very different parts of the world.† The regulations of Solon respecting debtors and creditors leads to an instructive essay upon the lending of money upon interest in the ancient world, and in the middle ages.‡ Mr. Grote points out very clearly the great difference which existed in the judgment of antiquity between the demand of the creditor for repayment of *principal* and the demand for payment of *interest*; and he traces the gradual change of moral feeling in ancient and modern times, in reference to money-lenders.§ The dikasteries,

\* Vol. i. p. 613, *seq.*

† Vol. iii. p. 81, *seq.*

‡ Vol. iii. p. 140.

§ Mr. Grote's concluding remarks upon this subject deserve to be quoted:—

To trace this gradual change of moral feeling is highly instructive, the more so as that general basis of sentiment, of which the antipathy against lending money on interest is only a particular case, still prevails largely in society, and directs the current of moral approbation and disapprobation. In some nations, as among the ancient Persians before Cyrus, this sentiment has been carried so far as to repudiate and despise all buying and selling (Herodot. i. 153). With many the principle of reciprocity in human dealings appears, when conceived in theory, odious and contemptible, and goes by some bad name, such as egoism, selfishness, calculation, political economy; or the only sentiment which they will admit in

dikasteries, or popular courts of justice at Athens, are the occasion of an elaborate and searching inquiry into the history, merits, and defects of trial by jury in England and other countries;\* and this discussion—one of the most remarkable in the work—is probably the ablest defence of trial by jury in the English language.

We have marked a large number of examples of Mr. Grote's use of historical analogies; but we must confine ourselves to a few instances. The position of the Greeks in the army of Alexander the Great, when he invaded Asia, is happily compared to the position of the German contingents, especially those of the Confederation of the Rhine, in the army of Napoleon, when he invaded Russia in 1812. Neither of them had any public interest in the success of the invader, which could only end in making their humiliation more complete. Yet both Alexander and Napoleon thought themselves entitled to reckon upon them as if they had been Macedonians and Frenchmen respectively. Alexander treated all Greek prisoners as traitors to the cause of Hellas, while he regarded Asiatics as fighting for their lawful master; and we find Napoleon drawing the same pointed distinction between Russian and German prisoners.†

In speaking of the vehement attack upon Cleon in the Knights of Aristophanes—which play Mr. Grote well describes as 'the master-piece and glory of libellous comedy,' and as displaying the utmost which 'wit combined with malice can achieve, in covering an enemy with ridicule, contempt, and odium'—we are told that 'Dean Swift would have desired nothing worse, even for Ditton and Whiston.' In the melancholy picture of the moral and social evils which accompanied the plague at Athens it is remarked that amidst all the prevailing wretchedness 'there

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in theory is, that the man who has, ought to be ready at all times to give away what he has to him who has not; while the latter is encouraged to expect and require such gratuitous donation.'—Vol. iii. p. 215.

\* Vol. v. p. 517, *seq.*

† The following extract from Segur's account of the campaign in Russia is quoted in illustration by Mr. Grote:—

'Toward the end of October 1812, near Moscow, General Winzingerode, a German officer in the Russian service—with his aide-de-camp, a native Russian, Narishkin—became prisoner of the French. He was brought to Napoleon. At the sight of that German general, all the secret resentments of Napoleon took fire. "Who are you?" he exclaimed. A man without country! When I was at war with the Austrians, I found you in their ranks. Austria has become my ally, and you have entered into the Russian service. You have been one of the warmest instigators of the present war. Nevertheless, you are a native of the Confederation of the Rhine: *you are my subject*. You are not an ordinary enemy: you are a rebel: I have a right to bring you to trial. *Gens-d'armes, seize this man!*" Then, addressing the aide-de-camp of Winzingerode, Napoleon said, "As for you, Count Narishkin, I have nothing to reproach you with; you are a Russian; you are doing your duty."—Vol. xii. p. 70.

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are no human sacrifices, such as those offered up at Carthage during pestilence to appease the anger of the gods—there are no cruel persecutions against imaginary authors of the disease, such as those against the Untori (anointers of doors) in the plague of Milan in 1630.\* When Ismenias, the wealthy and powerful Theban, is described by the Spartans as ‘a great wicked man,’ we are reminded that it is the same combination of epithets which Clarendon applies to Oliver Cromwell.† In describing the stimulus to Athenian democracy imparted by the Persian wars, Mr. Grote observes,—‘We see by the active political sentiment of the German people, after the great struggle of 1813 and 1814, how much an energetic and military effort of the people at large, blended with endurance of various hardships, tends to stimulate the sense of political dignity and the demand for developed citizenship.‡ The manner in which the allied sovereigns treated the German people after the victory had been obtained is employed to illustrate the conduct of the Spartans, in holding out to the Grecian states promises of independence which they never realised when Athens was humbled.§ The refusal of the Athenians to accept the concessions of the Spartan government as a basis of peace in the seventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when the capture of Sphacteria had so greatly humbled the Lacedæmonians, has been usually quoted as a peculiar specimen of democratical folly. But Mr. Grote justly remarks that such exaggeration of the chances arising from success is by no means peculiar to democracy, and that an able despot, like the Emperor Napoleon, and a powerful aristocracy like that of England, have found success to the full as misleading.|| After relating the defeat and death of Philistus, the ablest and most faithful servant of the Dionysian dynasty at Syracuse, Mr. Grote adds,—‘He had been an actor in its first day of usurpation, its eighteenth Brumaire: his timely, though miserable death, saved him from sharing in its last day of exile, its St. Helena.’¶ The repugnance with which the elder Dionysius listened to the discourses of Plato finds a parallel in the contempt with which the Emperor Napoleon was accustomed to show towards ideologists.\*\* The position of Dion after the banishment of the younger Dionysius is happily compared to that of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) at the end of 1792, in the first French revolution:—‘He was hated both by the royalists—because, though related to the reigning dynasty, he had taken active part against it—and by sincere democrats, because they suspected him of a design to put himself in its place.’††

\* Vol. vi. p. 218.

† Vol. ix. p. 420.

‡ Vol. v. p. 369.

§ Vol. ix. p. 268.

|| Vol. vi. p. 449.

¶ Vol. x. p. 139.

\*\* Vol. x. p. 54.

†† Ibid. 178.

Another cardinal virtue in Mr. Grote is his conscientiousness and love of truth. No one can read his history without being struck with the singular and transparent veracity of the historian. This is the more remarkable because Mr. Grote does not write with the cold and passionless feelings of the judge: on the contrary, he has strong and deeply-cherished convictions on many points in Grecian history, and is anxious to correct what he considers dominant errors, and to enforce what he believes to be the truth. How difficult a thing it is for an historian to preserve his impartiality is shown by the absence of this virtue in almost every modern history. Bossuet, and writers of his school, attempt to make each event illustrate an imaginary march of divine Providence—imaginary because based upon their own narrow and necessarily imperfect views; Hume carefully suppresses or tones down all evidence unfavourable to the party which he chose to espouse; Gibbon indulges in inuendos, sneers, and sarcasms against the religion which he rejected, but dared not openly attack; and Mr. Macaulay employs rhetorical exaggeration and depreciation to extol or degrade the objects of his favour or dislike. But Mr. Grote's love of truth and justice rises superior to every other consideration. He summons into court all the witnesses whose testimony is important to the point under review—examines and cross-examines them with untiring patience—and argues and re-argues the case with an assiduity and conscientiousness which plainly show that his only desire is to arrive at the real facts of the case. Hence the reader always has the opportunity of correcting Mr. Grote's judgment by the evidence which he himself adduces, and can never complain that he has been misled by a false representation of events.

This impartiality is accompanied by a just appreciation of the value of historical evidence. Mr. Grote applies to ancient times the same rules respecting the value of testimony which have long since been recognized by historians of modern events; and simple as this principle seems to be, his adoption of it has already introduced a new method in investigating the history of antiquity. It might have been supposed that such a principle would at once commend itself to the judgment of all; but when they come to apply it to the facts of ancient history, especially in remote times, it is tacitly set aside as no longer of value. The majority of persons are so unwilling to give up commonly received stories, especially those which have been familiar to them from childhood, that they are ready to accept them on evidence which they would pronounce to be ridiculous if employed to attest any modern occurrence. But Mr. Grote, whose example has been followed with such acuteness and skill by Sir G. Cornewall  
Lewis

Lewis in his recent work on Roman history,\* steadily keeps in view the requirements of historical truth, and demands the testimony of credible and competent witnesses, contemporary or nearly contemporary with the events they describe. This is surely the only safe way for an historian of antiquity; for if we once admit the use of 'historical *divination*,' which Niebuhr and his disciples claim so largely for themselves, we give the death-blow to all sound criticism: It is always invidious to praise one eminent writer at the expense of another; but we cannot help contrasting the different manner in which Niebuhr and Mr. Grote employ their authorities. The Prussian historian fully convinced of the correctness of his own views, and intolerant of all difference from them, does not hesitate to reject, in the most arbitrary manner, the clearest statements of the best writers when they are in opposition to his opinions, and eagerly to seize upon some fragment of a worthless grammarian, whom at other times he would treat with well-merited contempt, provided it lends support to a favourite theory of his own. The English historian, on the other hand, does not allow his feelings or imagination to warp his judgment, and never attempts to establish his convictions upon the authority of writers of inferior credit, nor discards the testimony of those opposed to him without stating fully his reasons for rejecting them.

The style in which an historical work is written, is too important a subject to be passed over in an estimate of its value. It is upon this point, we think, that full justice has not been done to Mr. Grote by many of his critics. We are quite ready to admit that it is not a perfect model of historical composition, and that it would have been improved by more polish and condensation; but we believe at the same time that it possesses many of the chief excellencies of an historical style. In the first place, it is perfectly clear and expresses fully the meaning of the writer. In the next place, it is impressive; the arrow goes straight to the mark; and the reader rarely fails to carry away the exact impression which the writer wished to convey. Hence the attention is kept alive, and one of the most learned histories in our language is also one of the most readable. In a style possessing these essential merits, and which is further distinguished by the rare charm of individuality, we may well pardon a few defects. Mr. Grote's parliamentary career has not been without its influence upon his composition. When he writes, 'if any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period of

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\* Indeed Sir G. Cornewall Lewis carries out the principle more consistently than Mr. Grote, who admits, in early Grecian history, some facts which seem to us to rest on no sufficient evidence.



Greece by the name of Pelasgic, it is open to him to do so,\* we cannot fail to be reminded of the parliamentary phrase, 'it is open to any honourable member,' &c. In the celebrated debate in the Athenian assembly respecting the expedition to Sphacteria, the friends of Nicias are said 'to repay the scornful cheer by cheers of sincere encouragement.'† In like manner we read that Nicias had shown his hostile feeling towards Alcibiades 'by a parliamentary attack of the most galling character.'‡ Such expressions as the 'Athenian budget,' 'a leader of opposition,' and many others which might be quoted, may be traced to the influence of the House of Commons.

The introduction of Greek, German, and other foreign words has been frequently objected to, nor can their use be always defended; but many of them have been too indiscriminately condemned; and it would be impossible to find the full equivalent in English for such expressions as 'autonomous' and 'Pan-Hellenic.' It must not be forgotten that Mr. Grote writes for men of education; and though he makes less demand upon the knowledge of his readers than many might suppose, yet he might fairly presume that the persons who were likely to take up his book would have no difficulty in understanding the foreign terms he occasionally employs. The justification—and we think it a sufficient one—for their use is, that they leave upon the mind a more full and exact impression of the author's meaning than any English words would convey. Even phrases, which seem at first sight the most objectionable, may be defended upon this ground: such, for instance, as 'the poor and hardy *Landwehr* of Macedonia,'§ which is very expressive to a person acquainted with the organization of the Prussian army, and far more appropriate than our word militia. The same remarks apply to such expressions as 'Vorort, or presiding city,'|| a 'body of Athenian volunteers or *corps francs*,'¶ a 'divine *Pheme* or message flew into the camp,'\*\* &c. Notwithstanding this occasional departure from the vernacular vocabulary, Mr. Grote employs modern phrases and expressions to a much greater extent than any other historian of antiquity has hitherto done. Both these characteristics appear to spring from the same source—his intense desire to realize the past, and to present it vividly before the minds of his readers. Almost every page of his history would illustrate our meaning; but one or two examples will be sufficient for those who are not familiar with the work. Thus, Nicias is described as 'a decorous, honest, reli-

\* Vol. ii. p. 346.

§ Vol. xii. p. 77.

\*\* Vol. v. p. 259.

† Vol. vi. p. 461.

|| Vol. x. p. 38.

‡ Vol. vii. p. 207.

¶ Vol. x. p. 121.

gious gentleman.\* Themistocles is represented as addressing the Persian monarch in terms 'such as probably no European king would tolerate, except from a Quaker.'† When Lycurgus arrives at Sparta, and finds it torn by civil dissensions, he is called the 'venerable missionary from Delphi,' and is said 'to breathe into men's minds new impulses, and a desire to shake off the old social and political Adam.'‡ Adopting a phrase, the counterpart of which has been ascribed to Napoleon's old guard, we are told that 'the Lacedæmonians die, but never surrender.'§ His style is, perhaps, best adapted for the discussion of social and political questions; but in the narration of events it rises with the greatness of the occasion, and he maintains the attention of the reader unflagging to the end. No one has related with more vigour, or thrown more varied interest over the grand drama of the Athenian expedition to Sicily; and the final battle in the great harbour of Syracuse may be cited as a model of historical description.

Having described what appear to us the chief characteristics of Mr. Grote, we will next notice a few of the most important points in which he differs from his predecessors. As the subject is so vast we shall not attempt to enter into discussions upon controverted points, but shall content ourselves with laying before our readers, as briefly as we can, and as nearly as possible in Mr. Grote's own words, a few of the more salient features of his work.

Mr. Grote was the first writer who drew a clear and well-defined line between legendary and historical Greece. The earlier modern historians followed implicitly the statements which they found in the later Greek writers and chronographers respecting the most ancient times, without making any inquiry into the sources of information possessed by these writers. A popular modern historian gravely says respecting Sicyon,—'The beginning of this petty sovereignty is placed by historians in the year of the world 1915, before Jesus Christ 2089, and before the first Olympiad 1313,' just as if the exact year was as well ascertained and rested on the same historical basis as the date of the accession of Alexander the Great, or the date of the death of Julius Cæsar. Even after the growth of historical criticism had shown beyond the possibility of doubt that all such statements were perfectly worthless, it was still thought that there must be some historical foundation for the more celebrated Grecian legends, and it was supposed to be possible, by the spirit of 'historical

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\* Vol. vi. p. 391. † Vol. v. p. 384. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 533. § Vol. vi. p. 472.

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divination,' to which we have already alluded, to separate truth from falsehood, fact from fiction, history from legend. It is astonishing what an amount of learning and ingenuity have been expended by some of the ablest scholars, both in this country and in Germany, upon that which must, from the nature of the case, remain an insoluble problem. There is to us nothing more disheartening in philology than to pore over the interminable disputes respecting the origin and settlements of the Pelasgi, Leleges, Curetes, Caucones, Hyantes, Phlegyæ, and the other earliest inhabitants of Greece, and nothing more [fruitless or more unsound than to attempt to distil a supposed history out of the adventures of Perseus, Hercules, and Theseus, or out of the legends of the Theban, Argonautic, or Trojan expeditions. Into all such discussions Mr. Grote declines to enter. He begins the real history of Greece with the first recorded Olympiad, or B. C. 776, taking this date as an approximation to the period at which something like a general history may be said to commence. It is not, indeed, till long after this period that we have any historical records, properly so called; and as to the events which are alleged to have happened previous to the first Olympiad, they are entirely unsupported by any positive testimony, and have no claim upon our belief. These legends, however, exerted such an important influence upon the Greek mind, that a knowledge of them forms a necessary introduction to Grecian history; and accordingly they are given by Mr. Grote in their legendary form, before he commences the history, properly so called. The question is frequently asked, why these stories are disbelieved? But we would ask the interrogator in return, why he believes them? Surely the *onus probandi* lies upon the person who demands our assent. It is tacitly assumed that the belief of the Greeks themselves, without the smallest aid of special or contemporary witnesses, is sufficient to prove that the events actually occurred, provided such deductions are made from the mythical narratives as will remove all improbabilities. If we go a step further back, and inquire into the reasons of the belief of the Greeks themselves, we shall be told that it rests upon *early tradition*. But Mr. Grote justly remarks that *tradition* is an equivocal word, and begs the whole question; for, while in its obvious and literal meaning it implies only something handed down, whether truth or fiction, it is usually understood to imply a tale, descriptive of some matter of fact, originally accurate, but subsequently corrupted by oral transmission. What is called *early tradition* is, in fact, only the tales of the old poets, which, it is assumed, must have rested originally upon some particular historical event, involving the identical persons, things, and places which the original myths exhibit. This, however, is

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an assumption, which cannot be admitted; for if we examine the influences predominant in the society in which this belief grew up, we shall see that the growth and diffusion of it may be satisfactorily explained, without supposing any special basis of matter of fact. Mr. Grote's remarks upon this subject deserve and will repay attentive perusal.

'The influence of imagination and feeling is not confined simply to the process of retouching, transforming, or magnifying narratives originally founded on fact; it will often create new narratives of its own, without any such preliminary basis. Where there is any general body of sentiment pervading men living in society, whether it be religious or political—love, admiration, or antipathy—all incidents tending to illustrate that sentiment are eagerly welcomed, rapidly circulated, and (as a general rule) easily accredited. If real incidents are not at hand, impressive fictions will be provided to satisfy the demand: the perfect harmony of such fictions with the prevalent feeling stands in the place of certifying testimony, and causes men to hear them not merely with credence but even with delight: to call them in question and require proof, is a task which cannot be undertaken without incurring obloquy. Of such tendencies in the human mind abundant evidence is furnished by the innumerable religious legends which have acquired currency in various parts of the world, and of which no country was more fertile than Greece—legends which derived their origin, not from special facts misreported and exaggerated, but from pious feelings pervading the society, and translated into narrative by forward and imaginative minds—legends, in which not merely the incidents, but often even the personages are unreal, yet in which the generating sentiment is conspicuously discernible, providing its own matter as well as its own form. Other sentiments also, as well as the religious, provided they be fervent and widely diffused, will find expression in current narrative, and become portions of the general public belief; every celebrated and notorious character is the source of a thousand fictions exemplifying his peculiarities. And if it be true, as I think present observation may show us, that such creative agencies are even now visible and effective, when the materials of genuine history are copious and critically studied—much more are we warranted in concluding that in ages destitute of records, strangers to historical testimony, and full of belief in divine inspiration both as to the future and as to the past, narratives purely fictitious will acquire ready and uninquiring credence, provided only they be plausible and in harmony with the preconceptions of the auditors.'—vol. i. pp. 577-579.

The origin of the Grecian myths, and the manner in which they were understood, felt, and interpreted by the Greeks themselves, form the subject of one of the most instructive chapters in Mr. Grote's work,\* which ought to be carefully

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\* Vol. i. p. 460, seq.

read by every one who desires to entertain clear and accurate views respecting what passes under the name of early Grecian history. Some critics have charged Mr. Grote with an excess of scepticism in denying the historical foundation of some of the more celebrated legends, such, for instance, as the Trojan war; but this is hardly a fair statement of the case. As we understand Mr. Grote, he neither affirms nor denies that the Homeric tale of Troy was based upon an historical fact; it may or may not have been: all he maintains is, that the fact of the siege of Troy rests upon exactly the same evidence as the superhuman prowess of Achilles and the wounding of the god of war by the mortal Diomedes. In either case our sole authority is Homer, and we have no sufficient reason for accepting the one statement and rejecting the other, except that the one *may possibly* be true, and the other must be false. It is too frequently taken for granted that if we refuse to believe, we must necessarily disbelieve. Men are impatient of uncertainty, and would sooner fancy that they know a thing than remain in a state of conscious ignorance; but it has been well observed by Mr. Grote, that 'conscious and confessed ignorance is a better state of mind than the fancy without the reality of knowledge.' The ordinary method of omitting from the mythical narrative everything that is miraculous or extravagant is never accompanied with any certainty that we have reached the positive truth; at the best we obtain only a series of credible incidents which *may perhaps* have really occurred, and against which no inherent improbability can be pleaded. This is the character of a well-written novel; and such a theory, as Mr. Grote truly remarks, overlooks altogether the existence of *plausible fiction*—of fictitious stories which harmonize perfectly well with the known course of facts. Such stories are only distinguished from real events by the want of competent and well-informed witnesses to authenticate them. This is put by Mr. Grote in a striking manner:—

'To raise plausible fiction up to the superior dignity of truth, some positive testimony or positive ground of inference must be shown; even the highest measure of intrinsic probability is not alone sufficient. A man who tells us that on the day of the battle of Plataea rain fell on the spot of ground where the city of New York now stands, will neither deserve nor obtain credit, because he can have had no means of positive knowledge; though the statement is not in the slightest degree improbable. On the other hand, statements in themselves very improbable may well deserve belief, provided they be supported by sufficient positive evidence: thus the canal dug by order of Xerxes across the promontory of Mount Athos, and the sailing of the Persian fleet through it, is a fact which I believe, because it is well-attested, notwithstanding

notwithstanding its remarkable improbability, which so far misled Juvenal as to induce him to single out the narrative as a glaring example of Grecian mendacity. Again, many critics have observed that the general tale of the Trojan war (apart from the superhuman agencies) is not more improbable than that of the crusades, which every one admits to be an historical fact. But (even if we grant this position, which is only true to a small extent) it is not sufficient to show an analogy between the two cases in respect to negative presumptions alone; the analogy ought to be shown to hold between them in respect to positive certificate also. The crusades are a curious phenomenon in history, but we accept them nevertheless as an unquestionable fact, because the antecedent improbability is surmounted by adequate contemporary testimony. When the like testimony, both in amount and kind, is produced to establish the historical reality of a Trojan war, we shall not hesitate to deal with the two events on the same footing.'—vol. i. pp. 571, 572.

In the chapter on the Legislation of Lycurgus, Mr. Grote controverts the views of K. O. Müller, Dr. Thirlwall, and most modern scholars, that the laws of Sparta were true Dorian institutions, and that the Spartans are to be regarded as the type and representative of the Dorians generally. Mr. Grote maintains, on the contrary, that the institutions of Sparta were peculiar to herself, and that the legislation of Lycurgus impressed upon the Spartans that peculiar character, which rendered them the least fit of all the Grecian states to be cited as examples of the real Dorians. Lycurgus is described as 'the founder of a warlike brotherhood rather than the lawgiver of a political community;' and the distinctive attribute of Sparta is to be sought, not in her laws or political constitution, but in the universal training, under 'a rule partly military and partly monastic,' which was imposed alike upon boys and men, youths and virgins, rich and poor. Another important feature in the Spartan polity is brought into view by Mr. Grote.

'This attribute of the Spartan polity is its unparalleled steadiness for four or five successive centuries, in the midst of governments like the Grecian, all of which had undergone more or less of fluctuation. No considerable revolution—not even any palpable or formal change—occurred in it from the days of the Messenian war down to those of Agis III.: in spite of the irreparable blow which the power and territory of the state sustained from Epaminondas and the Thebans, the form of government nevertheless remained unchanged. It was the only government in Greece which could trace an unbroken peaceable descent from a high antiquity and from its real or supposed founder. Now this was one of the main circumstances of the astonishing ascendancy which the Spartans acquired over the Hellenic mind, and which they will not be found at all to deserve by any superior ability in the conduct of

of affairs. The steadiness of their political sympathies—exhibited at one time by putting down the tyrants or despots, at another by overthrowing the democracies—stood in the place of ability, and even the recognised failings of their government were often covered by the sentiment of respect for its early commencement and uninterrupted continuance. If such a feeling acted on the Greeks generally, much more powerful was its action upon the Spartans themselves, in inflaming that haughty exclusiveness for which they stood distinguished. And it is to be observed that the Spartan mind continued to be cast on the old-fashioned scale, and unsusceptible of modernizing influences, longer than that of most other people of Greece: the ancient legendary faith and devoted submission to the Delphian oracle remained among them unabated, at a time when various influences had considerably undermined it among their fellow-Hellens and neighbours.’—vol. ii. pp. 477, 478.

The most important point, however, in the legislation of Lycurgus, in which Mr. Grote differs from all his predecessors, is the alleged re-division of the land of the country by the law-giver. According to the well-known story as related by Plutarch, Lycurgus found fearful inequality in the landed possessions of the Spartans, nearly all the land being in the hands of a few rich men, whilst the majority of the people were in hopeless misery; and, that in order to remedy this state of things, he made a new division of the Spartan district into 9000 equal lots, and the rest of Laconia into 30,000 equal lots. This statement had previously given rise to much discussion, as we find in the historical period great inequalities of property among the Spartans; and accordingly several modern scholars, among others Dr. Thirlwall, while admitting the general fact of a re-division of the land by Lycurgus, have supposed that Plutarch has given an erroneous account of the circumstances which attended it. Mr. Grote seeks a different solution of the problem by denying the fact altogether; he points out that such an equal division of the Spartan land by Lycurgus is unknown to any of the earlier writers, and that Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, and Aristotle, not only do not say a word about it, but that some of them, Aristotle among the number, clearly did not believe that equality of property was an original feature in the system of Lycurgus. This belief, being subsequent to the time of Aristotle, is supposed by Mr. Grote to have arisen in the third century before the Christian era, when an attempt was made by Agis and Cleomenes to raise Sparta from her degraded condition and to emulate her ancient glories. They saw no other means of accomplishing their object except by again enrolling as citizens those who had been disfranchised, cancelling all debts, and re-dividing the lands. The discipline of Lycurgus suggested to men's minds the *idea* of equality among the

the citizens, and this idea may easily have given origin to the belief among ardent spirits like Agis and his friends, that the equal partition of lands was an original institution of their great lawgiver, which his degenerate descendants had abandoned. That such a belief should have spread widely will not appear surprising, 'when we recollect how many similar delusions have obtained vogue in modern times far more favourable to historical accuracy, how much false colouring has been attached by the political feeling of recent days to matters of ancient history, such as the Saxon Wittenagemote, the Great Charter, the rise and growth of the English House of Commons, or even the Poor Law of Elizabeth.' \*

The character of Pythagoras is drawn by Mr. Grote with a firm and unfaltering hand, and differs in several respects from the picture of him by preceding writers. K. O. Müller, Niebuhr, and other eminent scholars, have supposed that the object of Pythagoras was chiefly political, and that he came to Croton with the aim of exhibiting in this city the ideal of a pure Dorian state. Even Dr. Thirlwall, though he rejects this theory, believes that the political views of Pythagoras formed an essential part of his philosophical and religious system, and that none of these objects ought to be regarded as predominant. Mr. Grote, on the contrary, following the testimony of witnesses nearest to the age of Pythagoras, represents him as 'the religious missionary and the schoolmaster,' with little of the politician. It was only the later writers—the Pythagoreans of the Platonic age—who ascribed to him political schemes, and who were anxious to dignify with the name of their founder the great political reforms which they longed to introduce into the Grecian states. The primitive Pythagoras is inspired by the gods to reveal a new course of life, and to promise the divine favour to a select few as a recompense of a severe course of training both mental and bodily. He chose Croton, for reasons unknown to us, as favourable for the propagation of his opinions. Here he met with extraordinary success, and 'at his first preaching, no less than two thousand persons were converted.' He formed his disciples into a secret society, bearing in many respects a striking resemblance to that of the Jesuits, pledged by solemn vows to one another, and to obedience to the general of their order. Mr. Grote conceives that this private society had originally no political object, and that it only obtained influence in the state from the accident of the most wealthy citizens of Croton being enrolled in its ranks.

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\* Vol. ii. p. 529.



The Athenian people must occupy the foreground in every picture of Grecian history. Though in the earlier times they were of little account among the Grecian states, and even at a later period were scarcely more than a match for Megara, or the little island of Ægina; yet, during the great epochs they appear on every scene, and are by turns the fear and admiration of the Hellenic world. Upon no part of his subject does Mr. Grote bestow more pains, or work with more zealous toil. He is an ardent admirer of the Athenian democracy; and one of his main objects in writing his history, was to clear the Athenian people from the many calumnies that have been heaped upon them by later historians. Although we are no lovers of democracy, as understood in modern times, we think it is impossible for any one to deny, after reading Mr. Grote's work, that the great ends for which government is instituted were more completely attained at Athens than in any other Grecian state. Nowhere were life and property so secure; nowhere did citizens submit more readily to legal and constitutional restraints; and nowhere, notwithstanding the jokes and taunts of the comic poets, was there a more equitable government, or a more impartial administration of justice. Among the numerous charges brought against the Athenian people, none has been so frequently repeated as that of fickleness, to which their conduct on some occasions would seem indeed to lend some colour; but we recommend to the notice of those who are disposed to join in the common chorus of condemnation the following observations of Mr. Grote. The passage also serves to illustrate the conscientiousness which we have already described as one of his most marked features; for even in an elaborate vindication of his much-loved Athenians, when he is most anxious to produce a favourable impression of their character, he does not attempt to conceal their faults:—

‘If we are to predicate any attribute of the multitude, it will rather be that of undue tenacity than undue fickleness; and there will occur nothing in the course of this history to prove that the Athenian people changed their opinions on insufficient grounds more frequently than an irresponsible one or few would have changed. But there were two circumstances in the working of the Athenian democracy which imparted to it an appearance of greater fickleness without the reality:—first, that the manifestations and changes of opinion were all open, undisguised, and noisy: the people gave utterance to their present impression, whatever it was, with perfect frankness; if their opinions were really changed, they had no shame or scruple in avowing it: secondly—and this is a point of capital importance in the working of democracy generally—the *present* impression, whatever it might be, was not merely undisguised in its manifestations, but also had a tendency

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to be exaggerated in its intensity. This arose from their habit of treating public affairs in multitudinous assemblages, the well-known effect of which is to inflame sentiment in every man's bosom by mere contact with a sympathising circle of neighbours. Whatever the sentiment might be, fear, ambition, cupidity, wrath, compassion, piety, patriotic devotion, &c.; and whether well-founded or ill-founded, it was constantly influenced more or less by such intensifying cause. This is a defect which of course belongs, in a certain degree, to all exercise of power by numerous bodies, even though they be representative bodies—especially when the character of the people, instead of being comparatively sedate and slow to move, like the English, is quick, impressible, and fiery, like Greeks or Italians; but it operated far more powerfully on the self-acting *Demos* assembled in the *Pnyx*. It was in fact the constitutional malady of the democracy, of which the people were themselves perfectly sensible—as I shall show hereafter from the securities which they tried to provide against it—but which no securities could ever wholly eradicate. Frequency of public assemblies, far from aggravating the evil, had a tendency to lighten it: the people thus became accustomed to hear and balance many different views as a preliminary to ultimate judgment; they contracted personal interest and esteem for a numerous class of dissentient speakers; and they even acquired a certain practical consciousness of their own liability to error. Moreover the diffusion of habits of public speaking, by means of the sophists and the rhetors, whom it has been so much the custom to disparage, tended in the same direction—to break the unity of sentiment among the listening crowd, to multiply separate judgments, and to neutralise the contagion of mere sympathising impulse. These were important deductions, still further assisted by the superior taste and intelligence of the Athenian people: but still the inherent malady remained—excessive and misleading intensity of present sentiment. . . . These two attributes, then, belonged to the Athenian democracy; first, their sentiments of every kind were manifested loudly and openly; next, their sentiments tended to a pitch of great present intensity. Of course, therefore, when they changed, the change of sentiment stood prominent and forced itself upon every one's notice—being a transition from one strong sentiment past to another strong sentiment present. And it was because such alterations, when they did take place, stood out so palpably to remark, that the Athenian people have drawn upon themselves the imputation of fickleness: for it is not at all true (I repeat) that changes of sentiment were more frequently produced in them by frivolous or insufficient causes, than changes of sentiment in other governments.'—vol. iv. pp. 505-508.

In his account of the Athenian constitution Mr. Grote traces carefully the gradual growth of the democracy, and marks distinctly the various steps in its progress. This is an important improvement upon his predecessors, and throws great light upon the development of the Greek mind and the progress of Athenian affairs. Many able scholars, and among the rest Dr. Thirlwall,

have ascribed to Solon the peculiar democratical institutions which we find in full force in the age of Pericles and Demosthenes, such as the public *Dikasteries*, or jury-courts, the *Nomothetæ* or board for the revision of the laws, and the prosecution called *Graphé Paranomon*. But they all belong undoubtedly to a later age. Mr. Grote distinguishes four stages in the growth of the Athenian democracy, which may be marked by the names of Solon, Clisthenes, Aristides, and Pericles. Solon effected many social and legislative reforms, and introduced a new division of the citizens according to their property: but there are only two new political institutions which can safely be ascribed to him. First, he enlarged the powers of the popular assembly by giving them the right of electing the Archons, and by making the latter accountable to the assembly at the expiration of their year of office, for the manner in which they discharged its duties. Secondly, he created the Senate of Four Hundred (increased to five hundred members by Clisthenes), elected by the people, like the Archons, but not chosen by lot as was afterwards the case. The Archons, however, could only be taken from the *Pentakosiomedimni* or highest class of citizens in the Solonian census, and they still continued to act as judges, deciding cases without the intervention of jury-courts, and without appeal from their sentence. The Solonian constitution had in it, according to Mr. Grote, 'but a faint streak of democracy;' and the real Athenian democracy begins with Clisthenes.

The full import and significance of the important revolutions carried into effect by Clisthenes after the expulsion of the *Pisistratidæ* are explained for the first time by Mr. Grote; and we see the important service which he has rendered to this period of Athenian history, by comparing the *two* pages which are all that so able a scholar as Dr. Thirlwall has devoted to this subject, with his full, searching, and masterly criticism.\* Our limits forbid us from entering into any account of the changes of Clisthenes; and we can only remark in general, that the Athenian constitution as established by this remarkable man, occupies an intermediate position between the mitigated oligarchy or incipient democracy of Solon and the 'full-grown and symmetrical democracy' of the age of Pericles. There are three points in particular, in which the reform of Clisthenes, according to Mr. Grote, stopped short of the mature democracy of a later time. 1. Though it called into existence the *dikasteries* or popular jury-courts, it still recognised the archons as judges to a considerable extent, and the third archon or *polemarch* as joint

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\* Vol. iv. pp. 169-218.

military commander along with the Strategi. 2. It retained the archons as elected annually by the body of citizens and not by lot. 3. It still excluded the fourth class of the Solonian census from the archonship and other magistracies. Solon had confined the public offices to the first class; but Clisthenes appears to have opened them to the first three classes, shutting out only the fourth. It is to the reform of Clisthenes that we are to trace the first burst of democratical fervour, which altered instantaneously the position of Athens among the Grecian states, and nerved the Athenians to face the Medes and Persians upon the field of Marathon.

After the battle of Plataea the archonship was opened to all classes of Athenian citizens indiscriminately upon the proposition of Aristides.\* This change is closely connected in the Athenian constitutional law with two others, which probably took place soon afterwards; first, the choice of archons by lot; and, secondly, the limitation of the duties of the archons, by transferring them to the popular courts of justice on the one hand, and to the Strategi, on the other. The great value of the lot, according to Grecian democratical ideas, was, that it equalized the chance of office among the rich and the poor. But the lot was only applicable in cases where no special competence was required in discharging the duties of the office; and accordingly the Strategi, or Generals, were never appointed in this way, but always by show of hands in the Athenian assembly. We may, therefore, regard it as certain, that the archons had been

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\* The causes of this important change are thus stated by Mr. Grote:—‘The oligarchical but high-principled Aristides was himself the proposer of this constitutional change, shortly after the battle of Plataea, with the consequent expulsion of the Persians from Greece, and the return of the refugee Athenians to their ruined city. Seldom has it happened in the history of mankind that rich and poor have been so completely equalised as among the population of Athens in that memorable expatriation and heroic struggle; nor are we at all surprised to hear that the mass of the citizens, coming back with freshly-kindled patriotism as well as with the consciousness that their country had only been recovered by the equal efforts of all, would no longer submit to be legally disqualified from any office of state.’—(iv. 194.) The same idea is carried out in the following passage:—‘Assuredly the sentiment connected with this work [the hurried building of the walls of Athens]—performed as it was alike by rich and poor, strong and weak—men, women, and children—must have been intense as well as equalising: all had endured the common miseries of exile, all had contributed to the victory, all were now sharing the same fatigue for the defence of their recovered city, in order to counterwork the ungenerous hindrance of their Peloponnesian allies. We must take notice of these stirring circumstances, peculiar to the Athenians, and acting upon a generation which had now been nursed in democracy for a quarter of a century, and had achieved unaided the victory of Marathon—if we would understand that still stronger burst of aggressive activity, persevering self-confidence, and aptitude as well as thirst for command—together with that still wider spread of democratical organization—which marks their character during the age immediately following.’—v. 333.

deprived of their most important functions when they were elected by lot, and had only to perform the routine duties of police and administration, which, it was supposed, might be discharged by any citizen of average probity, diligence, and capacity; for it must be recollected that the 'Dokimasia,' or preliminary examination into character, excluded from office all persons of notoriously discreditable life, even if they had been elected.

Though the popular courts of justice were instituted by Cleisthenes, and their powers were probably increased soon after the time of Aristides, yet their full organization was the work of Pericles and of his friend and coadjutor Ephialtes. This was the fourth phase of Athenian democracy. All the judicial functions were now taken away from the magistrates, except that of imposing a small fine, and also from the Areopagus, except in cases of homicide, and were transferred to the public dikasts or jurors. These dikasts were 6000 citizens above thirty years of age, annually elected by lot out of the whole body of citizens, and bound by a solemn oath to administer justice fairly: of these, 5000 were distributed into ten panels of 500 each, the remaining 1000 forming a supplement in case of vacancies. They were regularly employed throughout the year, and as they consisted for the most part of poor citizens, they were paid for their services by the state. The full bearing of this important constitutional change had previously been inadequately conceived. It was commonly said that Pericles was the first to assign a salary to the dikasts, as if all that he did was to make himself popular with the dikasts, by paying them for services which they had before rendered gratuitously. The error has arisen from regarding the dikasteries as the institution of Solon, and as merely supplied with pay by Pericles; whereas the pay was a necessary part of the working of the system, without which such a large body of citizens could not have given their continuous services for a whole year. Mr. Grote shows that what Pericles really did was to separate the administrative functions of the magistrates from that judicial authority which they originally possessed—a separation which had not been fully carried into effect by the previous reforms; and when we recollect the importance attached in the governments of modern Europe to the division of the administrative and judicial powers, we shall at once appreciate the immense change effected by Pericles. Another important reform, which we may also regard as the work of Pericles, is the institution of the Nomothetai. These men were, in fact, a portion of the 6000 dikasts, bound by the same oath and receiving the same pay; but instead of being distributed into panels for trying particular causes, they were summoned upon special occasions for legislative

lative purposes. According to the reform now introduced the public assembly became incompetent to enact a new law or repeal one already in existence, and could only pass a *Psephisma*, or a decree, applicable to a particular case. If a law was to be enacted or repealed, it was necessary to refer the subject to the *Nomothetæ*, before whom the matter was fully discussed by advocates on each side, and who gave their decision upon oath, as in a court of justice. Mr. Grote observes, 'there can be no doubt that the *Nomothetæ* afforded much greater security than the public assembly for a proper decision. That security depended upon the same principle as we see to pervade all the constitutional arrangements of Athens—upon a fraction of the people casually taken, but sufficiently numerous to have the same interest with the whole—not permanent, but delegated for the occasion—assembled under a solemn sanction, and furnished with a full exposition of both sides of the case.'\* The depriving of the magistrates and the *Areopagus* of their judicial powers, and the providing popular, numerous, and salaried courts of justice, to decide all the judicial business at Athens, as well as to repeal and enact laws, is, in Mr. Grote's judgment, the consummation of the Athenian democracy.

The preceding brief, and necessarily imperfect, sketch of Mr. Grote's account of the Athenian constitution is nevertheless sufficient to convey some idea of his many novel opinions upon one of the most important portions of Grecian history. We now turn to two or three separate points connected with the institutions and history of Athens, which have hitherto been most fiercely attacked, but which find in Mr. Grote a warm champion and defender. First, as to Ostracism. This institution is represented by Mr. Grote in an entirely new light. The ostracism is ordinarily quoted as a memorable example of the injustice with which the Athenian democracy treated their superior men; and the observation of Plutarch, that it took its origin from the envy and jealousy inherent in a democracy, and not from justifiable fears, has been repeated with little examination from ancient to modern times. Mr. Grote endeavours to show that this is demonstrably untrue; and he certainly makes out a strong case. Whether a state which required such a safety-valve as ostracism would be the most pleasant state to live in, is a different question; but that it was salutary and almost necessary to the infant and

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\* Vol. v. p. 502.

growing democracy of Athens, seems to us to be fully established. The practice was instituted by Clisthenes, just after the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ from Athens. The 'constitutional morality,' of which Mr. Grote speaks was, it must be remembered, entirely unknown at that time at Athens :—

'It was necessary to create in the multitude, and through them to force upon the leading ambitious men, that rare and difficult sentiment which we may term a constitutional morality—a paramount reverence for the forms of the constitution, enforcing obedience to the authorities acting under and within those forms, yet combined with the habit of open speech, of action subject only to definite legal control, and unrestrained censure of those very authorities as to all their public acts—combined too with a perfect confidence in the bosom of every citizen, amidst the bitterness of party contest, that the forms of the constitution will not be less sacred in the eyes of his opponents than in his own. This co-existence of freedom and self-imposed restraint—of obedience to authority with unmeasured censure of the persons exercising it—may be found in the aristocracy of England (since about 1688) as well as in the democracy of the American United States: and because we are familiar with it, we are apt to suppose it a natural sentiment; though there seem to be few sentiments more difficult to establish and diffuse among a community, judging by the experience of history. We may see how imperfectly it exists at this day in the Swiss Cantons; and the many violences of the first French revolution illustrate, among various other lessons, the fatal effects arising from its absence, even among a people high in the scale of intelligence.'—vol. iv. p. 205.

The recent history of Athens had shown that it was comparatively easy for an ambitious man, supported by a numerous body of partisans, to overthrow the existing government, and make himself master of the state. It was for the purpose of guarding against this danger, and for removing quietly from the city a formidable party leader, before he could employ his power for the subversion of the constitution, that Clisthenes devised ostracism. Every precaution was taken to protect the institution against abuse. The senate and public assembly had first to determine that such a measure was necessary: ample notice was given of the day on which the assembly was to meet for the purpose; the people voted by ballot; and then six thousand votes had to be recorded against a person, or nothing was done. The large number of votes required (one-fourth of all the citizens) was a sufficient guarantee that such a person was deemed dangerous to the state; and it is no small proof of the efficacy of the institution, that the democracy grew up from infancy to manhood without a single attempt to overthrow it by force. At a later time the Athenians could dispense with

with the safeguard which ostracism afforded; and though it was never formally abolished, it fell entirely into disuse soon after the beginning of the Peloponnesian war.

The dikasteries, of which we have already spoken, are regarded by Mr. Grote as exhibiting on a broad scale all the excellencies and defects of the system of trial by jury. Accordingly all the praises which it is customary to pronounce upon trial by jury are, in Mr. Grote's view, applicable to the Athenian dikasteries:—

‘Nor is the parallel less just, though the dikasteries, as the most democratical feature of democracy itself, have been usually criticised with marked disfavour—every censure, or sneer, or joke against them which can be found in ancient authors, comic as well as serious, being accepted as true almost to the letter; while juries are so popular an institution, that their merits have been overstated (in England at least), and their defects kept out of sight. The theory of the Athenian dikastery, and the theory of jury-trial as it has prevailed in England since the revolution of 1688, are one and the same; recourse to a certain number of private citizens, taken by chance or without possibility of knowing beforehand who they will be, sworn to hear fairly and impartially plaintiff and defendant, accuser and accused, and to find a true verdict according to their consciences upon a distinct issue before them.’—vol. v. p. 518.

The large number of the dikasteries, which is extravagant, according to our notions of judicial business, was necessary as a protection against corruption and intimidation. Rich and powerful men have in all ages and in all countries been able to a greater or a less extent to set the laws at defiance. A small body of citizens sitting as judges, most of them poor, and some of them old, would have been overawed, cajoled, or bribed by wealthy criminals like Critias and Alcibiades. An incidental advantage of the Athenian dikasteries was the stimulus they gave both to thought and speech. Their first establishment was nearly coincident with the great improvement of Attic tragedy, in passing from *Æschylus* to *Sophocles*. As private citizens had to plead their own causes before the popular courts of justice, the power of speaking effectively became an accomplishment of the greatest practical utility. Hence teachers of rhetoric arose, and style and oratory began to be reduced to a system.

Mr. Grote likewise reverses the almost unanimous judgment of modern writers respecting two classes of men who play a prominent part in Grecian history. These are the so-called Demagogues and Sophists. It is to them that the misfortunes and degradation of Athens are usually attributed. The demagogues are represented as mischief-makers and revilers, urging



urging on the state to mad and ruinous schemes, and bringing false accusations against innocent persons: the sophists are represented as pretenders to knowledge, corrupt and immoral teachers, confounding all distinctions of right and wrong, and introducing among the Athenians a laxness of morality and a degeneracy of character which rendered the contemporaries of Euripides and Socrates far inferior to the generation which won the battles of Marathon and Salamis. Against these opinions Mr. Grote enters his most decided protest. According to his views, the demagogues correspond nearly to our popular leaders or speakers of the opposition party; the sophists to our public teachers or professors. At the time at which the demagogues first came into notice, persons of ancient family and wealth enjoyed, it is true, no special political privilege; but they still possessed great advantages in entering upon political life by their connexions and associations, and by the social sentiment which at Athens, as in many other popular states, still continued to prefer men of noble birth after all such distinctions had been effaced by law. Moreover, these men were closely united in political clubs, which assisted them in gaining power, and endeavoured to protect them from the consequences of their misconduct. It must also be recollected that pecuniary corruption was a common vice among the leading men of Greece, and that few Greeks could bear the intoxicating influence of success. It was, therefore, most important to keep a strong check upon all who held important public offices. This was the use of the demagogues, who, springing from the lower classes, had to win their way to distinction by their ability in public speaking, and by their boldness in bringing political offenders to justice, and in opposing the aristocratical party in the state. We see by the conspiracy of Antiphon, which ended in the establishment of the oligarchy of the Four Hundred, that there were political combinations at Athens opposed to the established democracy; and that the demagogues attacked dangers which were not imaginary, but real and menacing to the state.

While Mr. Grote defends the demagogues in general, he takes under his protection the most celebrated of them all. Our estimate of Cleon's character has been formed from the severe judgment upon him pronounced by Thucydides, and from the virulent abuse with which he is assailed by Aristophanes. But both of those writers were the enemies of Cleon. It is stated by an ancient biographer of Thucydides, that Cleon was the cause of the banishment of the historian, on account of his neglect to relieve Amphipolis; and Mr. Grote thinks that this has warped the judgment of Thucydides, and made him unjust towards Cleon. We can

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only observe in passing, without entering into any discussion upon this interesting subject, that Mr. Grote maintains that the banishment of Thucydides was deserved—that the promise of Cleon to bring the Lacedæmonians at Sphacteria as prisoners to Athens within twenty days, which Thucydides stigmatises as ‘insane,’ Mr. Grote characterises as ‘a reasonable and even a modest anticipation of the future’—and that Mr. Grote charges the historian upon another occasion with pronouncing a criticism ‘harsh and unfair towards Cleon, and careless in regard to truth and the instruction of his readers.’\* Aristophanes himself admits that he had a personal grudge against Cleon; and even without such an admission it would be most unfair to form a judgment of any one from the libellous abuse of the Old Comedy, especially when we have an opportunity of testing the candour and accuracy of Aristophanes by his delineation of Socrates in the ‘Clouds,’ where his portrait of the philosopher is little better than pure fancy, and can hardly be termed even a caricature.† That Cleon was a man of violent temper and more than usual audacity—that he indulged in vehement and sometimes dishonest invectives against his political adversaries, we may readily believe, ‘but these are the qualities,’ Mr. Grote adds, ‘which, in all countries of free debate, go to form what is called a great opposition speaker.’

In defence of the Sophists, Mr. Grote's language is still more emphatic. He says, that he knows ‘few characters in history who have been so hardly dealt with as these so-called Sophists;’ and he invokes ‘the rare sentiment of candour’ in discussing the history of these persons, ‘the practical teachers of Athens and of Greece, misconceived as well as misesteemed.’ The word Sophist did not originally bear the invidious sense which it now conveys. It originally meant only a wise or a clever man. Thus both Solon and Pythagoras were called Sophists; and the same name was also applied by the Grecian public to Socrates, Plato, and Isocrates. Plato was the first to use the word in an invidious sense to designate the class of professional teachers in Greece. These men taught for pay, and both Socrates and Plato considered that giving instruction for money was incompatible with the relation that ought to exist between teacher and pupil. Moreover, Plato was opposed to the Sophists on another ground. Plato was ‘a great speculative genius—a systematic theorist and reformer.’ He was discontented with all

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\* Vol. vi. p. 627.

† Mr. Grote reminds the reader upon this point ‘that no man thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr. Fox or Mirabeau, from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them; that no man will take measure of a political Englishman from ‘Punch,’ or of a Frenchman from ‘Charivari.’—vi. 659.

existing institutions, and wished to reconstruct society anew from the beginning. The Sophists, on the contrary, considered it no part of their vocation to reform the state, or to discuss or discover the best theory of ethics. They took society as they found it, and professed to train up youth for the duties, the pursuits, and successes of active life, both public and private. Moreover, as Mr. Grote remarks, it ought not to be forgotten, that those who taught for active life were bound, by the very conditions of their profession, to adapt themselves to the place and society as it stood. They no more deserved to be reproached for receiving money for their services than the great body of modern masters, who pursue their profession with the prospect of making an income from it. It is usual to speak of the Sophists as if they were a sect or a school, teaching certain pernicious doctrines or principles common to them all; but this rests upon no evidence whatsoever. They had nothing in common but their profession as paid teachers, and were distinguished from one another by strong individual peculiarities. The accusation against the Sophists, that their teaching had corrupted the Athenian character, Mr. Grote meets,—first, by the denial of the fact, that the Athenians at the close of the Peloponnesian war were more corrupt than the same people in the days of Miltiades and Aristides; and secondly, by an examination of the character of the more celebrated Sophists, such as Prodicus, Protagoras, Hippias, and others. Almost the only remaining composition from any of them is the well-known fable of Prodicus, called ‘The Choice of Hercules,’ the object of which is to kindle the imagination of youth in favour of a life of virtue. There is in fact no evidence that the Sophists corrupted their pupils; and if they had done so, it is impossible to believe that parents would have continued to send their sons to such teachers and pay them for their services. Even Plato, their ‘accuser-general’ does not charge them with this crime. His quarrel with them rested, as we have already seen, upon another ground; and he includes in the same indiscriminate sentence of condemnation, all the poets, and all the statesmen, past as well as present, because they ministered to the immediate gratification and desires of the people, without looking to their permanent improvement or making them morally better. We cannot enter further into this subject, but we would strongly recommend to such of our readers as are not acquainted with Mr. Grote’s work, a perusal of the very remarkable chapter,\* in which he explains his views.

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\* Vol. viii. p. 434, seq.

This chapter is followed by another of equal value and importance upon Socrates, of which we have given an account in a previous number of this Review.\*

The true nature of the Athenian maritime empire has been for the first time fully explained by Mr. Grote. It has been too much the fashion of modern historians to attribute both to nations and to individuals deep-laid schemes and far-seeing views of policy and ambition, interpreting their preceding actions by subsequent events. Thus an eminent modern writer represents Julius Cæsar as meditating from an early age the overthrow of the Roman aristocracy, and the making himself sole master of the Roman world; and at the present day it is commonly believed upon the Continent that the English empire in the East is the result of a well-laid scheme of imperial aggrandisement. But this is a totally false way of reading history. Circumstances have controlled the destinies of nations and individuals, and have suggested to them lines of conduct and courses of policy of which they had never dreamed, and which have often been in direct opposition to their original intentions. It is one of the besetting sins of modern historians to start with some preconceived idea, and to make all events fall in with their imaginary notions. Into this error Mr. Grote never falls. He points out the difference between *presiding* Athens, in the confederacy of Delos, with her independent and regularly-assembled allies in B. C. 476, and *imperial* Athens with her subject allies in B. C. 432. There is a tendency to confuse the two periods, and to suppose that, because Athens subsequently exercised a real empire, she aimed at it from the beginning; but Mr. Grote justly remarks—and his observations apply equally to many other historical events—that ‘such systematic anticipation of subsequent results is fatal to any correct understanding, either of the real agents or the real period, both of which are to be explained from the circumstances preceding and actually present, with some help, though cautious and sparing, from our acquaintance with that which was then an unknown future.’† The confederacy of Delos was originally an alliance upon equal terms—in so far as alliance between the strong and the weak can ever be equal—in which every individual member was more exposed, more defenceless, and more essentially benefited in the way of protection than Athens herself, and which promised at the time the greatest advantages to the Grecian world—not simply protection against the Persians, but security against piracy in the Ægean sea. Mr.

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\* Vol. lxviii. p. 41, seq.

† Vol. v. p. 395.

Grote carefully traces the various steps by which this equal alliance was converted into an Athenian empire ; but the indifference of the allies, and their disinclination to discharge the duties they had taken upon themselves, contributed quite as much to this result as the ambition of Athens. That Athens eagerly availed herself of the opportunity thus thrown in her way, and afterwards treated the allies as her subjects, and punished them severely if they attempted to revolt, Mr. Grote does not, of course, deny ; but this will hardly be made a subject of reproach against her by any one who bears in mind the whole course of history, and how rarely a powerful state has had the self-denial to abstain from extending her sovereignty over her weaker neighbours, especially when circumstances actually invited her aggressions. The real question is, in what manner did Athens exercise her empire ; and in this respect she need not fear a comparison with any state, whether in ancient or in modern times. Mr. Grote calls attention to the fact, that the Athenian empire was essentially *a government of dependencies* ; and that, viewed in this relation, 'it will most certainly stand full comparison with the government of England over dependencies in the last century, as illustrated by the history of Ireland, with the penal laws against the Catholics—by the Declaration of Independence, published in 1776 by the American colonies, setting forth the grounds of their separation—and by the pleadings of Mr. Burke against Warren Hastings.'\* There is no evidence that Athens, in the administration of her empire, was guilty of oppression ; and the feeling of the allies towards her seems to have been neither attachment nor hatred, but simple indifference and acquiescence in her supremacy. All the movements for revolt originated with the aristocracies, which were always eager to shake off the supremacy of Athens, but they received little support from the people, who were hardly ever willing to make sacrifices for the object. The popular dikasteries seem to have afforded effectual protection against cruel and tyrannical acts on the part of Athenian officers, as we see by the memorable instance of the Athenian general, Paches, who, when brought to trial before the dikastery for an outrage upon two women at Mitylene, slew himself in open court, because he saw his condemnation was certain. The chief complaint urged against Athens by the orators of the hostile states before and during the Peloponnesian war was, that she had robbed so many Grecian commonwealths of their political independence ; but not a word is said of any acts of cruelty and oppression committed by individual Athenians. What a contrast is presented by Sparta in the

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\* Vol. vi. p. 63.

exercise of *her* imperial government! The Harmosts, whom they placed in each city, and the small boards of oligarchs, supported by the Spartan garrisons, perpetrated all kinds of outrages and enormities, for which no redress could be obtained; for to every complaint of wrongs committed by their officers the Spartan government turned a deaf ear. While Sparta was mistress of Greece, two Lacedæmonians, on their way from Delphi, were hospitably entertained in the private house of Scedasus, a Bœotian, at Leuctra; but they repaid his kindness by first violating and then killing his two daughters. Even for such an outrage as this, which far exceeded in enormity the crime of Paches, and which would have powerfully excited the sympathies of an Athenian dikastery, the unfortunate father could obtain no justice. After demanding in vain from the Spartans the punishment of the offenders, he returned to Leuctra, imprecating curses upon them, and slew himself also. The allies soon had cause to regret the Athenian empire; for if the Athenians made their yoke heavy, the Spartans added to their yoke—if the Athenians chastised them with whips, the Lacedæmonians chastised them with scorpions.

Mr. Grote's history of the Peloponnesian war, which occupies more than two large volumes, presents many views of the characters of eminent men, and many judgments respecting events, upon which we should like to dwell; but we must confine ourselves to two or three points. His characters of Pericles, Brasidas, Alcibiades, and Lysander, are all drawn with the hand of a master; but we pass over these to direct attention to his estimate of two other eminent men, because it differs from that of most other historians. Nicias is depicted as a man of mediocrity in intellect, in education, and in oratory, who was indebted for his long-continued political influence to his inaccessibility to pecuniary corruption, and to his 'rigidly decorous and ultra-religious' life, which blinded the Athenians to his great defects as a public man and to his still greater defects as a general. Mr. Grote remarks that the misplaced confidence of the Athenians in Nicias was the gravest error they ever committed; and the judgment of Thucydides respecting him, 'that he assuredly, among all Greeks of my time, least deserved to come to so extreme a pitch of ill-fortune, considering his exact performance of established duties to the divinity,' calls forth the following emphatic sentence of condemnation from Mr. Grote.

'Admitting fully both the good intentions of Nicias and his personal bravery, rising even into heroism during the last few days in Sicily, it is not the less incontestable that, first, the failure of the enterprise, next, the destruction of the armament, is to be traced distinctly to his

his lamentable misjudgment. Sometimes petty trifling, sometimes apathy and inaction, sometimes presumptuous neglect, sometimes obstinate blindness even to urgent and obvious necessities, one or other of these, his sad mental defects, will be found operative at every step, whereby this fated armament sinks down from exuberant efficiency into the last depth of aggregate ruin and individual misery. His improvidence and incapacity stand proclaimed, not merely in the narrative of the historian, but even in his own letter to the Athenians, and in his own speeches both before the expedition and during its closing misfortunes, when contrasted with the reality of his proceedings. The man whose flagrant incompetency brought such wholesale ruin upon two fine armaments entrusted to his command, upon the Athenian maritime empire, and ultimately upon Athens herself, must appear on the tablets of history under the severest condemnation, even though his personal virtues had been loftier than those of Nicias. And yet our great historian, after devoting two immortal books to this expedition, after setting forth emphatically both the glory of its dawn and the wretchedness of its close, with a dramatic genius parallel to the *Cedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, when he comes to recount the melancholy end of the two commanders, has no words to spare for Demosthenes (far the abler officer of the two, who perished by no fault of his own), but reserves his flowers to strew on the grave of Nicias, the author of the whole calamity—"What a pity! Such a respectable and religious man!"—vol. vii. p. 481.

No previous historian had done full justice to the noble character of the Spartan Callicratidas, who succeeded Lysander in the command of the Lacedæmonian fleet towards the close of the Peloponnesian war. His career was a short one; but he had time to show that he was animated by 'the great ideas of Hellenic brotherhood at home, and Hellenic independence against the foreigner.' The resolution of this patriot to dispense with the degrading aid of Persian money, and to use all his influence to effect a reconciliation between Sparta and Athens, that the Greeks might not be compelled to truckle to the foreigner for gold, excites the warm sympathy and admiration of Mr. Grote. His liberation of the Methymnæan and Athenian prisoners, accompanied with the declaration, that as long as he was in command, not a single free Greek should be reduced to slavery if he could help it,—notwithstanding the remonstrances of the allies who felt personally wronged and indignant at the loss—is characterised by Mr. Grote as a proceeding unparalleled in Grecian history, the full grandeur and sublimity of which can be felt only by those who have familiarized themselves with the details of Grecian warfare. It is not merely that the prisoners were spared and set free, it is 'that this particular act of generosity was performed in the name and for the recommendation of Pan-Hellenic brotherhood and Pan-Hellenic independence of the foreigner.'

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Most readers of Thucydides will recollect the long and impressive dialogue carried on between the Athenian envoys and the executive council of Melos, before the capture of this city and the wholesale murder of its inhabitants B.C. 416. In this dialogue the Athenians audaciously avow the right of the strong to tyrannize over the weak ; and the language put into their mouths is in reality that of pirates and robbers. These sentiments are supposed by many modern writers to have been the results of the teaching of the Sophists at Athens. Dr. Thirlwall had already remarked, that there seemed to be no ground for ascribing to this dialogue any degree of historical truth ; but Mr. Grote suggests an entirely new explanation of the object of Thucydides in composing it. The capture of Melos took place shortly before the Athenian expedition to Sicily, which ended in the most ruinous catastrophe known to ancient history. From this time the fortune of Athens went on declining till her subjugation by Lysander. Now, according to Mr. Grote's view, Thucydides, before he commences the history of this descent, makes a halt to illustrate in a dramatic fragment, which may be termed the 'Capture of Melos,' the sentiment of Athenian power in its most exaggerated, insolent, and cruel manifestation. The opinions expressed by Thucydides are not 'those of the Athenian envoy,' but are intended to bring out the feelings of a disdainful conqueror in the enjoyment of overweening good fortune, in order to render the dreadful reverse which followed more striking and impressive.

The mutilation of the Hermæ at Athens, which occurred just before the departure of the Athenian expedition to Sicily, is one of the most extraordinary events in Grecian history, to which previous writers had not done justice. At every door in Athens, at the corners of streets, in the market-place, before gymnasia, and other public places, stood Hermæ, or half-statues of the god Hermes, consisting of a bust of that deity, surmounting a quadrangular body of marble about the height of the human figure. When the Athenians rose one morning towards the end of May, B.C. 415, it was found that all these figures had been mutilated during the night by unknown hands. The mingled feeling of dismay, terror, and wrath, which this act of sacrilege produced in the minds of the Athenians is unintelligible to many modern historians. This arises from their failing to realize the religious and political feelings of the Athenians—a people noted for their susceptibility to religious impressions, and for the care and diligence with which they preserved their temples, statues, and other sacred monuments. 'If we could imagine,' Mr. Grote remarks, 'the excitement of a Spanish or Italian town on finding that



that all the images of the Virgin had been defaced during the same night, we should have a parallel, though a very inadequate parallel, to what was now felt at Athens, where religious associations and persons were far more intimately allied with all civil acts and with all the proceedings of every-day life; where, too, the god and his efficiency were more forcibly localized, as well as identified with the presence and keeping of the statue.\* So closely was the political constitution dependent, in the Athenian mind, upon the protection of the gods, that an insult to their tutelary guardians, provoking their wrath and vengeance, would naturally be thought to be attendant with imminent danger to the state. Many writers have expressed their surprise that the Athenians should have supposed an act of impiety to be necessarily connected with a design against the state; but an Athenian citizen would have had quite as much difficulty in comprehending our disjunction of the two ideas, as we have in comprehending his association of them. The people clamoured for vengeance, and were ready to listen to any one, however untrustworthy otherwise, who offered information respecting the authors of this sacrilege. Their state of mind has frequently been compared to that of the English people after the pretended Popish Plot in 1678 and 1679; but the popular dikastery at Athens was less corrupted, and driven to less injustice by the reigning terror, than the English judicature on this occasion. In addition to which, it should be observed, that the Athenians had more cause for their terror than the English, since the mutilation of the Hermæ was the work of real conspirators, while the Popish Plot was a tissue of fabrications from beginning to end. The investigation into the authors of the sacrilege brought to light similar acts of impiety, and more especially a profanation of the Eleusinian mysteries by drunken revellers, giving a caricature of them in private houses. In punishing the authors of such a profanation the Athenian people committed no injustice, and cannot be reproached with excessive cruelty, when we recollect the uniform tendency of modern legislation in reference to offences against the Christian religion. It is a common error, and one against which Mr. Grote repeatedly and warmly protests, to attribute to the democratical government of Athens those crimes and errors which are the offspring of human passion, prejudice, and folly, and which are common alike to monarchical and democratical states.\*

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\* Mr. Grote cites in a note an analogous event of modern times, in which an alleged act of sacrilege was punished with far greater severity than the draught of hemlock at Athens:—'In the year 1766, at Abbeville in France, two young gentlemen

The manner in which Mr. Grote relates the history of the Ten Thousand Greeks, with their march into the heart of the Persian empire, and their still more memorable retreat, is a strong instance of his peculiar excellencies. The narrative has been so admirably given by Xenophon, that it might have been thought hardly anything was left for a modern historian except clearing up difficulties in the march, and illustrating, by the researches of modern travellers, the geography of the countries through which the Greeks passed. Nor has Mr. Grote failed to do this; but he has done much more. He not only gives a lively and graphic narrative of the expedition and retreat, he not only explains with great minuteness the geographical difficulties of the route, but he seizes upon all those circumstances in Xenophon's account which illustrate the Hellenic character as compared with that of the contemporary Asiatics, and he thus imparts to his narrative on this, as on so many other occasions, a peculiar ethical interest. We can only simply mention, without entering into detail, such instances as,—the description of the character of Cyrus, who, with all his noble qualities, did not possess the 'peculiar virtue of the Hellenic citizen, competence for alternate command and obedience'—the observation that so harsh and imperious an officer as Clearchus 'could be tolerated as a commander of free and non-professional soldiers, is a proof of the great susceptibility of the Greek hoplites for military discipline'—the reflections upon the discussions at Tarsus, when the Greek troops found that they had been deceived by Cyrus, where the chief thing to be noted is the appeal made to the reason and judgment of the soldiers, 'the habit, established more or less throughout so large a portion of the Grecian world, and attaining its maximum at Athens, of hearing both sides and deciding afterwards'—the conception, formed by Cyrus, of Grecian superiority, who contrasts 'not merely the superior courage and

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gentlemen of good family (the Chevalier d'Etallonde and Chevalier de la Barre) were tried, convicted and condemned for having injured a wooden crucifix which stood on the bridge of that town: in aggravation of this offence they were charged with having sung indecent songs. The evidence to prove these points was exceedingly doubtful, nevertheless both were condemned to have their tongues cut out by the roots—to have their right hands cut off at the church gate—then to be tied to a post in the market-place with an iron chain and burnt by a slow fire. This sentence, after being submitted by way of appeal to the parlement of Paris, and by them confirmed, was actually executed upon the Chevalier de la Barre (d'Etallonde having escaped), in July, 1766; with this mitigation, that he was allowed to be decapitated before he was burnt—but at the same time with this aggravation, that he was put to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel him to disclose his accomplices . . . . It will be recollected that this sentence was passed, not by the people nor by any popular judicature, but by a limited court of professional judges sitting at Abbeville, and afterwards confirmed by the parlement de Paris, the first tribunal of professional judges in France.'—vii. 238, 239.

military discipline of the Greeks with the cowardice of the Asiatics, but also their fidelity and sense of obligation with the time-serving treachery of the latter,' and who had learnt by personal observation 'to enter into the feeling of personal dignity prevalent in the Greeks around him, based as it was upon the conviction that they governed themselves, and that there was no man who had any rights of his own over them; that the law was their only master, and that, in rendering obedience to it, they were working for no one but themselves.' We must, however, dwell a little longer upon the events at the Great Zab, when Clearchus and the other generals had been treacherously seized by Tissaphernes, and the Greeks were in a state of hopeless despair, being more than a thousand miles from home, in a hostile and unknown country, hemmed in by impassable mountains and rivers, without generals, without guides, without provisions. In the midst of this universal despondency, Xenophon came forward to revive the courage of the soldiers, and to breathe life into the mass which had been paralysed for the moment. After first animating the captains with somewhat of his own spirit, he next addressed the army convened in general assembly, and succeeded not only in rousing the soldiers from their despondency, but in working them up to the pitch of resolution which the emergency required.

The remarks of Mr. Grote upon this well-known scene are very instructive. After observing that it exhibits that susceptibility to the influence of persuasive discourse which formed so marked a feature in the Grecian character, he calls attention to the striking superiority which it manifests of Athenian training over the training of all other parts of Greece. Far from having any advantages to recommend him, Xenophon was under positive disadvantages by his age, his station, and his country. He was a young man, had held no previous command in the army, and was a native of Athens, a city at that time generally unpopular throughout Greece. On the other hand, there were in the army officers of experience, such as Chirisophus, who had been one of the generals, and was also a native of Sparta, the dominant city of Greece; but neither Chirisophus nor any other Greek came forward; while Xenophon, who had nothing to start with except 'the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher,' was not only the prime mover, but obtained absolute sway over the minds of his comrades. Probably no one but an Athenian would have felt or obeyed the promptings to stand forward as a volunteer under such circumstances; and even if a Spartan or an Arcadian had been found ready to do so, they would have been destitute of those political and rhetorical accomplishments

complishments which were necessary to enable them to influence others. Other Greeks could act with bravery in circumstances of peril; but it was an Athenian alone who could think, speak, and act with equal efficiency.

‘It was this tripartite accomplishment which an aspiring youth was compelled to set before himself as an aim in the democracy of Athens, and which the sophists as well as the democratical institutions, both of them so hardly depreciated, helped and encouraged him to acquire. It was this tripartite accomplishment, the exclusive possession of which, in spite of constant jealousy on the part of Boeotian officers and comrades of Proxenus, elevated Xenophon into the most ascendant person of the Cyreian army, from the present moment until the time when it broke up. I think it the more necessary to notice this fact, that the accomplishments whereby Xenophon leaped on a sudden into such extraordinary ascendancy, and rendered such eminent service to his army, were accomplishments belonging in an especial manner to the Athenian democracy and education, because Xenophon himself has throughout his writings treated Athens, not merely without the attachment of a citizen, but with feelings more like the positive antipathy of an exile. His sympathies are all in favour of the perpetual drill, the mechanical obedience, the secret government proceedings, the narrow and prescribed range of ideas, the silent and deferential demeanour, the methodical, though tardy, action of Sparta. Whatever may be the justice of his preference, certain it is, that the qualities whereby he was himself enabled to contribute so much both to the rescue of the Cyreian army and to his own reputation were Athenian far more than Spartan.’—vol. ix. pp. 117, 118.

Our limits warn us to draw our remarks to a close; otherwise we should have willingly dwelt upon many topics in the later volumes, such as the career of Epaminondas, the history of the Sicilian Greeks, and the patriotic struggles of Demosthenes against the rising fortunes of Philip. The graphic account of the ‘despot’s progress,’ as exemplified by the elder Dionysius, of the intercourse of Plato with the younger tyrant, of the melancholy end of Dion, and of the glorious success of Timoleon, is in Mr. Grote’s best style, and is not surpassed in narrative interest by any portion of his work. It is the more valuable, since Dr. Thirlwall has strangely omitted altogether the history of the Sicilian Greeks. There is, however, one subject in the later volumes which we must not pass over entirely,—the estimate which Mr. Grote forms of the character of Alexander the Great. It has been the fashion of recent writers to extol Alexander as one of the benefactors of his kind, whose ambition was ennobled and purified by the desire of knowledge and the love of good, and whose great object was to diffuse the blessings of

of Hellenic civilization among the torpid nations of Asia. Mr. Grote's judgment is very different. He stigmatizes Alexander as essentially anti-Hellenic. The historian and champion of the free Grecian commonwealths has no sympathy with this 'non-Hellenic conqueror, into whose vast possessions the Greeks are absorbed, with their intellectual brightness bedimmed, their spirit broken, and half their virtue taken away by Zeus.' Alexander was by birth not a Greek, but a Macedonian and an Epirot. His violent temperament and headstrong will were inherited from his 'furious Epirotic mother Olympias;' the main feature in his character was an exorbitant vanity, which was inflamed and exaggerated to such an extraordinary pitch by the success of his arms, that he at length believed himself to be the son of the King of the Gods, and claimed divine worship from his followers. The only point which he had in common with the Greeks was his warm sympathy with the heroic legends of their country; and he resembled in many points his legendary ancestors, Achilles, Neoptolemus, and the other heroes of the *Æacid* race—'a man of violent impulse in all directions, sometimes generous, often vindictive—ardent in his individual affections both of love and hatred, but devoured especially by an inextinguishable pugnacity, appetite for conquest, and thirst for establishing at all cost his superiority of force over others.' He possessed, however, nothing of 'that sense of correlative right and obligation which characterised the free Greeks of the city-community;' and his character and dispositions had 'the features, both striking and repulsive, of Achilles, rather than those of Agesi-laus or Epaminondas.' His desire of imitating the legendary heroes is seen on many occasions in his life, and led him into many wild and some barbarous acts. His horrible treatment of Batis, the heroic defender of Gaza, is happily without a parallel in the historical times of Greece, and was copied from the Homeric description of the ferocious vengeance which Achilles took upon the corpse of Hector. The Macedonian monarch actually caused the feet of Batis to be bored and brazen rings passed through them; and he then dragged the naked body of this brave man, while still alive, fastened to his chariot, amidst the triumphant jeers and shouts of the army. The murder of the aged general Parmenio and his son Philotas is one of the foulest blots upon the character of Alexander, who, upon this occasion, 'displayed a personal rancour worthy of his ferocious mother Olympias, exasperated rather than softened by the magnitude of past services.' Mr. Grote, who never fails to point out the non-Hellenic character of the Macedonians, adds—'When we see the greatest officers

officers of the Macedonian army directing in person, and under the eye of Alexander, the laceration and burning of the naked body of their colleague Philotas, and assassinating with their own hands the veteran Parmenio, we feel how much we have passed out of the region of Greek civic feeling into that of the more savage Illyrian warrior, partially orientalised.' The mutilation of Beasus, whose nose and ears Alexander ordered to be cut off, is one of many proofs how much the conqueror of Asia had become orientalised, 'mutilation being a practice altogether oriental and non-Hellenic.' Alexander could brook no equal; and his celebrated reply to the proposals of Darius after the battle of Issus is characterised by Mr. Grote as 'the language of brutal insolence.'

Alexander represented himself as the avenger of Hellas upon the barbarians, who, a hundred and fifty years before, had burnt the Grecian cities and profaned the Grecian temples. All the Greeks, who kept aloof from his cause, and still more those who fought in the ranks of Darius, he branded as enemies and traitors to the cause of Hellas. But Demosthenes and the patriots took a very different view of the relation of Macedonia to the Grecian states, and regarded the Pan-Hellenic claims of Alexander merely as a pretence to cover a scheme of 'Macedonian appetite and Macedonian aggrandisement.' The real sympathies of Greece were rather adverse than favourable to his success; and the real interests of Greece were on the side of Darius rather than upon the side of Alexander. Such was the melancholy degradation of the Grecian world that its cities had no hope of escaping from the bondage of Macedonia except by entering into alliance with the Persian king, which Mr. Grote considers the Athenian patriots to have been perfectly justified in doing. 'To invoke the aid of Persia against Hellenic enemies was an unwarrantable proceeding; but to invoke the same aid against the dominion of another foreigner, at once nearer and more formidable, was open to no blame on the score either of patriotism or policy.'

While Mr. Grote is thus emphatic in his condemnation of Alexander, he does full justice to his unrivalled military genius. 'Alexander,' he remarks, 'overawes the imagination more than any other personage of antiquity, by the matchless development of all that constitutes effective force—as an individual warrior and as an organizer and leader of armed masses; not merely the blind impetuosity ascribed by Homer to Ares, but also the intelligent, methodized, and all-subduing compression which he personifies in Athene.' But Mr. Grote gives him no credit for those grand and beneficent views for the improvement of mankind

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and for the amelioration of government, which some writers attribute to him : on the contrary, he considers that Alexander had no other object in his conquests but the gratification of an insane desire for universal dominion ; that he was continually subduing new nations simply because ' fighting and man-hunting were the master-passions of his nature ; ' that his acts show that he intended to continue the traditional system of the Persian government, with the sole improvement of a strong military organization ; in one word, that the celebrated Macedonian king possesses no claims to our admiration or respect, either as a ruler or a politician. Even his attempt to form his European and Asiatic subjects into one people, which has received the warm approbation of so many writers, is strongly condemned by Mr. Grote. Alexander had no feeling of nationality, because his exorbitant self-estimation and belief in his divine parentage raised him above all sympathy with any special nation, and made him conceive all mankind as the common subjects of his divine rule. Alexander's disposition and purpose were far more Oriental than Hellenic, as may be seen by his ' violence of impulse, unmeasured self-will, and exaction of reverence above the limits of humanity.' Instead of Hellenizing Asia, he was tending, according to Mr. Grote, to render Macedonia and Hellas Asiatic. He was impatient of the free speech of Greeks, and even Macedonians, and he preferred more and more the servile Asiatic sentiments and customs. His conquests, and the rule of his successors, diffused ' an exterior varnish of Hellenism ' over much of the Oriental world ; but ' Hellenism, properly so called—the aggregate of habits, sentiments, energies, and intelligence, manifested by the Greeks during their epoch of autonomy—never passed over into Asia. Its living force, productive genius, self-organizing power, and active spirit of political communion, were stifled, and gradually died out.'

Mr. Grote closes his work with the generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. It was necessary to draw the line somewhere, for the Greeks have continued to exist as a separate people down to the present day, speaking the language of their forefathers, and cherishing the recollection of their glorious deeds,—the most memorable instance of national vitality in the history of the world. Most modern writers have brought down their history to the time when Greece became absorbed in the Roman empire ; but long before that period she had ceased to have a history of her own, and had become an appendage of her powerful neighbours. We therefore think that Mr. Grote has acted wisely in concluding his work at the period at which he does. The freedom of Hellas had completely disappeared ;  
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and the historian of the autonomous Hellenic world, feeling that life has departed from his subject, 'with sadness and humiliation brings his narrative to a close.'

'We have thus endeavoured to convey to such of our readers as are not professed scholars some conception of the leading characteristics of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*. It will readily be understood that in a history which fills twelve thick octavo volumes the task of selection has not been easy; and that, while we have pointed out a few of Mr. Grote's most striking views and opinions, they must be regarded only as a sample of the vast stores of learning and knowledge—combined with a wonderful power of appreciating and depicting the Hellenic character and feelings—which are contained in this original work. We have not been using the language of panegyric, but have expressed opinions formed after mature deliberation, and the reasons for which we have laid before our readers. A repeated perusal of the volumes as they appeared, and a long-continued study of their contents, have left so deep an impression upon our minds of the conscientious fidelity and eminent abilities of the historian, that we have thought it our duty to give full expression to our feelings of admiration and respect for a writer who has given such a stimulus to our intellect and enlarged so widely the horizon of our knowledge.

- ART. III.—1. *Histoire de Charles 1<sup>er</sup>, depuis son avènement jusqu'à sa mort, 5<sup>e</sup> édition, précédée d'un Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. Guizot. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1854.
2. *Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et de Cromwell.* Par M. Guizot. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1854.
3. *Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell, et du Rétablissement des Stuart.* Par M. Guizot. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1856.
4. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: with Elucidations.* By Thomas Carlyle. Third Edition, enlarged. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1850.
5. *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History.* By John Forster, of the Inner Temple. 5 vols. small 8vo. London, 1840.

THE most eventful period of English history was the time of the Civil Wars, and Oliver Cromwell was the greatest man whom the crisis produced. The last few years have afforded important elucidations of his career, and M. Guizot in particular

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has unravelled his character with singular skill. No one, in our opinion, has drawn his portrait with equal truth; and the penetration with which the French statesman has discriminated the qualities of the English leader is the more remarkable from the strange and frequently empty jargon in which Cromwell wrote, and which would have prevented a less sagacious foreigner from doing justice to his genius. Previous historians on the Continent have been preserved from this danger by their ignorance of most of the original documents. Their Cromwells have been taken at second-hand. M. Guizot's acquaintance with our annals, language, customs, and polity, is altogether extraordinary. There is nothing to betray that he is not a native statesman, unless it be the independence of his judgment and his superiority to party views. His book is not designed for idle readers, who only care to be amused. He is an earnest and profound writer, who loves to trace events to their causes, and follow them into their consequences; and his commentary will seem most luminous to those who are imbued with the largest portion of his own thoughtful spirit. The third division of the work, which has just appeared, relates the history of Richard Cromwell and the Restoration. The fourth and concluding part will conduct us to the Revolution of 1688. Between the commencement of the narrative with the reign of Charles I., and its completion with the establishment of William III. on the throne, all the leading principles which have animated mankind were in conflict. Despotism wrestled with democracy, republicanism with monarchy, protestantism with popery, puritanism with the church of England. It was in the throes of this wonderful half-century that our constitution was matured. In the struggles and alternate triumphs of the competing parties men acquired a knowledge of the advantages and defects of the rival systems. Many interests were reconciled, many compromises effected, and the ultimate issue of the fierce and turbulent contests for ascendancy was to produce a happy mixture of authority and freedom. Every fact with M. Guizot has its appropriate significance. He sees with a clear eye the origin of the jarring elements, surveys their conflict from an eminence, and shows the results which grew from the confusion. His guidance is the more valuable, that he has threaded the paths which had been the least trodden by our own historians.

The 'Letters and Speeches' of Cromwell, which were difficult to reduce to order, have found an acute and laborious editor in Mr. Carlyle. His worst defect is a want of taste. He has interpolated the speeches with a number of eccentric ejaculations, such as '*Hum-m-m—Verily?—Whitlocke seen blushing!—No; we are not exactly their darlings,*'—all of which would unquestionably have

have provoked a general cry of 'Order,' if they had been uttered at the time, and which do not seem more pertinent by being put into type. The majority of them, to say the truth, are exceedingly puerile; and it is not easy to understand how a man of his talents can indulge in such whims. His connecting narrative is in many parts able, but much of it is enigmatical from his common practice of hinting at views which he does not condescend to express, and the whole is deformed by what must be called the affectation of his style, however natural it may have become, through habit, to himself. His constant repetition of the same disparaging epithet is both childish and repulsive. He rarely mentions Heath, a royalist writer, without speaking of him as '*Carrión* Heath;' Noble, the pains-taking biographer of Cromwell, he calls 'my reverend imbecile friend,' and the same sort of cynical contempt is incessant throughout the work. In compensation, he admires the crimes as well as the virtues of his hero. He seems to think that the highest order of merit is that of the stern, inflexible man, who goes straightforward to his end, and tramples down with an iron heel whatever stands in his way,—life, justice, mercy, tenderness, all the finest attributes of humanity. Moderation, compassion, scruples of conscience have no advocate in him. His model is the uncompromising usurper who 'hewed the throne down to a block,' and waded through slaughter to the vacant seat.

The *Lives of the 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth'* is one of Mr. Forster's early works, and is full of the fervour of youthful enthusiasm. He earnestly espouses the parliamentary side, and his attachment to the leaders has even led him to uphold them when they subsequently departed from their own principles. To our thinking, indeed, their inconsistency was very early apparent. Nobody who prefers constitutional to despotic government, and therefore no Englishman, will now deny that the cause of the popular party was, at the commencement, the cause of patriotism; but victory speedily begot excess, and a spirit was raised which the wiser and more disinterested men were unable to lay. Pym, at the impeachment of Strafford, pronounced, in condemnation of the government of the king, a fine panegyric upon obedience to the law. The king was vanquished in his turn; and his opponents paid so little regard to their maxims, that he used to press them with passages from this identical flourish, introduced by the phrase, 'as Mr. Pym hath well said.' Dissenting entirely from many of the opinions of Mr. Forster, we must confess that he is peculiarly exact in his facts, and that his '*Lives*' contain an immense amount of invaluable information which he was the first to drag into day. His frequent extracts from  
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the books and speeches of the time render his work unusually satisfactory to the historical inquirer, and bring vividly before us the very form and spirit of the age. There is no other single authority to which M. Guizot refers so often, and a new edition of these able volumes, with the modifications suggested by age and experience, would be a most important contribution to history.

The great-grandfather of the Protector was a person who is designated in legal documents as 'Richard Cromwell *alias* Williams,' and the same alias continued in the family down to the time of Oliver, who sometimes made use of it in his younger days. Two letters are extant addressed by Richard Cromwell to the famous Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the Vicar-General of Henry VIII., and in both of them he subscribes himself 'your most bounden nephew.' In one of these epistles he expresses his devotion to the service of the Earl, adding 'as *nature* and also your manifold kindness bindeth.' To account for the alias of Richard Cromwell, and his relationship to his more celebrated namesake, it has been asserted that his father was a Williams who married the sister of the future Vicar-General, and subsequently called himself after the prosperous house with which he had contracted an alliance. Of this marriage there is no trustworthy evidence, and when Bishop Goodman, in a dedication to the Protector, alluded to his connection with the minister of Henry VIII., Cromwell replied, 'My family has no relation to his.' The denial is countenanced by the circumstance that a Sir William Williams married one of the daughters of the Lord Cromwell who lived in the reign of Henry VI., and was the last heir male of his line. The conjunction of the names of Williams and Cromwell would be thus explained by a real instead of a doubtful marriage; and the Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith, may have been glad to discover a kinsman in a race of higher lineage than his own, while his 'most bounden nephew'—a term said not to have been strictly applied in those days to a brother's or sister's son—may, on his part, have welcomed the claim for the sake of the substantial benefits it was to bring. These he enjoyed in an unusual degree. He was knighted by Henry VIII., and on the suppression of the monasteries, which was the great work of his namesake, received enormous grants of church lands. Among other prizes which fell to his share he obtained the estate and nunnery of Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, and here his son, Sir Henry, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, built the present mansion. Sir Henry, called for his riches and liberality the 'Golden Knight,' died in 1603, and Oliver, the uncle after whom the Protector was named, became

became Lord of Hinchinbrook. The year in which he inherited his estate was the same in which James I. succeeded to the English crown, and the King was his guest for two days during the royal progress from Scotland to London. The entertainment was reported to be the most sumptuous which a subject had ever given to his sovereign, and even if the new monarch had been as sparing as he was lavish of his honours, he could not have left the hospitable roof without bidding his host rise up Sir Oliver.

In addition to Sir Oliver the 'Golden Knight' left five sons and five daughters. It is a singular circumstance that from his children should have sprung the two most famous leaders in the Great Rebellion, for his second daughter was the mother of Hampden, as his second son, Robert, was the father of the Protector. Another curious circumstance is that Robert married a widow, Mrs. Lynne, whose maiden name was Steward, and who came of the royal race. The fact is now established beyond question that Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell were distant cousins. The Protector certainly did not exaggerate his descent when he said, in a speech to his first Parliament, 'I was by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity.'

Robert Cromwell settled at Huntingdon, where he had an estate and a brewery. The first, which is computed by Mr. Carlyle to have been equivalent to a thousand a year at the present day, he farmed himself, and the second is reported to have been managed by his wife. Oliver, their fifth child, and the only one of their sons who lived to manhood, was born April 25th, 1599. He was educated at the grammar-school of Huntingdon by Dr. Beard, the author of the 'Theatre of God's Judgments.' The traditions of his boyhood are at best of uncertain truth, and of as little importance. He is alleged to have been forward in robbing orchards and dovecots, and to have loved practical jokes. Unless his character changed greatly in after years he was undoubtedly a lad of spirit, and, being possessed of unbounded daring, was likely to have played whatever pranks are usual among boys. On the 23rd of April, 1616, when he was seventeen years of age, he was entered at Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. His father died in June, 1617, and Oliver, now his own master, left the University. The royalists who wrote of him after his death asserted that while he remained he neglected study for foot-ball, quarter-staff, and drinking. Either at school, however, or afterwards, he acquired sufficient Latin to speak it during his Protectorship to foreign ambassadors. This he did, Burnet says, 'very viciously and scantily;' but to have retained the art at all at the close of a life which had  
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been spent like his he must have made respectable progress in his youth. His letters and speeches preclude the idea of greater proficiency. No man who was deeply versed in any description of literature could have written such barbarous and inaccurate English.

Shortly after he withdrew from Cambridge he went to London to study the law, but continued idle and dissipated. Without attaching too much weight to particular incidents, there is no reason for rejecting the general testimony that he was, what Baxter calls him, 'a prodigal in his youth.' In this he resembled his celebrated cousin Hampden, who, according to Clarendon, 'had, from a life of great pleasure and licence, on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness.' Oliver's wild oats were quickly sown, if his marriage on the 22nd of August, 1620, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Felsted, in Essex, may be considered as an evidence of his reformation. The wedding took place in London, at St. Giles's church, Cripplegate, and the young couple went to live at Huntingdon. The ordinary occupations of Cromwell were now the management of his farm and brewery, but he made himself of such importance in public affairs that his townsmen elected him to represent them in the memorable Parliament of Charles I. which was summoned in 1628.

The two previous parliaments which Charles had assembled since his accession to the throne in 1625 had been hastily dissolved. The object of the King was to get money; the object of the Commons to obtain a redress of grievances. They made compliance with their demands the condition of voting the supplies, and Charles, rather than consent to these terms, impatiently dismissed them. Deprived of the usual subsidies, he attempted to fill his exchequer by forced loans, and met with indifferent success. For the third time he was compelled to have recourse to the representatives of the nation, who, conscious of his necessities and their own power, took their stand upon their old ground. They drew up the famous 'Petition of Right,' of which the first clause declared all loans and taxes not sanctioned by Parliament to be contrary to law. The King, compelled to forego the promised supplies, or to sanction a bill which would tie his hands for the future, substituted an evasive reply for the invariable form in which the sovereign gives assent to Acts of Parliament. The resolute Commons were preparing a fresh remonstrance, when on the 4th of June they received a message from his Majesty, that, as he intended to terminate the session in a week, 'they must husband time, and despatch old business without entertaining new.' The Commons persevering in

in the new business as the surest means of concluding the old, the message was repeated next day, with the addition that they were 'not to cast aspersions on any minister of the state.' A scene ensued which paints vividly the intense excitement produced by the contest. Sir Robert Philips rose, 'and mingled his words with weeping.' Pym followed, and 'did the like.' Sir Edward Coke, the oracle of the law, who was now in his seventy-ninth year, and who is better known to us by his inhumanity than his tenderness, endeavoured to deliver his sentiments, 'and was forced to sit down by the abundance of his tears.' The Speaker had occasion to interpose, and he, too, wept. The House resolved itself into a committee, and the old patriarch of the law, whose voice had been choked with emotion, had by this time recovered sufficient composure to give utterance to the thought which was in every man's mind. He did not know, he said, whether he should ever again speak in that place, and he would now do it freely,—'The author of all their miseries was the Duke of Buckingham.' This was the dreaded aspersion which the King had endeavoured to prevent; but the House answered to the bold avowal of Sir Edward Coke by a joyful acclamation; and 'as, when one good hound,' wrote Thomas Alured, the member for Malton, 'recovers the scent, the rest come in with full cry, so we pursued it.' The Speaker, relieved of his functions by the Chairman of the Committee, had gone straight to the King to inform him of what was passing. He was absent three hours, and returned at the moment that it was being put to the vote, that the 'Duke of Buckingham shall be instanced to be the chief and principal cause of all the evils.' He brought an order for the adjournment of the House till the following morning, which the Commons obeyed; but on the ensuing day the hounds were not to be diverted from the scent, and Charles, dreading lest they should run down his favourite, gave, a day or two afterwards, an unconditional assent to the 'Petition of Right.' The Commons received it with a rapture of applause, and the rejoicings extended through the land. Still the hounds kept to the scent, and the House ended by presenting a remonstrance to the King, in which they charged the grievances of the nation upon Buckingham, and urged his dismissal. Charles replied by proroguing the Parliament.

The custom-house duties, or, as they were then called, tonnage and poundage, had since the time of Henry VI. been granted to successive sovereigns for life. The Commons in the first parliament of Charles I. voted them only for a year, and the Lords, who wished to adhere to precedent, threw out the bill. The King, amid much resistance and discontent, had continued to levy

levy them since, without authority ; and it was in the hope of obtaining the usual grant that he re-assembled in January, 1629, the Parliament he had prorogued in the previous June. The knife of the assassin had removed one great cause of dissension in the interval. In August the Duke of Buckingham had been murdered by Felton. But the settled opinions of the King himself were at variance with those of the representatives of the people ; and the moment they came into contact the suspended struggle re-commenced. Charles urged the prosecution of the Act for tonnage and poundage ; the Commons persisted in giving the priority to grievances. In particular, they commenced a rigid inquisition into ecclesiastical abuses, and this was the subject on which the voice of Cromwell was first heard in Parliament.

From the time of the Reformation there had been a party growing up who conceived that the changes in the Church had gone too far, and a much larger party who held that they had not been carried far enough. With the views of the extreme portion of the former class we have become familiar, through their revival in the ultra-tractarians of our own day.

‘It seemed their work,’ said Lord Falkland, speaking of certain bishops, in a speech delivered in 1641, ‘was to try how much of a papist might be brought in without popery. To go yet farther, some of them have so industriously laboured to deduce themselves from Rome, that they have given great suspicion that in gratitude they desire to return thither, or at least to meet it half way ; some have evidently laboured to bring in an English though not a Roman popery. I mean not only the outside and dress of it, but equally absolute ; a blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves ; and have opposed the papacy beyond the seas, that they might settle one beyond the water. [The allusion was to Lambeth, on the opposite bank of the Thames.] Nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false, if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and be so absolutely, directly, and cordially papists, that it is all that 1500*l.* a-year can do to keep them from confessing it.’

The Nonconformists, who abhorred everything which by possibility could be denominated popish, had long laboured to effect innovations of their own. A few desired to abolish episcopacy, some to curtail the size of the dioceses, and diminish the dignity of the bishops. Many would only join in extempore prayers, and others who admitted the lawfulness of prescribed forms objected to much which was contained in the liturgy. Vehement opposition was raised against the surplice, as a remnant of popish apparel ; against kneeling at the Lord’s Supper, lest it should be interpreted

interpreted into idolatry of the bread and wine; against the making the mark of the cross in baptism, as the introduction of an additional visible sign; and against the employment of the ring in marriage as the external symbol among the Romanists of their pretended sacrament. The essence of all these arguments was, that things which had been perverted to evil purposes before the Reformation should be entirely extirpated, instead of being restored to their legitimate ends. The real rallying-point with the Nonconformists was their common hostility to existing usages; for they were a heterogeneous band, who differed widely among themselves, as became apparent enough when they afterwards got the power into their own hands. Between the two extreme parties—the one desiring to return backwards in the direction of Rome, the other to sweep away what the reformers had retained—was the great body of the Church of England, whose sole desire was to walk the middle path in piety and peace. Their voices were not loud in proportion to their intelligence and numbers. The greatest activity is usually found among innovators; and while the sects who assailed the establishment from above and below were attacking each other, its adherents remained comparatively passive in the conflict.

It is not known in what year, or by what gradations, Cromwell became a religious man. He finally joined the straitest sect of the Puritans, an appellation applied at random to pious persons of various opinions. Those who share the vulgar notion that they were a company of hypocrites can have little acquaintance with their lives and writings, or with the earnest Christians who have adopted in our own generation the same phraseology. Different dispositions have different methods of displaying their convictions; and while to some the habitual use of Scripture language on the commonest occasions sounds pretentious and irreverent, to others the eschewing it seems worldly and lukewarm. There were, indeed, many among them who were puffed up with pharisaical pride; many whose self-assumed saintship consisted in adopting the jargon of a sect; many who affected a superiority of holiness to veil evil habits; many who were presumptuous, ignorant, and factious; but many also were humble, self-denying, and fervent; and it is by their true men, and not by their traitors, that parties must be judged. That some one else is a hypocrite can be no discredit to him who is sincere. Cromwell himself, we firmly believe, was honest at the outset. It is true he would never have been Protector if he had not first been a Puritan. Religion was the lever by which he raised himself to his lofty eminence; but not even his sagacity could have foreseen the consequences during the early years that he was



united to a body oppressed by the government, and mostly ridiculed by the people. The wave of puritanism, broken to pieces by the rock against which it beat, was the last which he could hope would bear him to power. The natural supposition that the change was the result of conviction is strengthened by the fact which was related to Sir Philip Warwick by Dr. Simcott, Cromwell's physician, that he was long hypochondriacal, had fancies about the cross in the market-place of Huntingdon, and often sent for him at midnight, in the persuasion that he was dying. This is not the state of mind in which a man becomes a dark, designing knave, but is as favourable to genuine as it is hostile to counterfeited religion. His practice corresponded with his professions. He announced that he would make restitution to any person he had wronged, and is said to have refunded considerable sums which he had formerly won by unfair play.

Though many who resisted civil cared little for what were called religious grievances, the support of the Nonconformists was too important to be neglected, and the Commons voted that 'the main end' of a declaration lately put forth by the King on the interpretation of the thirty-nine articles 'was to suppress the Puritan party, and to give liberty to the contrary side.' There was the additional motive for scrutinising ecclesiastical proceedings that some of the clergy had begun to preach up the absolute power of the sovereign and his inherent right to tax his subjects. In the previous session the Commons prosecuted Dr. Mainwaring, one of the royal chaplains, for maintaining these doctrines, and he was condemned by the upper legislature, before whom the case was carried, to pay a fine of a thousand pounds, to be imprisoned at the pleasure of Parliament, to be suspended from the ministry for three years, to be incapacitated from ever becoming a dignitary of the church, and to make submission in both Houses. In the short Parliament of 1640 Pym recalled the circumstance, and said that, 'when he saw him at that bar, in the most humble and dejected posture that ever he observed, he thought he would not so soon have leapt into a bishop's chair.' The bishopric at which he had then arrived was that of Chester, and in the brief interval between the session in which he was convicted and that which was now assembled, he had already risen a step in his upward career, and been appointed to the rectory of Stamford-Rivers. It was to complain of this promotion and of the Romanising tendencies of Protestant clergymen that Cromwell addressed the 'Committee of Religion' on the 11th of February, 1629. 'He had heard, by relation from one Dr. Beard, that Dr. Alabaster had preached flat popery at Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester

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(Dr. Neile) had commanded him, as his diocesan, he should preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was, by the same bishop's means, preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to church-preferment, what are we to expect?' Cromwell knew something more of 'one Dr. Beard' than his mode of citing him would imply, for he was his Huntingdon schoolmaster. An order was issued for him to appear and 'testify against the bishop,' but before the vengeance of the Commons could overtake Dr. Neile they had ceased to be a Parliament.

On the 2nd of March Sir John Eliot proposed a remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without the consent of the legislature. The Speaker, who had received the command of the King to adjourn the House, rose from his chair. This was the signal for a more agitating scene than that which had been witnessed in the last session. Hollis and Valentine pulled him back; the supporters of the Court attempted to rescue him, but the strong gripe of the popular party retained him, struggling and weeping, in his seat. Hollis proceeded to discharge his office for him, and put three resolutions to the vote, in which it was affirmed that the abettors of Popery, the advisers who upheld the Crown in exacting tonnage and poundage, and the merchants who paid it, were enemies of their country. Some of the leaders had taken the precaution to lock the door, and two messengers from the King who arrived in succession were unable to get in. Just as he had ordered the captain of the guard to break open the door, the excited members rushed forth in confusion. They had carried the resolutions of Hollis amid thunders of applause, and immediately dispersed. Convinced by repeated experiments that no House of Commons could be brought to vote supplies without exercising their political rights, and being equally resolute on his part not to submit to their demands, the King determined to dispense with parliaments.

For nearly twelve years Charles succeeded in his fatal attempt. It was impossible that he could set aside two estates of the realm who had hitherto shared the legislative power with the Crown, and not be driven to sanction acts which were beyond his jurisdiction. Money was a daily want, and the law forbade him to tax his subjects. The Court of Exchequer had decided, in the reign of James I., that the King had authority to levy custom-house duties. Succeeding Parliaments had denied the power; but as no Bill had been passed to settle the dispute, and as the Petition of Right only professed to confirm existing statutes, Charles continued to enforce the payment, and even increased the rates. The

difficulty was to supply the deficiency in the revenue which was caused by the cessation of the usual subsidies voted by Parliament, and which he could not exact without avowedly abrogating the constitution. Many vexatious devices were the result of the attempts to compass the contradictory objects of raising money and of obeying the law, of governing without lords and commons, and of forbearing openly to assume their suspended functions. An exclusive right was granted to companies to deal in a number of commodities, including such necessities of life as salt, soap, beer, and coals. The gain to the King was trivial in comparison with the loss to the people. The purchasers of the monopoly of wine paid him an annual rent of thirty thousand pounds, and the increased price they demanded in consequence amounted to three hundred and sixty thousand pounds a year. With this security from competition the goods became bad as well as dear; hundreds were excluded from entering into trade, and the prosecutions for infringing the privileges of the companies were an endless source of oppression. The royal forests, once of enormous extent, had been largely alienated by grants, or gradually absorbed into the neighbouring estates. Every one who was unable to prove his title was held to be a trespasser, and property was seized of which the owners had enjoyed undisturbed possession for three or four hundred years. The boundaries of Rockingham Forest alone were enlarged by such means from six miles to sixty. Lord Southampton was fined twenty thousand pounds, and Lord Westmoreland nineteen thousand, for their offence in encroaching upon the royal domains. Others were condemned to pay smaller sums, and many, to stop a ruinous prosecution, redeemed their land by a private composition. Most of the expedients to which the King had recourse were equally objectionable. They engendered hatred in the minds of the sufferers, and every year he reigned, in adding to the number of injured persons, swelled the ranks of his enemies. Yet, as the revival of obsolete or pretended rights had hitherto affected individuals alone, and as the taxation of the public through monopolies was indirect, it might have been long before the angry elements which were gathering together would have been sufficiently extensive to produce a storm if the innovation of ship-money had not brought the evil home to the whole of the kingdom. It was not denied that in early times seaports had been required in dangerous emergencies to furnish vessels for the service of the Crown, and the maritime and occasionally more inland counties had contributed to the cost. In reviving this practice in 1634, Charles departed from precedent by demanding money instead of ships. This change of itself was liable to abuse; but when immediately afterwards he

he extended the assessment, without any sort of warrant, to the entire country, it was evident that, under the name of ship-money, he was introducing a novel and permanent system of arbitrary taxation. It was he who fixed the sum to be raised, and by the gradual increase of the levies might fill his coffers at pleasure. Strafford hailed with delight an encroachment which would 'make the King absolute,' and for the same reason the nation was loud in its murmurs. Charles obtained the private opinion of ten judges out of twelve in favour of the legality of his measure, and hoped by promulgating their decision to silence opposition. The clamour continued, and Hampden, in 1637, pressed the case to a public hearing. Eight judges, in the following year, pronounced for the Crown, 'but upon such reasons,' adds Clarendon, 'as every stander-by was able to swear was not law.' The triumph of a system is often the cause of its downfall. People are roused to opposition by the extremity of the danger, and the last step has frequently cost rulers far more than the first. Men who paid ship-money reluctantly while they believed it to be an exceptional and unauthorised demand, redoubled their indignation when a servile bench, 'by a logic,' says Clarendon, 'that left no man anything which he might call his own,' had solemnly determined that it was a legitimate exercise of the rights of the sovereign. Yet the system while it lasted was favourable to the material prosperity of the country. As pecuniary impositions by royal authority alone, required to be cautiously introduced, peace and economy became essential to the crown. Trade flourished, wealth increased, and taxes were light.

The religious ferment kept pace with the civil. Judge Whitelock, who was one of his intimates, had early predicted that 'if Bishop Laud went on in his way he would kindle a flame in the nation.' In 1633 he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, at a time when, according to Clarendon, the people were 'little inclined to the Papists, and less to the Puritans.' The new metropolitan, who was also in reality the prime minister of Charles I., soon roused up slumbering opposition. He was an able and upright man, but hot in his temper, harsh to his opponents and possessed of a defect which is fatal in the governor of a kingdom, especially at a moment when the country, alarmed for its liberties, was scrutinising with jealousy the acts of authority. This defect was the belief that he was entitled to compel the nation to bend to his private convictions; that no deference was to be shown, no concessions to be made, to general opinion. The worst despots can only maintain their rule by adapting it in many things to the sentiments of their subjects. Laud's capital maxim, as it is expressed in his letters to Strafford, 'was to go thorough and thorough.'

thorough.' Acting with undoubted honesty of purpose upon this overweening and impracticable principle, he lost no time in enforcing his former measures and in promulgating new. While Bishop of London he had adopted in the consecration of churches a number of ceremonies which were framed upon the Roman Catholic model, and were entirely alien to the simplicity of Protestant worship. He now ordered that the Communion-table, which stood unenclosed in the middle of the chancel, should be removed to the wall at the extreme east, be protected from profanation by rails, and have its ends turned north and south instead of the sides. This new arrangement, which has ultimately prevailed, was the mode of placing the altar in the Roman Catholic Church, and was said to be borrowed from primitive times. He revived the name as well as the fashion, and made obeisances on approaching it. There was nothing which that generation held in greater aversion than Popery. A panic already existed on the subject, and the notion became prevalent that the bowing to the Communion-table and the change of its name and position were intended to favour the doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass. Resistance rose up on every side: excommunications, quarrels, and lawsuits ensued, and disaffection spread to places where it was unknown before. The suspicion that Laud was altogether a Roman Catholic in his heart had no foundation, but he was innovating upon the usages of the Church of England, and many of his followers went further than himself. Montague, Bishop of Chichester, told Panzani, the emissary of the Pope, that transubstantiation was the single tenet of Romanism to which he could not subscribe; and the Bishop of Gloucester, Goodman—in those days called Badman—was an actual convert. Several of the clergy taught doctrines which had been abjured at the Reformation, and, except for the stringent laws against Papists, would certainly have joined them like the Newmans and Mannings of our own time. The views of which we have witnessed the beginnings and the consequences were identical with those which were fostered or countenanced in the reign of Charles I., and it must now be evident that his Protestant subjects had good grounds for their alarm. The daughter of the Duke of Devonshire was won over by the priests, and Laud asked her the reasons for her change. 'I perceive,' she replied, 'that your Grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and therefore, to prevent going in a crowd, I have gone before you.'

To these indications on the part of a section of the clergy was added the forbearance shown by the government to popish recusants. Few persons then understood toleration. Unless a tenet was

was favoured from sympathy, it was not endured from respect to the rights of conscience. If the fact was not proved by a thousand circumstances, it would be sufficient to remark that a liberty was allowed to Roman Catholics which was denied to Nonconformists. Dr. Bastwick was prosecuted and severely punished for a treatise against episcopacy, while Laud permitted a book in defence of Romanism to be dedicated to himself. 'While mass,' exclaimed Lord Falkland, 'has been said in security, a conventicle has been a crime.' When, therefore, the laws against the Papists were suffered to sleep, or were only put in force, as they themselves boasted, to screen the King from puritanical reproaches; when the obnoxious soap-monopoly was chiefly in their hands, and the commercial league was suspected to have been framed for ulterior ends; when from 1634 a series of envoys from the Pope were received at court, and resided constantly at London; and when two ministers of state, Cottington and Windebank, were secretly of the Catholic persuasion, and could not help favouring openly what they followed by stealth, it is no wonder that the apprehensions of the people were excited, and that the tardy preaching of Laud himself against Romanism was insufficient to allay their fears. Charles was not a convert any more than the primate. Much of the mischief resulted from the influence of the priests with the Queen, and of the Queen with her husband, but the nation was not in a position to distinguish between connivance and conviction, nor could any one feel confident where the influence would end.

The attempt to raise the power of the clergy to something of the same dominion which prevailed in the papal scheme, swelled the discontent. Acts which required the concurrence of the Crown were done by ecclesiastical authority alone, and Charles, who denied the Parliament its ancient privileges, was willing to relinquish his lawful supremacy in favour of the Church. The apparent intention was to emancipate it from the control of the state. Yet Laud did not the less desire to promote the ministers of religion to the offices of the laity. Having obtained for Bishop Juxon, in 1636, the appointment of Lord Treasurer, he wrote triumphantly in his journal, 'No churchman had it since Henry VII., and now, if the Church will not hold themselves up under God, I can do no more.' He did not see that to hold themselves up by grasping secular preferment was the surest way to sink in the esteem of the public. Their exaltation was to be sought in the diligent discharge of their proper functions, and the usurpation of honours which had no relation to their profession only brought upon them the suspicion of worldliness and the hatred of the other orders in the state. The notion was an anachronism, and

and showed that Laud was governed by the rigid ideas he had borrowed from past times, and had no capacity for comprehending the requirements of the dissimilar age in which he lived. The persons who laboured to stretch the boundaries of ecclesiastical authority dwelt little upon the saving doctrines of the Gospel. 'The chief subjects of their sermons,' says Lord Falkland, 'were the *jus divinum* of bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of puritanism, the building up of the prerogative.' They constituted merely a party in the Church, but seemed to represent it because their leaders stood round the throne and had the ear of the King, while less aspiring men continued to fulfil their duties in quietness. By the testimony of Lord Falkland the more moderate bishops 'were neither proud nor ambitious; their lives were untouched, not only by guilt but by malice.'

There was nothing which Laud had more at heart than the repression of nonconformity, and he committed errors in the attempt which proved grievously injurious both to Church and State, to his sovereign and to himself. The worst legacy which had been left us from Roman Catholic times was the ignorance of the priesthood. The evil had not yet been entirely repaired, and numerous livings were still held by uneducated men. A considerable body of these persons never preached at all, and few of them in the afternoon; but they allowed their pulpits to be occupied by nonconformists, whose objections to the liturgy, the surplice, and the ceremonies prevented them from reading prayers or from accepting a cure. Many even of the more competent clergy availed themselves of the services of assistants whose piety they admired without sharing their scruples. It is obvious, however, that if dissenters from the ritual were allowed to preach they might use the establishment for the purpose of undermining it; and had Laud, as in the case of the week-day sermons, which had been founded under the name of lectures, required that the road to the pulpit should be through the reading-desk, no valid objection could have been made. In an evil hour he prohibited the afternoon sermon altogether, and insisted instead that the children should be questioned in the words of the Church Catechism, without alteration or comment. Devout Christians, who conformed in every particular, were indignant at a regulation which seemed wantonly to debar them of a religious privilege. A second step, more fatal than the first, completed the dissatisfaction of the stricter part of the community with the Government. James I. had published a declaration, called the 'Book of Sports,' which was to be read in churches, permitting all who had attended divine service

service to indulge in May-games, dances, and revels on the Sunday. The permission was accepted by the people, but the reading of the declaration was not enforced upon the clergy. The licence gave rise to drunkenness, quarrels, and profanation; and, in 1632, the judges on the western circuit, at the request of the justices, prohibited the continuance of these disorderly entertainments. The King was angry at the interference, and renewed his father's declaration. The clergy were required to publish it to their congregations during divine service, and those who refused were suspended. Baxter relates that the dancers, at the place where he lived, used to come into church in their antic-dresses, with morrice-bells jingling at their legs. His father could hardly read his Bible or pray with his family for the noise of the pipe and tabor and the shoutings of the crowd. Such indecorums were peculiarly offensive to the puritans; but to deprive the ministers of religion of their cures for not inviting their parishioners, in the very house of God, to desecrate the Sabbath, shocked thousands of the laity who were far removed from a puritanical bias. Thirty refractory incumbents were ejected in the diocese of Norwich alone; others read the fourth commandment along with the declaration of the King, repeating after the first, 'This is the injunction of God,' and after the second, 'This is the injunction of man;' others, more timid, allowed their curates to obey an order from which they shrunk themselves. Numbers of the sufferers were thorough adherents of the establishment, and it proved less a question, in the issue, between orthodoxy and nonconformity than between devotion and laxity. The disastrous consequences to the Church and the throne will be seen when we come to the outbreak of the civil war.

The deprived ministers were not suffered to have places of worship of their own; no book which advocated their opinions could be printed at home or imported from abroad; and when Baxter in 1636 wished to study the arguments of the nonconformists, he was long unable to buy or borrow a single one of their treatises. Denied toleration in England, the puritans fled for freedom to America. An order in council was published in 1637 to forbid them this refuge. No layman was to embark without a certificate of conformity from his minister—no clergyman without a testimonial from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. The reason assigned in the proclamation was, that they transported themselves to the plantations to escape from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and 'took liberty to nourish their factious and schismatical humours' in those remote wilds. Laud could never understand that there was the



the slightest tyranny in first oppressing men and then forbidding them to fly from the oppression. When he was accused at his trial of having said of a nonconformist, who had emigrated to America, that his arm should reach him there, he replied that he could not see any harm in the speech, 'for there was no reason why the plantations should secure offenders against the Church of England from the edge of the law.'\* He believed that his duty was to prohibit what he did not approve, and to force the conscience of every man to the model of his own. In the same spirit he withdrew the privileges which had been granted to the foreign refugees, and insisted that those who were born in England should attend the parish church. Nothing is more revolting to the feelings of parents than to be forbidden to train up their children in their own persuasion. Several of the Dutch and Walloon congregations were dissolved rather than submit to these terms, and three thousand manufacturers in the single diocese of Norwich left the kingdom.

All the violence which was practised fell short of the wishes of Laud. He complained 'that the church was so bound up in the forms of the common law, that it was not possible for him to do the good he would.' 'Thorough and thorough,' he wrote to Strafford, congratulating him on his success in Ireland: 'Oh! that I were where I might go so to!' But whatever might be the hindrances which arose in England from the law, Charles set aside the ordinary courts to the utmost of his power. Arbitrary measures could only be enforced by arbitrary tribunals. He enlarged the jurisdiction of the Star-Chamber, in which the privy-councillors were the judges. Not only were they persons in the interests of the crown, but they were in reality the same body under different names. As a council, says Lord Clarendon, they put forth illegal proclamations, and as a judicial tribunal they maintained them with fine and imprisonment. Every case which, by a forced construction, could be reckoned among the ill-defined offences that precedent had assigned to the decision of the Star-Chamber was brought before it. The judgments showed how often calm justice had been superseded by passion. It was here that Bishop Williams, on a slight pretence, was condemned to be imprisoned during the royal pleasure and to pay a fine of 10,000*l.*; it was here that the same prelate was mulcted in a further fine of 5000*l.* to the King and 3000*l.* to Laud, because, when his papers

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\* It forms no part of our subject to follow the puritans across the Atlantic, but lest any one should suppose that they were less intolerant than their opponents, it may be as well to mention that they set up a tyranny of their own in America infinitely more cruel and intrusive than the system from which they fled with indignation.

were seized, two letters were found from one Osbaldeston, a schoolmaster, informing his patron that there were quarrels and jealousies between the treasurer Portland, whom he designates as the 'Leviathan,' and the Primate, whom he calls a 'little urchin' and 'a meddling hocus-pocus.' It was here, again, that Leighton, a clergyman, for coarse invectives against prelacy and prelates, received the sentence by which he was severely whipped in public, was put in the pillory, had one ear cut off, one side of his nose slit, and one cheek branded with the letters S.S. to denote that he was a sower of sedition. 'On that day week,' says Laud, who instigated the prosecution, 'the sores upon his back, ear, nose, and face being not cured, he was whipped again at the pillory, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of his nose, and branding the other cheek.' He was, in addition, degraded from his ministry, fined 10,000*l.*, and ordered to be retained in confinement for life. It was in the Star-Chamber, again, that the barrister Prynne, for asserting the immorality of players and dancers, was directed to be put out of his profession, to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, to have an ear cut off on each occasion, to pay 5000*l.*, and be kept in gaol for the remainder of his days. It was here for a libel on the prelates, which was written in his confinement, that he was ordered to pay another 5000*l.*, and lose the stumps of his ears, which the lords on his trial were 'displeased to find had been formerly no more cut off.' On this occasion he had two companions in his misfortune, Bastwick, a physician, and Burton, a divine. The executioner took care not to merit a second reproof, and pared the ears of the latter so close that he wounded one of the arteries in his head. Both these new offenders were condemned, like Prynne, to perpetual imprisonment and to forfeit 5000*l.* a piece. They had all been guilty of scurrilous language, but the frightful disproportion between the punishment and the offence reversed the sentiments which attend upon an upright administration of the law. The sympathy was with the criminals, the indignation was against their judges. What increased the dissatisfaction was the belief that the pecuniary penalties were inflicted less to satisfy justice, than to fill an empty exchequer. A gentleman was fined 10,000*l.* for marrying his niece; another, for calling the Earl of Suffolk a base lord, had to pay 8000*l.*, half to the Earl and half to the Crown; and Sir Anthony Cooper had to atone for the offence of converting arable land into pasture by disbursing 4000*l.*

The High Commission Court, founded by Elizabeth, was another fruitful source of oppression. It was a mixed assembly of

of bishops, privy-councillors, inferior clergy, and civilians, who took cognizance of offences against doctrine or morality. The modes of procedure were inquisitorial; the punishments were penance, excommunication, fines, imprisonment and deprivation. None of its rigours were spared during the supremacy of Laud, and, with his active endeavours to produce uniformity of religion, there was hardly any check to its comprehensive jurisdiction, except what arose out of the watchful jealousy of the common-law judges. Their directions to the court to stay proceedings in numerous cases where it exceeded its dangerous powers were a great annoyance to Laud. 'I will break the back,' he said, 'of prohibitions, or they shall break mine.' He felt so strongly on the point, that he asserted in a sermon that those who granted prohibitions to the disturbance of the right of the Church would be prohibited by God from entering into the kingdom of heaven. Several persons were imprisoned under the plea that they had delivered these offensive documents 'in an unmannerly way, throwing them on the table, or handing them over the heads of others on a stick.' Sometimes the commissioners obeyed the injunctions of the judges, and sometimes disregarded them. They had more reason to be thankful than indignant at the restraint; for if any truth be especially apparent in the history of these irregular tribunals, it is, that an arbitrary ruler should in very selfishness respect the rights and maintain the independence of the courts of justice, since they alone can save him and his adherents from the suicidal effects of their passing passions.

There were few of the acts of Charles which had not a foundation in precedent or law, but some had been long in abeyance; some had never been pushed so far, or employed so often; others had been protested against in former reigns, or were dubious at best. His peculiarity was to gather together all the doctrines which favoured the prerogative, and combine them into a settled system of government. Exerting his authority alike in church and state, every power was set in motion at once, while the suspension of parliaments took away from the country the expectation of relief. This extension of the monarchical element coming into contact with a growing spirit of liberty, could not fail to provoke excessive irritation. 'There is a time,' said Burke, speaking of Charles and his policy, 'when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse.' But whatever may have been his want of political wisdom it must be admitted to be some apology for many parts of his conduct, that he was either exercising hereditary powers, or was tempted to encroach on the rights of his opponents to maintain his own.

Discontent

Discontent was rapidly spreading in England, but it was in Scotland that the outbreak began. Charles had made gradual approaches towards bringing the presbyterian into harmony with the episcopal church, and in July, 1637, a few months before the hearing of the great Hampden case respecting ship-money, he ventured to order that a liturgy, specially prepared for the occasion, should be substituted for extempore prayers on the other side of the Tweed. No sooner did the Dean of the High Church at Edinburgh open the obnoxious book than an uproar arose. One Jenny Geddes took up the stool on which she sat, and flung it at his head, saying, 'Out, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug.\*' Her example was followed, and the Dean, unable to brave the storm of stools and clasp-bibles, gave way to the bishop. The prelate was greeted with a similar shower of missiles; and, when the church at last was cleared of the rioters, the people from without broke the windows, and exclaimed, 'A pape, a pape! antichrist! stane him! pull him down!' The whole land sympathised with the tumult. The opposition continued to gather consistency, till, in March, 1638, the nation at large took the celebrated Covenant, in which, after reciting their faith and discipline, they bound themselves, in the name of God, to stand to the defence of their sovereign, laws, liberties, and religion, and to hold every act done against each of the subscribers as an offence against all. Attempts were made at a reconciliation, but the King was determined not to yield, and the people not to submit. What concessions Charles offered were only granted to gain time; and the Covenanters, having got information of his secret designs, both parties prepared for war.

The recourse of the King to arms was unpopular in England. It was no longer, as in former times, a contest between rival nations, but a trial of strength between the sovereign and his subjects. Though the majority of the English had not the slightest sympathy with the religious views of the Scotch, they were too impatient of their own burthens not to sympathise with the resistance. Many went further, and secretly assisted the Covenanters, who were diligent in their solicitations to such as were known to have been aggrieved. The presbyterian Nonconformists were above all delighted to aid their brethren beyond the border. As the difference was ecclesiastical, Charles called upon the orthodox clergy to be liberal in their subscriptions, which, joined to the assistance of the Catholics and that of his imme-

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\* This familiar Scotch term for 'ear' was then used in England in serious discourse. 'Was there a man that durst mutter against the insolences of the prelates,' said Lord George Digby, in a speech in the House of Commons, 'let him inquire for his lugs.'

diate adherents, enabled him to fit out a powerful army. The soldiers committed numerous robberies and murders on their road to the rendezvous at York, which set the people still more against the war. In June, 1639, the King marched to Berwick at the head of his troops, and came within sight of the Covenanters, commanded by Leslie, an experienced general, who had served in Germany under Gustavus Adolphus. Neither party seemed willing to commence the contest. The Scotch were inferior in numbers; and the sullen apathy or ill-concealed connivance of the English may have created misgivings in the mind of Charles. A treaty was proposed and concluded; but as it left the main question to a future settlement, and provided for little more than the mutual disbanding of troops, and the restoration of the places, ships, and persons which had been seized on either side, it was evident that it was rather a truce than a peace. The Scotch, in this conviction, did not perform the conditions. They kept together a part of their forces, and retained in their pay the whole of the officers. After several months spent in fruitless efforts to effect a permanent settlement, Charles had no other alternative than to allow presbyterianism to triumph, or to engage in a second campaign. His advisers were conscious that, by attempting to raise the extraordinary supplies which war required, they would be more likely to rouse a rebellion in England than to obtain the materials for putting down rebellion in Scotland; and they succeeded in persuading him to summon a parliament. It met on the 13th of April, 1640, and Oliver Cromwell sat for the town of Cambridge.

Little is known of his life since he protested, in the session of 1629, against the 'flat popery' of Dr. Alabaster, and the countenance afforded it by Dr. Neile. In 1631 he sold his property at Huntingdon for 1800*l.*, and removed to St. Ives, where he rented a grazing-farm. It has been pretended that he spent a considerable portion of every day in praying with his men, who, finding that their master was absorbed in religion, wasted most of the remaining hours in play. Cromwell was pre-eminently a man of action; agriculture was his regular calling; and it would require much better evidence than exists to render it probable that he commanded a few labourers worse than a regiment, or managed a farm with less ability than a kingdom. He, beyond any one, knew how religion could be rendered serviceable to temporal affairs; and the presumption is that he neglected neither.

In January, 1636, his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, who farmed certain tithes at Ely, died and left the leases to Oliver, who went to reside there. One of his latest acts, before changing

changing his residence, was to write to 'his very loving friend, Mr. Storie,' in London, and entreat that he and some other worthy citizens would continue to pay a gospel-lecturer, whom they had sent to St. Ives. From Ely we have a single letter, dated October, 1638, and addressed to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, which, by its tone and language, sufficiently shows the school of theology to which he belonged :—

'Truly, then, this I find, that God giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is! I live you know where, in Meshec, which they say signifies *prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *blackness*; yet the Lord forsaketh me not. . . . I dare not say He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me! and pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.'

These are the ideas which, in all times, have burst forth from every truly religious man in every denomination; from Pascal, Fenelon, and Bossuet; from Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Tillotson; from Baxter, Howe, and Wesley; but if the voice is that of united Christendom, the words are those of a particular sect; and no disquisition could place Cromwell's puritanical views in a stronger light than this single extract. He continued to talk and write in a similar strain to his dying hour; and whatever human passions may have corrupted his heart, his language remained the same.

An event was at hand which required all the resources of religious consolation. In May, 1639, the eldest of his sons, who survived infancy, died at Felsted in Essex in the nineteenth year of his age. He is described in the register of burials as a youth 'eminently pious,' and his father is designated as *vir honorandus*. Wharton, the vicar who made the entry, must have become intimate with the family at the house of the Bouchiers. He was, like Oliver, a puritan in doctrine, and religious sympathy could have been the sole cause at that early period of so unusual a tribute. Remarkable must have been the piety of Cromwell to produce, contrary to universal custom, the insertion of a panegyric in the parish register. Twenty years afterwards, when his final hour was come, he bid an attendant read some verses, which he specified, from the Epistle to the Philippians: 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and  
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in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' 'This Scripture,' the Protector broke forth, 'did save my life when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart—indeed it did.' His own approaching end brought back to his mind the loss of his favourite child; and he reverted to the passage which had sustained him in the extremest agony of his existence to reconcile himself to his departure from a world he was unwilling to quit. Happy for him if he could have annihilated the gulf which separated his death-bed from that of his son.

During this year of domestic suffering a project was formed for reclaiming, by drainage, the swampy soil of the fens. The King was concerned in it; the people thought their rights of common invaded; Cromwell was their leader, and his determined zeal caused his cousin Hampden to pronounce him 'an active person, and one that would sit well at the mark.' It is thought by some that it was Hampden who recommended him to the electors of Cambridge; by others that the drainage-agitation had brought him into notice; and if the liberal party were on the look-out for a representative who would 'sit well at the mark,' the qualifications of Cromwell, from the proximity of his residence at Ely, could hardly fail to be known to them. The spirit in which he proceeded to discharge his trust may be easily imagined. As a man of property, and the cousin of Hampden, he would be vehement against ship-money; as a Puritan, he would be inflamed against the ecclesiastical government; and these united civil and religious grievances operated upon a disposition which was by nature pertinacious, daring, and enthusiastic. 'If here,' said he, in his letter to Mrs. St. John, 'I may honour my God, either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.'

The House of Commons, true to its traditions, insisted upon giving grievances the precedence of supply. On the 4th of May the King, to win them over, sent a message, promising to abandon ship-money, if they would vote him twelve subsidies (850,000*l.*), to be paid in three years. The majority were disposed to take a middle course, and grant six subsidies, while Hampden and his party, to prevent a compromise, maintained that the question was, whether they should grant twelve or none. A warm debate was going on when two of the Ministers of the Crown, Vane and Herbert, asserted that the King would not take less than the sum he had named. Upon this the House adjourned; and Charles, persuaded that there was no intention to comply, proceeded next morning to dissolve the Parliament, when it was  
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just three weeks old. An hour afterwards, Hyde met St. John, whose countenance was habitually dark and cloudy, and who was rarely seen to smile. He was extraordinarily cheerful now; and observing Hyde melancholy, he asked him what troubled him. The same, Hyde told him, that troubled most good men, the dismissal of a wise parliament in a perilous time. St. John replied, with animation, 'That all was well; that it must be worse before it was better, and that this parliament would never have done what was necessary.' Such, undoubtedly, was the view not only of St. John but of Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym. They, too, in their way, were for 'going thorough,' and the majority of the members were temperate men, who forgot their exasperation at the long suspension of parliaments in the joy that they should have been revived when few had hoped to live to see another. The abuses which had accumulated, both by the lapse of time and the increasing excesses into which power is tempted by impunity, moved them less than the reflection that they would be able to apply a remedy. They knew that the subsidies were asked to repel the Scotch; but hopeful of redress for their own wrongs, they were not unwilling that their rebellious neighbours should be reduced to obedience. The sudden dissolution, when no intemperate language had been used, no violent counsels been accepted, and there was reason to believe that a not illiberal supply would have been granted, changed their feelings and that of the people from reviving loyalty to redoubled indignation. 'From this time,' says Fuller, 'did God begin to gather together the twigs of that rod,—a civil war—wherewith soon after he intended to whip a wanton nation.' 'So general a defection,' wrote Lord Northumberland in June, 'hath not been known in the memory of any.' The fact was that Charles still held unabated the lofty notions of royal prerogative in which he had been trained by his father. He had summoned the great council of the nation with reluctance, at the earnest entreaty of his ministers; and so little did he intend to lower his pretensions that he obtained from them a promise, that if the present House of Commons proved as 'untoward' as its predecessors, they would assist him in 'extraordinary ways.' Immediately after the dissolution, he took care that the entire country should be acquainted with his sentiments, by a declaration he put forth to condemn the proceedings of the ill-affected members, 'as if,' said he, 'kings were bound to give an account of their regal actions, and of their manner of government, to their subjects assembled in parliament.' However pride may have prevailed over policy, Charles must have been sadly ignorant of what was passing around him, to have supposed for



an instant that such high doctrines would acquit him in the eyes of an exasperated kingdom.

The convocation which, according to usage, should have been dissolved with the parliament, continued to sit. The public was not more angry at the dispersion of one assembly than at the retention of the other, and the king was obliged to send a guard to protect the members from the fury of the mob. The people had expected the parliament to loosen their bonds, and they were equally persuaded that the convocation would tighten them. In this they were not deceived. The representatives of the church were kept together to vote a subsidy from the clergy, and to pass some canons devised by Laud. The king's authority was weakened; the Scotch were in arms; the canons required that the full extent of the regal power, and the sin of resistance, should be set forth once a quarter in every church. The nonconformists were encouraged by the successful insurrection of presbyterianism; the canons enacted that redoubled severity should be used towards sectaries. The charge of popery was incessantly urged against the government, and, to remove the stigma, the canons directed that papists should be treated with unwonted rigour. As a further security, the synod framed the notorious *et cætera* oath, 'for preventing innovations in doctrine and government,' and which was intended to uphold the episcopal regimen which the Covenant had renounced. Every clergyman and schoolmaster, all who entered into orders, or took a degree at either university, were to swear that 'they would never consent to alter the government by archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons, *et cætera*, as it stands now established.' Not only the puritanical but multitudes of the orthodox clergy manifested their intention to refuse compliance. To swear under an all-embracing *et cætera* never to consent to the minutest alteration was revolting to both conscience and understanding. 'The peace of the church,' wrote the celebrated Dr. Sanderson to Laud, 'is apparently in danger to be more disquieted by this one occasion than by anything that has happened within our memories.' The king found it necessary to suspend the oath, but the mere attempt to impose it lost him the support of numbers of the 'conformable' clergy. The only result of the convocation was to add, Whitelock says, 'more fuel to the flames already burning.' Laud had no talent for government, or he must have seen that affairs had arrived at a crisis, when to forge fresh fetters would stimulate the resistance they were intended to repress. The threatened persecution of the papists, which alone seemed calculated to win popular favour, was believed to be a feint, and the subsidy, though confined to the clergy, was offensive to the people,

people, since it assisted the king to make war upon the Scotch and dispense with parliaments.

The notion, however, that he could return to 'extraordinary ways' was a grievous delusion. The system which served for quiet times could not support the slightest additional pressure; and it was because it had already broken down that his council had prevailed on him to call a parliament. With the people more conscious of their own strength and his weakness, with greater wants than before, and a country less disposed than ever to supply them, he set to work to raise funds and recruit his army. He increased the ship-tax, obtained loans from the royalist gentry, seized the bullion of the foreign merchants at the Mint, and bought pepper upon credit that he might sell it at a loss for ready money. He hoped for aid from the merchants of London, but his former acts had made them his enemies. They could not forget that the inexorable Star-Chamber had deprived them of their plantations in Londonderry for exceeding their patent, and imposed on them a fine of 70,000*l.* in addition to the forfeiture. The Scots on the 20th of August crossed the Tweed, 'with a sword,' says May, 'in one hand, and a petition in the other.' The petition was such as a highwayman presents when, with a pistol at the head of the traveller, he demands his money or his life. Charles had contrived to assemble 20,000 troops, and it was just when his preparations were complete that the full difficulty of his task was disclosed. It then appeared that a large part of his levies were against him. They insisted upon knowing whether their captains were papists, compelled several to take the sacrament in proof of their orthodoxy, and put some of them to death. They declared their intention of not fighting 'to maintain the pride and power of the bishops;' and it was thought by the result that they kept their word. A portion of the royal army was sent to hinder the Scotch from passing the Tyne on the 28th of August; and though a detachment of the cavalry, consisting chiefly of gentlemen, behaved with gallantry, the rest quickly retired. The king, perceiving that defeat was certain, summoned the peers to meet him at York on the 24th of September, and give him their assistance and advice. In the interim he learnt that nothing but a parliament would satisfy his subjects; and his first announcement to the assembled lords was that he had determined to convene one for the 3rd of November. Sixteen peers were deputed to negotiate with the Scotch, who, besides committing innumerable depredations upon individuals, levied a contribution upon the counties of Northumberland and Durham of 5600*l.* a-week. On the 16th of October the Covenanters agreed to a truce of two months, on condition of receiving 850*l.*

a-day for the support of their troops, and being allowed to remain in their present quarters. The English people consented to pay both armies, conceiving that their most dangerous enemy was the king, and that redress of grievances was hopeless if they adopted the only other alternative of uniting heart and hand to drive out the invaders.

The increasing disaffection of the country showed itself at the elections. Few of the court candidates could get returned, and their small band was subsequently reduced by an order of the House of Commons that none of the monopolists should retain their seats. Two, who belonged to the liberal side, were allowed to remain. The members who had sat in the previous parliament came together with altered dispositions. 'The same men,' says Clarendon, 'who six months before were observed to be of very moderate tempers, talked now in another dialect both of things and persons.' They went about with 'a marvellous elated countenance,' plainly perceiving that the time had arrived for the triumph of their principles. Shortly before the House assembled, Pym met Hyde, who was then opposed to the court, and remarked to him that they must go to work in a different spirit from what they had done before; that they had at last an opportunity to make the country happy by tearing up grievances by the root, and that they must not only sweep the floor, but pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the corners above. The power, in short, had passed from the king to the patriots, and it is by the use which they made of it that the popular leaders are to be judged. All men seem virtuous when they are declaiming against the abuses practised by another. The true test of their superiority to the infirmities they denounce is to be found in their conduct when they themselves have got the upper hand, and the Parliamentarians failed to endure the proof.

The first week was spent in appointing committees and receiving petitions. To add to the effect of the latter, several counties sent them up with processions of horsemen. The grievances of individuals were patiently heard, as well as those of the public; for to probe and redress every description of wrong was the pervading thought. Oliver Cromwell, who had been again returned for Cambridge, stood up on the 9th of November, six days after the meeting of parliament, to demand justice for one John Lilburn, who had been pilloried, whipped, and imprisoned. The most vivid description we possess of the manner and appearance of the future Protector is the account which is given of him by Sir Philip Warwick on this subordinate occasion:—

'The first time I ever took notice of him was in the very beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself

self a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good cloaths. I came into the house one morning well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swoln and reddish; his voice sharp and untuneable; and his eloquence full of fervour, for the subject-matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that height, that one would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely confess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for he was very much hearkened unto.'

The 'little band' was, as Mr. Carlyle explains, the linen tippet, which was worn in those days, when the hair was left long, to protect the coat. That Oliver was very 'much hearkened unto,' in spite of his slovenly dress, his plebeian look, his harsh voice, and, what we know must have gone along with them, his diffuse, involved, and tedious language, was due to the 'fervour.' Popular assemblies will always listen, in periods of excitement, to the person who gives the loudest expression to their own passions. As yet the members foresaw none of those troubles which were so soon to arise. They fondly imagined that they were to be the happy means of restoring quiet to the land; and their resentment at the past abuses they were burning to remove was gratified by the impetuosity and exaggerations of Cromwell. Sir Philip Warwick wondered at the attention which was paid to the perplexed declamation of the uncouth orator, simply because 'a courtly young gentleman' could not participate in the feelings which animated the majority of the audience. The powder which falls into a red-hot furnace has a different effect from that which drops upon a cold stone.

Lilburn was released. His master, Prynne, together with Burton and Bastwick, had already been summoned from their respective prisons in the isles of Scilly, Guernsey, and Jersey, where they had been debarred the use of pen and ink, and were not allowed to be visited by relation or friend. Prynne and Burton landed at Southampton, and their journey to London was one continuous triumphal procession. On the 28th of November they entered the city, and were met by thousands of persons wearing rosemary and bay in their hats, and carrying boughs in their hands. The women strewed the streets with flowers and herbs,

herbs, and the air resounded with the joyful acclamations of the crowd. A few days later Bastwick landed at Dover, and the same reception attended him throughout his progress to the capital. There was nothing in the men or their writings to excite this wide-spread enthusiasm. Prynne, by far the most respectable of the three, afterwards confessed that if the king had cut off his head instead of his ears, 'he had done no more than justice, and had done God and the nation good service.' But the delight of the people was in reality at the victory gained over an obnoxious tribunal—a victory which was personified in the liberated prisoners. Before we praise too highly the righteous indignation of the patriots, we must observe their conduct when they, in their turn, became the objects of abuse. Eighteen months afterwards a London tailor was said to have called the 'Earl of Essex, the Earl of Warwick, and the parliament, traitors—to have cursed the parliament, wished the Earl of Warwick's heart in his boots, and King Pym and Sir John Hotham both hanged.' For these ludicrous expressions, which were uttered in conversation, and not circulated in printed treatises, like the virulent invectives of Prynne and his companions, he was summoned to the bar of the House, and sentenced by the Speaker to pay a fine of 100 marks, to stand in the pillory twice, to be whipped the first day from Westminster to the Fleet, and the second day from Cheapside to Bridewell. This was his final destination; for he was to be imprisoned and kept at work there for the rest of his life. The decrees of the Star-Chamber, regard being had to the extent of the offences, were merciful by comparison. To complete the metamorphose, which was reserved for the future, Lilburn, then a lieutenant-colonel in the insurgent army, was thrown into jail for abuse of his former master, Prynne, and both master and man were subsequently imprisoned for their attacks on Cromwell or the parliament.

Several sentences were remitted besides those of Prynne and his confederates. The persons who had had a share in harsh proceedings, for many of them were not illegal, were ordered to be prosecuted, and to pay damages to their victims. In their indiscriminate resentment the Commons committed more injustice than they rectified. The church engaged their special attention. 'Scarce a minister,' says Baxter, 'had been silenced, but it was put into a petition.' On the other hand, the people were invited to bring up complaints against every clergyman who was not to their mind, and if anything appeared against his competency, doctrine, or morals, he was censured, deprived of his preferment, or imprisoned, according to the nature of his offence and the humour of the Commons. The patriots gave them the name

name of 'Scandalous Ministers,' and all who had concurred in the innovations of Laud were included in the opprobrious denomination. 'After a short pleasure,' says May exultingly, 'they were brought to their torment,' while the puritanic nonconformists were restored and encouraged. The same spirit was manifested in the order made by the House in January, 1641, directing commissioners to be sent throughout England 'to remove all images, altars, tables placed altar-wise, crucifixes, superstitious pictures, and other monuments and relics of idolatry.' The Vandal, Sir Robert Harlow, who was entrusted with the execution of the measure, took away numberless exquisite remains of antiquity, and, among the rest, the beautiful crosses at Charing and Cheap, to the lasting injury of art, without the slightest compensation to religion. But what is to be especially noted in the resolution of the Commons is, that they had no more right to carry it into effect by their sole authority than the king had to levy taxes without the consent of parliament. Outrageous against every other power in the state which exceeded its functions, they had already the confidence, in a multiplicity of cases, to transgress their own.

A more conspicuous punishment was designed for the principal agents of the king. The Earl of Strafford was impeached of high treason on the 11th of November; Archbishop Laud on the 18th of December; and Lord-Keeper Finch on the 21st. The Lord-Keeper contrived to escape, and fled to Holland. Secretary Windebank had got away with his head a few days before, and took refuge in France. On the 13th of February, 1641, Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the judges who pronounced ship-money legal, was accused of treason before the Lords, and was taken from the bench in full court, 'which struck,' says Whitelock, 'a great terror in the rest of his brethren, and in all his profession.' The effect was what the patriots designed. They wished the judges to feel that they would be responsible to the country for their decisions as well as to the Crown, and that perversions of law in favour of the prerogative and against the people would not henceforth go unpunished. This was the principle upon which they doubtless proceeded in many of their prosecutions of inferior agents, whose hard fate was to suffer for doing acts which, without incurring an equal penalty, they could not have refused to perform.

In the midst of the rage for chastising and rewarding individuals—which made 'the beginning of this parliament,' to use the language of its historian, May, 'seem a little Doomsday'—the members were not unmindful of general measures. They passed bills declaring ship-money illegal, and enacting that tonnage and poundage

poundage could not be levied without the consent of both Houses. The power over the purses of his subjects was by these statutes for ever lost to the king. In February, 1641, his consent was obtained to another law, of the highest importance—the act for triennial parliaments. If none had been summoned within three years, writs were to be issued by the Chancellor at the expiration of the period; and if he failed to perform the duty, which he was to swear to fulfil, it devolved upon the peers. If the peers neglected to discharge the office, the sheriffs were to act of their own accord; and if the sheriffs were refractory, the people themselves could meet and elect their members. When the parliament had come together, it could not be adjourned or dissolved without its own consent under fifty days. These wise and sober measures deserved and have obtained the gratitude of posterity.

None of the proceedings excited equal interest with the trial of Strafford, which was commenced in Westminster Hall on the 23rd of March. ‘Three whole kingdoms,’ says May, ‘were his accusers, and eagerly sought, in one death, a recompense of all their sufferings.’ His scene of action had been chiefly in Ireland, of which he was the Lord-Lieutenant; but his vast abilities had been called into requisition in England when the recent troubles broke out, and nothing was thought impossible for his great genius to overcome. Charles, as anxious to protect as the patriots to destroy him, consented with this view to introduce into his ministry the leaders of the Opposition,—the Earl of Bedford, Lord Say, Hollis, Hampden, and Pym. Partly from the lukewarmness of the king, who was reluctant to put his affairs into the hands of his enemies, and partly from the backwardness of the parliamentarians to assent to his terms, the negotiation fell to the ground. From that hour the accusers of Strafford pushed on the impeachment with increased virulence; for when an attempt at a compromise has been made and failed, it usually leaves more bitterness than it found. There is no need to assume, as has been sometimes alleged, that the patriots were animated by a passion for place, and that, from disappointment at missing promotion, they were determined to wreak their vengeance on a dreaded rival. Filling the great offices of the state, they could prevent a return to the former policy, and, losing this security, they might fairly, on public grounds, return to the prosecution of the potent enemy whom they believed to be dangerous to the commonwealth. But if they were warranted in bringing to trial, as a warning to future ministers, a man whom they conceived to have been guilty towards his country, the manner in which they conducted the case is one of the

the infamies of history. The witnesses whom Strafford intended to call in his defence were nominally impeached either here or in Ireland, and it is supposed, since the charges were never pressed, with the sole intention of depriving him of their testimony. His papers were seized, and none of them were restored to him, though he considered many of them essential to his cause. The king thoughtlessly released the members of his cabinet from their oath not to reveal what passed in council, which enabled the managers to bring against the prisoner every hasty word they could extract from the memories of his colleagues—a permission which proved of infinite damage to Charles, for no one afterwards would speak with freedom at consultations where advice delivered in privacy and confidence was liable to be converted into a capital crime. The Commons had early appointed a secret committee, which sat constantly to draw up the articles and to collect evidence in support of them; they had all the talent and learning their assembly could supply with which to enforce them; and they imparted to them the authority of the most numerous, the most powerful, and the wealthiest estate in the realm. Strafford, in addition to his other difficulties, stood alone, bowed down with a mortal disease; and, such being the relative advantages of accusers and accused, the picked gentlemen of England, the redressers of wrongs, the indignant denouncers of every arbitrary act which had been committed by anybody under any pretence, positively opposed his having the assistance of counsel, on the plea that it was not allowable in cases of high treason. The more terrible the penalty, the less, according to their doctrine, were to be the means of defence. ‘I have as much right, I suppose,’ said Strafford, ‘to defend my life as any other can have to attack it.’ The disciples of liberty were not of this opinion; they thought that those who attacked it had a right to advantages which, in defiance of the commonest rules of justice, they denied to himself. The Lords, in spite of the resistance of the Commons, decided that the usage was to allow counsel to plead questions of law, but he was denied the aid in the more important department of examining witnesses.

The rest was of a piece with the beginning. The articles exhibited against him were twenty-eight, of which three only were alleged to be treasonable, but the rest, though not treasonable, when taken separately, assumed, it was maintained, that character by accumulation. This was a doctrine new to our jurisprudence, and invented by those who boasted that they were the guardians of the law and the zealous punishers of persons who dared to strain it to purposes of oppression. ‘How,’ asked Strafford,



Strafford, 'can that be treasonable in the lump which is not so in any of the parts?' 'No more,' answered Herne, when he defended Laud, 'than two hundred black rabbits can make a black horse.'

Apart from the charge of levying war against the King, which will come before us presently, the point to be proved by the scattered accusations was that Strafford had engaged in an 'attempt to subvert the fundamental laws of the realm.' The evidence was inadequate to sustain the proposition; but, if it had been established beyond dispute, the Commons were no nearer their end; for a statute of Edward III. defined treason with accuracy; another statute, of the reign of Henry IV., enacted that nothing should be held treasonable unless it was literally comprehended in the bill of Edward, and the charge against Strafford was not in the list. The patriots were not to be baffled. A forced construction had sometimes been put upon the phrases of the act to stretch it beyond its legitimate limits, and the inveterate enemies of arbitrary monarchs determined to imitate their illegal excesses.

The managers, according to Clarendon, 'pressed the evidence with great licence and sharpness of language.' There were two exceptions. 'Glynne and Maynard,' Strafford said, 'used him like advocates, but Palmer and Whitelock used him like gentlemen.' For this courtesy of demeanour Palmer lost his credit with his party, and never recovered it. In spite of violence and injustice, there was one benefit of which the Commons could not divest their prisoner—the use of his own incomparable talents—and this single possession proved more than a counterpoise to all the other inequalities of the contest. As each charge was concluded, he turned round to confer with his secretaries and counsel, which was the only preparation he was allowed, and amid the distracting Babel of tongues which broke forth in these intervals, and the fearful torments of gout and stone, he settled his defence. Nothing could subdue his unconquerable spirit, nothing cloud his penetrating mind. With an infinite readiness which could dispense with reflection—with a singular quickness which overlooked no advantage—with a judgment still more uncommon which committed no mistake—with an eloquence in which none of his contemporaries could pretend to be his rival—with a beauty of action and elocution which were worthy of his language—with a mingled dignity and modesty which seemed happily to reconcile his past elevation and his present downfall—with these qualities, separately rare and almost unparalleled in their combination, he continued day by day to confront his accusers and to baffle their vengeance. Every one was against him at the commencement.

The

The very courtiers disliked him, for his aims went far beyond their petty interests, and his imperious nature was apt to vent itself in contempt towards less gifted men. But now the crowds which thronged Westminster Hall were coming round to his side. 'The success of every day's trial,' says May, 'was the chief discourse in all companies,' and this success was with the Earl. 'Never any man,' wrote Whitelock, who was the chairman of the committee of impeachment, 'acted such a part in such a theatre with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence—with greater reason, judgment, and temper—with a better grace in all his words and gestures—than this great and excellent person did; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity.'

Among the 'excepted few' were the leaders of the prosecution. There is a stoicism of stern justice which is entitled to our respect—the stoicism which made Hale say that when he felt pity for the criminal, he remembered the compassion that was due to the country; but it is not in vain that these emotions of mercy are planted in our breasts, for they are the checks against permitting the faintest wrong to be done to the accused. The step taken by the Commons, when they found that their prisoner had drawn over the opinion of the public and his judges to himself, shows that their rigour was not chastened and kept true by commiseration. Inflexible virtue, struggling with compassion, will be inflexibly equitable, and the prosecutors of Strafford were outrageously unjust. Fearing that they would lose their cause, they asked permission of the Lords, on the 10th of April, to produce fresh evidence on a concluded article. Strafford requested that the same liberty should be granted to him as was allowed to his accusers. The accusers opposed his demand, and the Lords pronounced in his favour. This decision was heard with loud murmurs of disapprobation by the patriots, who could not comprehend the maxim that Strafford 'had as much right to defend his life as any other had to attack it.' A cry of 'withdraw, withdraw,' arose among them, and, hurrying to their own house, they debated with closed doors. It was then that Pym produced the bill of attainder. The patriots were seized with the apprehension that, if Strafford was permitted to share the privilege which had been asked by the prosecution, he might better a case which was already too hard for them, and, resolving to be prepared for the worst, they determined, if they were unable to wrest his life from him judicially, to take it by act of parliament. The bill rests upon its own merits; but every upright man must abhor the injustice which caused them to be moved with anger lest the impartial measure dealt out by the judges should

should enable Strafford to establish his innocence. What, then, could have induced an assembly of high-minded English gentlemen, many of them, doubtless, patterns of kindness and honour in every private relation of life, to originate or uphold such glaring iniquity? The answer is plain. They were inflamed at the moment with party spirit, a passion which, in its excess, absorbs reflection and conscience, and listens to nothing except its own blind and fiery impulses.

The bill of attainder did not put an end to the trial. The patriots were willing to accept the chance of a judgment in their favour, and the statute was a reserve force to ensure the victory in the event of a prior defeat. To prop up both trial and bill Pym paraded to the Commons on the 10th of April a new piece of evidence which was formally adduced on the 13th in Westminster Hall. To levy war against the king was treason by the statute of Edward. The Commons substituted the article that Strafford had intended to levy war against the kingdom. Sir Henry Vane, the elder, a bitter enemy of the earl, was expected to prove the charge by advice which Strafford had delivered at the council-board. His testimony was entirely inadequate to the purpose, and Whitelock, to whose share the article fell, declined to press it. Sir Walter Earl, who volunteered to perform the office, met with such ill success, that he was 'very blank and out of countenance,' and the Queen, who sat in a latticed box, erected for the purpose, having asked his name, said that 'that *water-dog*'—an intended pun upon Walter—'did bark but not bite, but the red did bite close.' Strafford himself was content to reply to the discomfited knight that 'where nothing was proved against him he knew their lordships' great wisdom and justice would expect no defence.' The article was abandoned, but in desperation at the course which the trial was taking, Pym now brought forth a note made by Secretary Vane of a fragment of the conversation held at the council, in which Strafford is represented as saying, 'You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce *this* kingdom to obedience; for I am confident the Scots cannot hold out five months.' The memorandum, which had been in Pym's possession for months, was stolen by the younger Vane from the cabinet of the elder. Intrusted with the keys to search for some legal documents, he took the opportunity to pry into his father's secret papers, and imparted his discovery to Pym. That a son should abuse his father's confidence by reading and filching his private memoranda revolts our notions of honour. No member of Parliament in the present day would dare to avow the treachery; no House of Commons could be got to countenance it. The patriots of the time of Charles I. were not so nice. 'Many  
speeches,'

speeches,' says Clarendon, 'were made in commendation of the conscience, integrity, and merits of the young man,' and the majority by receiving gratefully the stolen goods at least became accessories after the fact. The paper, to the calmer judgment of succeeding generations, seems as worthless as the means of obtaining it were disgraceful. If '*this kingdom*' meant the country in which the council was held it referred to England, but the title of the notes attested that the conversation related solely to a war with Scotland, which was in open rebellion, and '*this kingdom*' might easily be understood of the country which was the subject of discussion. Or *this* might have been a slip of the tongue for *that*, or the error might have been Vane's, who may neither have attended to the precise phrase of the earl, nor studied verbal accuracy in an abridged report which was solely designed for his personal use. The rest of the council, and among them Lord Northumberland, who was no partisan of the court, swore that they could not recollect any words of the kind, and that there never was a question or hint of employing the Irish army against England. The consultation, too, was held on the 5th of May, the very day on which the short Parliament was dissolved, when a man excited by the conflict might have uttered a passing passionate expression, which he himself would renounce. Yet strange to say this piece of evidence, which was open to every species of objection, was, as we are told by May, the principal cause of the death of Strafford. The force of the testimony was in the animosity of the prosecutors who put the worst possible construction upon the flimsiest proofs, and appropriated to themselves that benefit of the doubt which is always given to the prisoner. He pronounced his final celebrated defence on the 13th of April, and on the 14th the Commons, to show how little weight they attached to it, read the act of attainder a second time. The third reading took place on the 21st, when 204 members voted in favour of the measure, and 59 against it. In the minority was the honoured name of Selden, but the most powerful argument against the bill proceeded from Lord Digby, who, in accordance with the practice which then became frequent, published his speech. The lovers of liberty, who constituted the majority of the Commons, ordered that it should be burnt by the hangman.

The struggle was next to persuade the Lords to confirm the verdict. The majority were known to be favourable to the prisoner, and Charles, to encourage them in their good disposition, sent for both Houses on the first of May, and told them he was satisfied that Strafford had been guilty of misdemeanours, and was not fit to fill any office in the commonwealth, 'no, not

so much as that of a constable ;' but that since he was unable in conscience to condemn him of high-treason he appealed to the parliament to respect his scruples, and adopt the milder judgment. When the sagacious Strafford heard what the King had done, he perceived that his fate was sealed. The public was in that state of feverish excitement when any irregular interference on the part of the Crown was sure to add to the exasperation. The Commons loudly complained of the breach of privilege in the attempt to dictate to the parliament what course it should pursue upon a pending measure ; and their followers out of doors were more than ever resolved to defeat the efforts of the anxious monarch. The next day was Sunday, and the patriot preachers thundered forth from their pulpits the necessity of 'justice' upon certain great delinquents. On the Monday six thousand citizens, stimulated by these harangues, and the secret instigation of their ringleaders, went down to Westminster, armed with swords and cudgels, and re-echoing the cry of 'Justice! justice!' endeavoured to intimidate the peers by threats. Their trade, they said, was decayed ; they were in want of bread ; and it was all because 'justice' had not been done upon a great delinquent. When the bill of attainder passed the Commons, a list of the fifty-nine members who voted against it was pasted upon the Exchange, with these words for a heading, '*The names of those men who to save a traitor would betray their country.*' The same list was now posted up by the rabble at Westminster, with the title of '*Straffordians,*' as a significant hint to refractory lords. The rioters, indeed, vowed that they would have the head of Strafford or the head of Charles. The Commons refused to attempt the suppression of these disgraceful proceedings. 'The King,' says Baxter, 'called them tumults ; the parliament called them the city's *petitioning* !'

While the armed rioters were overawing the Upper House, Pym, to aid their efforts, was detailing to the Lower a dreadful conspiracy to control the legislature in the opposite direction. When the truce was made with the insurgent Scotch they agreed to send commissioners to London to negotiate a permanent treaty for the settlement of the differences between their nation and the King. These ambassadors were in league with the English patriots ; and it was upon the Scotch army that both relied to effect their objects. The King, impatient to have the troops disbanded, for the same reason that his enemies were anxious to keep them together, readily granted every demand ; 'but the English,' wrote Principal Baillie, 'required no such haste ; for they are still in that fray, that if we and our army were gone, yet were they undone.' The commissioners wilfully protracted the

the negotiations, and the patriots in return sought every means of gratifying the commissioners. Money was, next to bigotry, the prevailing passion of the hungry invaders from the north, who contrived to turn war itself into profit, and convert an insurrection for religion into an article of commerce. In addition to the daily allowance for the support of their troops, the House of Commons, in obedience to their mercenary humour, voted them in February a gift of 300,000*l.*, 'as a friendly relief for their losses and necessities.' 'Three hundred thousand pounds sterling,' writes the delighted Baillie; '5,400,000 merks Scots is a pretty sum in our land.' But it was easier to vote money than to raise it; and the Scotch were eager creditors. 'The Lower House has given up their bill,' wrote one of their leaders, Wariston, the day after the act of attainder had passed in the Commons; 'we have Strafford's life. They are thinking on monies for us. Lord encourage and direct them!' The prayer that the legislature might be encouraged and directed in thinking on monies for their northern allies shows that their cravings could not be prudently neglected; and one method adopted was to employ the sums due to the royal army in payment of the Scotch. Discontent in consequence became early rife in the English camp; and projects were formed for delivering Charles from the constraint which was put upon him by the Parliament. Though the king gave some sort of sanction to the proceedings of the malcontents nothing had been done, and the notion was abandoned for the present. M. Guizot is of opinion, from an attentive examination of the documents, that Pym had long been acquainted with the secret, but he reserved his information for a moment when it would further some important purpose, and that moment had arrived. He told, in addition, of a design of the French to effect a descent at Portsmouth, and of plots to liberate Strafford. He succeeded in raising a panic; and the more men's fears were roused, the more they felt the necessity of crushing the traitor in the Tower. A protestation which Pym proposed for maintaining the Protestant religion against Popery, and defending the King, the privileges of Parliament, and the liberties of the subject, as though they were all in imminent danger, assisted to propagate and intensify the alarm. The Commons subscribed the vow at once, the Lords imitated their example, and the entire nation was directed to do the same. With these fresh incentives, the rabble continued to assemble daily. The majority of the Peers, who were friendly to Strafford, were effectually scared away; the Catholic nobles were excluded by their inability to take the new protestation denouncing Popery, and the bishops had absented themselves from the beginning of the impeachment,

impeachment, under the notion that a canon prohibited their order from sitting in judgment on a capital case, which might end in a sentence of death. Out of eighty peers who were present at the trial but forty-five voted on the bill of attainder. Of these, nineteen acquitted him entirely, and the remaining twenty-six declared him guilty on only two charges—one, that he had quartered troops on the Irish to compel obedience to his arbitrary demands; the other, that he had imposed an unlawful oath on the Scotch in the island. The judges were asked whether these particulars amounted to treason, and they unanimously answered yes. The Act was passed on the 8th of May, and the fate of Strafford rested with the King.

He tried many means to save him, but all failed, and the sole method left was steadily to refuse at any cost to shed the blood of the man whose principal crime was to have served him too well. It was on his behalf that the deeds had been done for which Strafford was impeached, and they had received his warmest approval. His far-seeing Minister, sensible from the first of the danger which awaited him, begged that he might be excused from putting himself into the power of a Parliament which 'would prosecute his destruction.' Charles insisted upon his attendance, and solemnly protested to him, 'that not one hair of his head should be touched.' Strafford repeated his forebodings, and Charles replied that he could not dispense with his assistance. He came accordingly against his own better judgment, and was immediately arrested. Charles wrote to him in the Tower to re-assure him. 'On the word of a king,' he said, 'he should not suffer in life, honour, or fortune,' truly adding that even this 'was a very mean reward to so faithful and able a servant.' To have drawn him by the most pressing entreaties, and the most binding assurances into the pit that was dug for him, and then to consign him to an ignominious death, seemed an impossible breach 'of the word of a king.' That Charles should have committed it has left an indelible stain upon his memory, which not all his bitter repentance can efface, because the fact that he could ever be guilty of the deed is a grievous imputation upon the goodness of his heart. The case against him is rendered worse, if it be true, as Whitelock asserts, that he was chiefly induced to pass the bill by the letter of Strafford soliciting to be sacrificed to the welfare of his sovereign and his country. This generous act would have been one more motive to a generous mind for standing by him to the last. 'That he should ever,' says Whitelock, 'be brought to assent was admired [wondered at] by most of his subjects, as well as by foreigners;' and when the news was conveyed to the unhappy earl, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and exclaimed,

exclaimed, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of man; for in them there is no salvation.' The act of attainder received the royal sanction on the evening of the 9th of May, and Strafford was executed on the morning of the 12th. The Houses refused their consent to a respite of two or three days, for enabling him to settle his affairs, lest some of the plots to deliver him, which had hitherto proved abortive, should take effect, and the prey escape from their grasp. He died with the magnanimity which might have been expected from his character. He wrote an affecting letter to his children, in which he charged them never 'to suffer a thought of revenge to enter their hearts towards those who had been sharp in their judgments on him.' He went to his execution, by the testimony of his enemies, 'more like a general marching at the head of an army, to breathe victory, than a condemned man, to undergo the sentence of death.' 'That block,' he said, when he arrived at the scaffold, 'must be my pillow; and here I shall rest from all my labours. No thoughts of envy, no dreams of treason, nor jealousies, nor cares for the King, the state, or myself, shall interrupt this easy sleep.' 'I do as cheerfully,' he added, when disrobing, 'put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.' The same gallantry which makes the brave man fight for his life with energy makes him resign it with composure. Strafford had little to regret. The axe had merely anticipated by a few weeks or months the deadly diseases which were undermining his constitution.

A question has sometimes been raised as to whether the bill of attainder was intended to be an echo of the existing law, or whether it was avowedly a retrospective enactment. A clause of the bill itself contains the confession that it was the latter, by declaring that nothing should for the future be considered treason by this act which would not have been held to be treason without it. St. John, who was deputed by the Commons to justify the measure to the Lords, and who was himself a prominent leader among the patriots, expressly rested his argument upon the assumption that they were not bound by statutes. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'should Strafford have law himself who would not that others should have any? We, indeed, give laws to hares and deer because they are beasts of chase; but we give none to wolves and foxes, but knock them on the head wherever they are found, because they are beasts of prey.' It was upon the ground again, that the bill was retrospective that Lord Digby opposed it. 'I believe,' he said, 'the practices of Strafford as high, as tyrannical, as any subject ever ventured on, and the malignity of them hugely aggravated by those rare abilities of his, whereof God has given him the use, but the devil the application.'



application. And yet let me tell you, Mr. Speaker, my hand must not be to that dispatch. God help me from giving judgment of death on any man upon a law made *à posteriori*; let the mark be set on the door where the plague is, and then let him that would enter die.' Strafford himself had strongly enforced the injustice of inflicting a punishment for actions which had never been declared to be crimes, but Pym maintained that 'they accused him of nothing which was not condemned by the law in every man's breast.' This principle, if it had been true, would have been the best, though still an inadequate, defence of the act of attainder. True, however, it was not. Strafford was possessed of a tyrannical temperament, and had committed unjustifiable deeds for which he deserved to be punished, but in those days, when the results which would ensue from an increasing parliamentary control were hidden in the future, he might easily believe that it was for the good of the nation to add to the authority of the King. His attempts to enlarge the prerogative were the essence of the capital charge, and it was precisely here that he could declare with truth that 'the intentions of his heart had at least been innocent.' But the principal objection to bills of attainder is of a more general kind. A law passed upon mature deliberation, without respect of persons, and afterwards applied according to its strict and obvious meaning, secures the person accused from the tempestuous effects of temporary passion. A law, on the other hand, which is passed at the moment for the sole purpose of getting rid of an obnoxious opponent opens the door to all the injustice of party rage and popular violence. The case of Strafford is an instance of the evil. His accusers, inflamed by the conflicts of the prosecution, suddenly constituted themselves his judges, and voted him worthy of death. His proper judges, the Lords, would have refused their assent by a large majority, but six thousand citizens, whose arguments were swords and bludgeons, usurped their functions and compelled them to confirm the decree of the Commons. The judges, learned in the law, gave their opinion that the particulars proved amounted to treason, under the influence of the terror which constrained the peers, and it is now admitted that the answer was erroneous. Acquitted in the minds of the tribunal who heard his cause, Strafford was condemned by the enemies who impeached him, and by a mob of London apprentices. Such are the effects which naturally flow from acts of attainder, and which have justly rendered them hateful. King, Lords, and Commons had each been to blame: the Commons for violating justice in their pretended pursuit of it, the Lords for deserting their duty out of fear for their persons, and the King, above all, for signing away

away a life which had been forfeited in his service. The compulsion which had been put upon him alienated him for ever from the Parliament and divided the Parliament itself; but the worst evil was the encouragement which victory gave the extreme party to continue to push forward in its violent course. 'Has he given us the head of Strafford?' exclaimed Pym; 'then he will refuse us nothing.'

A second act, to which Charles gave his assent, seemed to verify the assertion of Pym. Money had been raised on the pledge of the Parliament that the lenders should be repaid. Suddenly the idea was started on the 5th of May that the security would be worthless if the Parliament ceased to exist. In the brief space of three days the most revolutionary measure which was ever passed in England went through all its stages in both Houses, and on the same 9th of May on which the King assented to the act of attainder, he allowed the act for prohibiting the dissolution of Parliament without its own consent. 'One act,' says Whitelock, 'was against his most faithful servant, the other was against himself.' It was not only against himself but against the country also. No Parliament could exist by the Triennial Bill of the preceding February for more than three years, and the intention of the provision was to obtain a security, by periodical elections, that the members of the House of Commons should continue to represent the opinions of their constituents. A legislature which cannot be dissolved, except of its own accord, may defy the nation as well as the sovereign. Such was in fact the result, and the measure is one proof among many that the possession of power was exercising its usual effects upon the patriots, who had begun to think more of their own interests than of the welfare of the kingdom. They feared, no doubt, that Charles might disperse them before they had completed their work; but the proposal of the Lords to limit the enactment to two years would have answered every legitimate object, and the refusal to listen to the suggestion could only have arisen from the desire to erect themselves into a dominant and irresponsible oligarchy.\* History records no more bare-faced encroachment on the liberties of the people than this hasty revocation, without their knowledge and by their own advocates, of their right to elect from time to time a Commons' House of Parliament.

The act against its own dissolution was followed by two

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\* There is a concise and admirable account of the acts of the Long Parliament in Lord Brougham's 'Political Philosophy.' He takes the same view of the bill prohibiting its own dissolution that we have here expressed, and strongly condemns all the subsequent proceedings of its authors.

measures which have always been numbered, by men of all parties, among the best deeds of the patriots. These were the bills for abolishing the High Commission Court, Star-Chamber, and other irregular tribunals. The King gave his assent in July and a feeling became prevalent that every beneficial demand had been granted. The present danger was from the tyranny of Parliament, and not from the tyranny of the King. The emancipation of itself from public control by the recent perpetuation of the existing Legislature, was the real check upon an orderly liberty. Not only was the country contented with the concessions which had been made, but a re-action set in against the proceedings of the patriots, and especially against their ecclesiastical policy. The popular party, with very rare exceptions, was attached to the Church of England and episcopacy. The most that was desired was to put a stop to the Romanist tendencies which prevailed under the patronage of Laud, and to obtain greater freedom for divines of the Puritan persuasion. But two motives arose, immediately the Parliament had assembled, to influence the tone of the liberal leaders—the necessity to conciliate the Scotch, upon whose army they relied, and the desire to get rid of the hostile votes of the bishops, which, in a House of Lords consisting of only a hundred members, gave an immense preponderance to the Royalist cause.

The Scotch Commissioners came to London, accompanied by divines. The Church of St. Antholin, in the City, was assigned to them for the exercise of their worship. Thither the people flocked from the earliest dawn, and patiently awaited the hour of prayer. Many kept their seats in the church through the interval between the morning and afternoon services, and when the building was full crowds continued to swarm about the doors, and hang upon the windows. Nothing, Clarendon asserts, could be more 'insipid and flat' than the discourses, but some of the auditors were drawn together by the novelty, others came from political feeling, others from curiosity, and others that they might have evidence to justify their contempt. The true adherents of Presbyterianism in England were at that time an insignificant body, and their principal recruits were from the young and turbulent London apprentices. The Scotch, however, had no notion of allowing to anybody else the liberty of conscience which they had taken up arms to obtain for themselves. The handful of individuals who had established themselves in the capital of a nation more powerful and enlightened than their own, thought themselves entitled to dictate to it a system of ecclesiastical government. They declaimed with fiery intolerance against every deviation from their peculiar model, and kept

kept solemn fasts, that 'the Lord might join the breath of his nostrils with the endeavours of weak men to blow up a wicked and anti-Scriptural church.' A Parliament which inveighed against tyranny, and was warmly attached to this 'wicked and anti-Scriptural church,' was reduced to the humiliation of conniving at the insult and of leaguings with its authors. A petition, called 'the root and branch petition,' from its prayer that the government of archbishops, bishops, deans, etc. might be abolished, 'with all its dependencies, *roots and branches*,' was presented on December 11, 1640. It was signed by 15,000 persons, many of them Anabaptists and Brownists, who agreed with the Presbyterians in pulling down Episcopacy, but who entirely differed with them as to what should be substituted in its place. On the 23rd of January, 1641, came a second petition from 700 ministers, praying for a reform instead of the extirpation of the hierarchy. A considerable number of the names had, in both instances, been procured by fraud. The signatures had been cut off from a milder remonstrance and appended to the stronger language which suited the views of the leaders of the movement. The petitions, after long and hot debates in the Commons, were referred to a committee by a majority of thirty-two, but rather to humour the petitioners than out of compliance with their prayer. The immediate practical result was limited to an act to deprive the bishops of their seats in the Legislature. The measure passed the Lower House on the 1st of May, and Lord Falkland voted for it on the assurance of Hampden, 'that nothing further should be attempted against the Church.'

The Lords threw out the bill, and several fresh efforts to effect the change, and even to clear away Episcopacy root and branch, proved equally abortive. In the beginning of August, 1641, the Parliamentary Chiefs were reduced to the manoeuvre of impeaching half the bench of bishops for their share in the proceedings of the last Convocation. The expectation was, that they would withdraw in alarm from the House, and vote no more, but they defeated the design by retaining their seats and braving the prosecution. Most of the charges against them of an illegal exercise of power were without foundation, and on the doubtful points they had acted in the belief that they were not exceeding their rights. Had they been ever so guilty it ill became the Commons to prosecute a crime which they themselves were constantly committing. The Protestation, for instance, which they enjoined upon the nation, while the fate of Strafford was pending, had been refused by many, and they passed a bill to render it compulsory. The Peers rejected the measure, and the Commons resolved by their sole authority, that whoever did

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not take the Protestation, 'was unfit to bear offices in the Church or Commonwealth.' Their articles of impeachment against the bishops alleged no equal stretch of authority with this assumption of a jurisdiction by a single estate of the realm to impose what declarations it pleased, and to punish those who demurred to the unconstitutional demand. Such violence, injustice and inconsistency alienated multitudes of its original adherents from the Parliamentary party. The nation, far from being accomplices in the design to purchase the assistance of the Scotch, by submitting to the yoke of their ecclesiastical tyranny, had by a large majority shown its determination to uphold the existing Episcopacy. While root and branch men, and less sweeping reformers could not, with all their arts and exertions, obtain 20,000 signatures, the petitions of their opponents contained 100,000 names. The better disposed persons were further scandalised by the passiveness with which the Commons regarded the riotous crew who interrupted the reading of the Liturgy in the Churches, and tore to pieces the Prayer-books and surplices. The patriots, without sharing their ignorant rage, feared to lose their aid by resisting them; but in retaining a mob of wild fanatics they disgusted a host of enlightened supporters.

The aggressions of his adversaries were forming a predominant party for the King, and nothing more seemed requisite than to beware of doing anything which could rouse the mistrust of the recent opponents who were on the point of becoming his permanent allies. The completion of the treaty with the Covenanters, and the disbanding of their army, released him in August from another of his difficulties. He seized the occasion to visit Scotland where the tide was beginning, as in England, to turn in his favour. The reviving loyalty was confirmed by his conciliatory conduct, but his public actions were quickly marred by underhand dealings. He engaged in an obscure plot which is known by the name of 'the Incident,' and which, transpiring in October, kindled anew the worst suspicions. The same month witnessed an event of far greater magnitude, and still more fatal to his fortunes. Ireland was forgotten amid the struggles at home, or was only remembered by the Parliament that they might compel Charles to disband the army raised by Strafford, and which was suspected to continue in the interests of the monarch. The imperious genius who overawed this turbulent people had perished on the scaffold; the lords justices, warned by his fate, and left without directions, exercised feebly the power which devolved on them; and the Irish, encouraged by the absence of restraint, and the example of the sister kingdoms, rose in rebellion. The long oppression they had endured, the backward

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state of their civilization, the fiery passions of their race, and the want of regular discipline, conspired to convert the insurrection into a massacre. Neither women nor children were spared, and thousands upon thousands of English and Protestants were fiendishly slaughtered. When the intelligence reached Charles he thoughtlessly imagined that he should profit by the event. 'I hope this ill news of Ireland,' he wrote to Sir Edward Nicholas, 'may hinder some of these follies in England.' The Parliamentary chiefs, who were wiser in their generation, saw that the effect would be adverse to the King, and 'were observed not to be displeased.' Charles, in disbanding the Irish army, had enjoined the Earls of Ormond and Antrim secretly to secure its services against a time of need. The rebels, acting upon this indication, professed to fight for the King and popery against the Parliament, and forged a royal commission, authorizing them to take up arms on his behalf. The tenderness which Charles had shown towards Roman Catholics, and the support which he received from them in turn, fostered the belief among the credulous public, that he was a party to the conspiracy. A vague terror of Irish insurgents landing in England, of plots hatching at home, of sudden risings of a handful of Papists to cut the throats of the entire Protestant community, took possession of the people. Nor did the alarm vanish with the hour. The King, without resources of his own, and pleased to find employment for the Parliament which might divert it from its encroachments on the constitution, committed Ireland to its care. The Parliament, delighted to have a kingdom resigned to its jurisdiction, immediately accepted the trust, and almost totally neglected it. The dread of Irish and Papists was kept alive by this delay in subduing the insurgents; and the patriots, aided by apprehensions of which they were in a great degree the cause, continued leisurely to pursue their designs.

The rebellion was a vast assistance to the schemes of the extreme Liberals, but they had not waited for it to endeavour to regain their influence. During the absence of the King in Scotland they prepared the famous 'Remonstrance of the State of the Kingdom,' which was an enumeration of all the scattered grievances which had been objected to the government of the King from the day of his accession. The abuses, real or supposed, had been redressed; and to gather together into a single bill of indictment a mass of satisfied complaints and fling them in the face of the Sovereign who had yielded the demands was an excess of outrage which plainly proved that they were bent upon degrading him to the dust. The language was as insulting as the matter, and was utterly inconsistent with any notion of monarchy.

monarchy. The King who could be compelled to endure it would have become an object of contempt, and deprived alike of substantial influence and outward respect, must have ceased to reign. The patriots, no longer content with reform, were aiming at revolution. They began by curbing the excessive authority of the Crown; they were now resolved to get a monopoly of power for themselves. They asserted in the Remonstrance that their best endeavours were hindered by bishops and recusant lords, and intimated that the House of Peers must be purged of all persons who were not content simply to register the decrees of the infallible Commons. The King was reduced to be a cipher; the lords were still a deliberative assembly, and this was the grand grievance which remained to afflict the lovers of liberty. They anticipated that the publication of a document in which every questionable action was recorded under its most aggravated aspect would re-awaken the slumbering indignation of the public, and bring back the popular voice to their side; but that which was a stimulus to some increased the misgivings of others, and an irremediable schism arose within the House itself in the ranks of the patriot members. The news of the Irish rebellion reached London on the 1st of November; the debate on the Remonstrance took place on the 22nd, with all the advantages to be derived from the panic. The Liberal leaders had previously endeavoured to bring on the question at a late hour, as a mere formal piece of business. This being resisted, Oliver Cromwell inquired of Lord Falkland, 'Why he would have it put off, for that day would quickly have determined it?' 'There would not be time enough,' replied the other, 'for sure it will take some debate.' 'A very sorry one,' rejoined Oliver; and it appears from Lord Clarendon that its propounders, accustomed to rule in the Lower House, had really no idea of the opposition it would provoke.

The custom of the Parliament in those days was to meet at eight o'clock in the morning. Night, on this occasion, fell, and still the conflict was raging fiercely. At length, after midnight, the House divided, and the Remonstrance was passed by a majority of eleven. Physical infirmity and mental weariness had caused numbers to retire. 'It was the verdict,' said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, 'of a starved jury.' No sooner was the vote declared than Hampden moved that the document should be printed. A new and sharper discussion burst forth, which continued till three o'clock in the morning. The passions of the members reached such a height that 'we had caught,' says Sir Philip Warwick, 'at each other's locks, and sheathed our swords in each other's bowels, had not the sagacity and great calmness of

of Mr. Hampden, by a short speech prevented it.' He proposed that the angry dispute should be suspended for the present, and resumed on the morrow, when the heat generated by a protracted contest had cooled. The House broke up at his suggestion; and as the members issued forth after their long and furious struggle, Falkland asked Cromwell 'whether there had been a debate?' Oliver answered 'that he would take his word another time;' and then whispered in his ear, 'that if the Remonstrance had been rejected he would have sold all he had the next morning and never have seen England more.' He clearly comprehended that the true question which had been put to the vote was, whether the revolution should continue, or the constitution be preserved; and either through religious or political fanaticism, or more probably from a combination of both, he was determined not to submit to the existing regimen in church and state. He and his friends, who had just escaped a defeat when they anticipated a triumph, had little cause to rejoice. All their supporters voted to a man; the infirm absentees were adherents of the King, and a large majority might any moment put a stop to the innovations which were designed. The Patriots, in spite of their victory, were dejected and alarmed. Charles had still the game in his hands, and he lost it by a needless and desperate throw.

He returned to London on the 25th of November, two days after the Remonstrance was passed. He dined in state at the Guildhall, was received with pomp by the civic authorities, and with acclamations by the people. The necessity his enemies were under to throw off the mask had proved favourable to him, and promised to do more than counterbalance the disastrous effects of the Irish rebellion. A preponderating party, it was evident, with ordinary management would rally round him for the protection of the constitution, and he had the good fortune to secure on the instant the services of three of the ablest men in the kingdom, Colepepper, Falkland, and Hyde. One of them indeed has left a fame as bright as any in history. Whoever wishes to see the model of a patriot of lofty disinterestedness, of inflexible virtue, of chivalrous courage, of singular eloquence, penetration, and accomplishments, will find it in Lord Falkland. The affection and respect with which his name is always pronounced is only the bare tribute imperatively due to his genuine deserts. The chief blot upon his parliamentary career is that he was hurried into a concurrence with the evil methods employed to destroy Strafford. In general his conclusions, which were the result as well of his rare uprightness and love of justice, which are in themselves wisdom, as of his intellectual sagacity, have proved marvellously correct. The innovations adopted by Hampden and

Pym,



Pym, after he ceased to act with them, have been ejected from the constitution; the capital measures which received the sanction of Falkland have remained to this hour the law of the land. His consent to the depriving the bishops of their seats in the Lords cannot be considered an exception to his prophetic statesmanship. He did it reluctantly as a compromise, and when the bill was renewed he earnestly opposed it. Hampden remarked upon the inconsistency, and Lord Falkland retorted upon him, 'that he had been brought by him to believe much he had since found to be untrue, which had led him to change in many particulars his opinion of persons and things.' He accepted with extreme reluctance the post of Secretary of State, which was urged upon him by the King. He believed himself disqualified by his ignorance of official routine; he feared that his previous support of the monarchy might be imputed to interested motives, and he dreaded above all that his royal master might expect from him a compliance which he would be unable to yield. 'He was,' says Clarendon, 'so severe an adorer of truth that he could as easily have given himself leave to steal as to dissemble.' To speak what he thought and to do what he said were as instinctive to him as to breathe. The notion, natural to sensitive honour, that his reputation would suffer, was entirely groundless. Hyde assured him that his character was above factious suspicion, and in the fiercest dissensions not a whisper appears to have been uttered against it. The injury which his refusal would have done the cause of the King from the inference which would have been drawn, that he did not approve of it, and the hope that his influence would exclude worse counsels, conquered his resistance without removing his reluctance. He took care, however, to accept the post in a manner which showed that 'he would not depart from the severity of his own nature.' In spite of this intimation of the uncourtly rigour of his principles, the King promised to do nothing that related to the public service in the Commons without the counsel of his new advisers, but he speedily abandoned his pledge from the very circumstance which should have led him to observe it—the inward consciousness that they would condemn his proceedings. It was this which ruined him.

His first rash act, after his affairs had assumed a more promising appearance, was the means of destroying that constitution of the Upper House which had rendered it an invaluable barrier against innovations. The mob, countenanced by the patriots, continued to assemble at Westminster. The courtiers imitated their tactics, and collected at Whitehall, whither Charles had recently removed from Hampton Court, that he might rally his supporters by his presence. Blows were exchanged which

which increased the rancour. The anti-Royalist rabble, taught by the Remonstrance and the language of its supporters, directed their rage against the Episcopal Bench, and any of the body who went to the House were greeted with cries of 'No Bishops, no Popish Lords.' From abuse the mob proceeded to acts—assaulted several of the prelates, and tore their robes from their backs. Archbishop Williams and eleven of his brethren presented a petition to Charles on the 29th of December, addressed to himself and the Peers, in which it was affirmed that every measure passed, during their compulsory absence, through the violence of the people, would be null and void. They requested the King to send the paper to the House of Lords, and he instantly complied. The Lords communicated it to the Commons, who, without delay, impeached the Bishops of high treason, and got them arrested. The accusation was preposterous, but it answered its end of discrediting the Episcopal Bench, of getting rid of twelve votes from the Upper House, and of disheartening the Royalists Peers who remained. The Bishops, for practical purposes, had almost ceased to exist, and a few weeks later (February 1642) Charles assented to the long-mooted bill, which deprived them of their seats. To make the validity of acts of Parliament depend upon the private impression of a few of the senators as to their ability to force their way through a disorderly crowd, was to recognise the right in a feeble minority to suspend the legislative functions of the state. There was scarce any one who did not repudiate such an assumption, and the watchful enemy, who turned every mistake to account, seized the moment when they were deserted by public opinion, to strike down the men upon whom they had vainly expended all the resources of attack.

A week after his error in countenancing the Protestation of the bishops, Charles committed the crowning blunder which blasted his prospects. He obtained the proof while he was in Scotland that certain of the patriots had, in 1640, been in league with the Covenanters, and had abetted their invasion of England. He had more recently procured evidence that the same persons had encouraged the tumultuous assemblies which gathered together at Westminster, to awe 'disaffected members of the Commons,' and 'false, evil, rotten-hearted Lords.' Upon these grounds the Attorney-General appeared before the Peers, on the 3rd of January, 1642, and impeached Lord Kimbolton of the Upper House, and Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Haslerig, and Stroud, who belonged to the Lower. The Peers, instead of committing them, searched for precedents; the Commons, when Charles sent the Serjeant-at-arms to demand that the five members should be given up to him, returned a temporising answer. The next day the King,

King, attended by two hundred armed followers, went down to the Commons. Commanding his attendants to remain outside he entered the House and took the Speaker's chair. He said he had expected obedience, and not a message, and that no one had a privilege in cases of treason. He looked round the benches, and asked the Speaker if any of the accused members were present. Lenthal, thus suddenly interrogated, answered with singular felicity, 'I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me.' Having again looked round, the King said that he perceived the birds had flown, that he only intended to proceed against them in a legal manner, and that he expected them to be sent to him as soon as they returned, or he must take his own course to find them. He then withdrew amid indignant shouts of 'Privilege, privilege.' The accused members had received an intimation that he was coming, and had retreated into the City. Had they been present, Charles must have submitted to have his person and authority despised, or he must have attempted to arrest them. His guards would have been resisted by a large proportion of the Commons, and the civil war would have commenced that day within the walls of the House. The probability of such a scene was alone sufficient to rank the act among the rashest upon record. It was as unconstitutional as it was imprudent. If the King, for alleged political offences, could enter the Commons and take its members from the benches, its freedom and independence were gone. That he could venture upon this invasion of the liberties of Parliament after all the lessons which had been taught him, all the dangers he had run, and while he continued to stand in a most precarious position, went far to destroy the hope that he could ever be trusted. Those who had been accustomed on every occasion to uphold his authority were full of anger and grief; Falkland, Hyde, and Colepepper had almost determined to retire from his service; the patriots, who had begun to despair of succeeding in their schemes, once more became lords of the ascendant; the King's party in the Commons, broken and dejected, could not again make head against them; the Royalist Peers, already discomfited by the committal of the Bishops, were completely disorganised, and the opportunity was finally lost of putting a peaceful stop to the progress of the Revolution.

The day after his disastrous attempt Charles went into the city, which was the strong hold of the patriots, and demanded of the Common Council the surrender of the members who had fled there for safety. The acclamations which had recently greeted him on his return from Scotland were exchanged for murmurs and cries of 'Privilege of Parliament.' He went back sensible  
that

that his popularity was gone, and that the blow he had struck had recoiled upon himself. The change in public feeling seemed complete when a grand procession along the Thames conducted the accused members, on the 11th of January, from their temporary asylum to resume their seats in the Commons. Armed boats of sailors escorted them upon the water; the trained bands with cannon marched upon the banks. Danger there was none, but the ostentatious preparations served the purpose of inspiring the people with the belief of it. Execrations against the King mingled with the clang of the martial music and the thunders of applause. He had not waited to witness the triumph of his adversaries; the evening before he had secretly fled from the palace at Whitehall, and never entered it again till he came to lay his head upon the block.

The false step of Charles emboldened the patriots to press forward a project at which they were previously aiming, and which was the immediate cause of the civil war. They insisted that the militia should be entrusted to persons nominated by themselves and subject to their orders, and as a pretence for the demand they asserted that the design of arresting the members in the Commons 'was the effect of the bloody councils of the papists and other ill-affected persons, who had already raised a rebellion in Ireland,' and whom they believed to be preparing 'to stir up the like insurrection in England.' This disingenuous attempt to connect the events in England with the massacres in Ireland was not thrown away. The assertion worked upon the fears of thousands, and reconciled them to a measure which is now admitted by everybody to have been a complete usurpation upon the prerogative of the Crown. In all the discussions which ensued, the triumph of argument was with the King. 'So great,' says M. Guizot, 'was the effect of the Royal manifestoes, that the Parliament used every effort to suppress them, whilst Charles printed the messages of Parliament on the same sheet with his answers.' Each party in the meanwhile was preparing for war. The question in dispute was the power of the sword, and the sword alone could cut the knot. The Parliament raised troops by its own authority; the King had no resource but to imitate their example, and on the 22nd of August, 1642, he erected his standard at Nottingham.

Great faults had been committed on both sides, but the main guilt of the bloodshed which ensued appears to us to have rested with the patriots. Posterity has decided against their constitutional creed. The concessions they had recently obtained, and the fresh demands for which they took up arms, form no part of our system. Had their schemes of government been more enlightened, their conduct in forcing changes in the mass, which should

have been the produce of years, would yet have displayed a grievous want of political wisdom. 'It is the interest of the people,' said Mr. Burke, at the period of his life when he was entirely devoted to the Whigs, 'that reformation should be temperate. It is their interest, because a temperate reform is permanent and because it has a principle of growth. Whenever we improve, it is right to leave room for further improvement. It is right to consider, to look about us, to examine the effect of what we have done; then we can proceed with confidence, because we can proceed with intelligence. Whereas in hot reformations, in what men, more zealous than considerate, call making clear work, the whole is generally so crude, so harsh, so undigested; mixed with so much imprudence and so much injustice; so contrary to the whole course of human nature and human institutions, that the very people who are the most eager for it are among the first to grow disgusted at what they have done.' Such were the later reformations in the reign of Charles, and such were the authors of them. Their erroneous views and excessive impatience might admit of excuse while they confined themselves to debate; but when they provoked the horrors of a civil war in support of precipitate and mistaken dogmas, their overweening self-confidence became a heinous crime. There is only a single supposition which would render their conduct defensible—the probability, approaching to certainty, that there was no other means of preserving such of the previous concessions as were allowed to be essential to the liberty of the subject. The fact, however, was the reverse. In the effort to gain more they jeopardised that which they had already obtained. If the King at any time had sought armed assistance, it was their own violence which justified him in the precaution. Or admitting that he was treacherous and was watching for an opportunity to get back what he had lost, there was a far better prospect of resisting him with a united than a divided nation. The revolutionary designs of the patriots were the sole cause which drove the Falklands and Hydes to take part with the Crown, and if Charles had attempted unprovoked to break his faith, he would have been left to cope by himself with the indignation of a unanimous people. The interest he could have made with the officers, nominated in accordance with his rights, would have been a trivial benefit in comparison with the disadvantage of universal hostility. Nor, dependent as he now was upon Parliament for his supplies, could he have kept up an army without the aid of the Commons. 'The power of money,' said Whitelock, who adhered to the patriot party, 'is solely in this House; and without the power of money to pay the soldiers, the power of the militia will be of little force.' It was by urging outrageous demands upon the sovereign, and giving him, in consequence, half the

kingdom for his allies, that the liberal leaders imperilled the cause of the country. The contest, long doubtful, was indeed decided in their favour; but the incalculable misery they occasioned only resulted in establishing a tyranny, and when freedom again dawned upon England, the innovations for which they fought were abandoned, and the son of the monarch they had rejected was restored. In truth, their proceedings are as little to be reconciled to policy as to humanity and justice. The key to their conduct must probably be sought in their ambition. They had tasted the sweets of power, and could endure no longer either a superior or an equal. The same lust of sway, which they had denounced at the outset, had taken possession of their minds, and they believed, as despots always will, that no power could be safe in any hands but their own. Having converted themselves into an irremovable and irresponsible oligarchy, they wished to complete the usurpation by rendering themselves absolute. They had ceased to conceal their design, and openly proclaimed it, both in the ordinances they passed, and in the nineteen propositions they presented to the King on the eve of the war as the condition of peace. The glory which has been given to the Hampdens and Pym is far more due to the men like Falkland, who were equally opposed to the ambition of the sovereign and the ambition of democrats—who joined in obtaining every valuable concession, and stopped short at the point which wisdom prescribed—and who, having won for their countrymen all the benefits of a free constitution, would have spared them the years of useless and immeasurable suffering which ensued.

An actor, who hitherto had made no great figure upon the stage, however busy he may have been behind the scenes, was now to advance to the foremost place. There was one person, at least, who discerned his fitness for the coming crisis. 'Who is that sloven who spoke just now?' said Lord Digby to Hampden, in the early days of the Long Parliament. 'That sloven,' replied Hampden, 'whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech—that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King, which God forbid! in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England.' Even he who uttered the prophecy could little have divined the extent to which it was to be fulfilled, and imagine that 'the sloven' was hereafter to subjugate both King and Parliament. But the rise of that extraordinary man, the causes which produced, and the events which attended it, must form the subject of another article, in which we shall endeavour to embody the sagacious and dispassionate views of M. Guizot.

ART. IV.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the alleged Disturbances in Hyde Park, with Minutes of Evidence.* 1856.

2. *General Regulations, Instructions and Orders for the Government and Guidance of the Metropolitan Police Force.* 1851.

**M**OST men who have arrived at that age when the last one or two buttons of the waistcoat are allowed to be unloosened after dinner, can remember the time when the safety of life and property in the metropolis depended upon the efforts of the parochial watchman, a species of animal after the model of the old hackney coachman, encumbered with the self same drab greatcoat, with countless capes, with the self same Belcher handkerchief, or comforter, speaking in the same husky voice, and just as sottish, stupid, and uncivil. At night—for it was not thought worth while to set a watch in the day time—the authorities provided him with a watch-box in order that he might enjoy his snooze in comfort, and furnished him with a huge lantern in order that its rays might enable the thief to get out of his way in time. As if these aids to escape were not sufficient for the midnight marauder, the watchman was provided with a staff with which he thundered on the pavement as he walked, a noise which he alternated with crying the hour and the state of the weather in a loud singing voice, and which told of his whereabouts when he himself was far out of sight.

Up to the year 1828, and indeed for ten years later, in the City these men were the sole defence by night of the first metropolis in the world. The Charlies, as they were familiarly termed, had very little fight in them at any time, but it is well known that they 'winked hard,' when required to do so by people who could afford to pay them for it. It is not astonishing that crimes under such a police flourished apace, or that robberies increased to an extent which alarmed all thoughtful people. Mr. Colquhoun, a magistrate, whose work on the police, written at the beginning of the century, gave the first ideas of the reforms which have been since adopted, estimates that the annual value of the property stolen at the time at which he wrote, was at least 1,500,000*l.*; and that the evil was gaining ground may be judged from the fact that the number of receivers of stolen goods had increased between 1780 and 1800 from 300 to 3000!

In addition to the nightly watch there was another class of persons who, if more active, were calculated in a still greater degree to defeat justice, but in a totally opposite direction: we allude to those men who made their bread out of the blood of the criminal population. The Government of the country was

mainly

mainly to blame for the sins committed by these loathsome creatures. Since the time of Jonathan Wild thief-catchers had been stimulated to make criminals by what was termed Parliamentary rewards, or sums of forty pounds given by the Home-office to persons affording such information as would lead to the conviction of felons. The object of the officers was to secure blood-money, not to suppress crime; and it was their deliberate practice to allow robberies to proceed which they might have prevented, in order to obtain the reward. To use their own language, they were accustomed to 'let the matter ripen' until the fee was secure, and work was cut out for the hangman. These men must not be confounded with the Bow-street Runners, or detective police, some of whom were able and perhaps honest men; but they chiefly occupied themselves with thief-catching in private preserves, where the pay was ample, and contributed little if anything to the suppression of general crime.

With a class of watchmen totally inoperative as a preventive police, with a class of informers stimulated by unwise enactments to lure men into villainy, and with a code savage almost beyond belief—as late as 1800 there were 160 capital crimes, and to break the dam of a fish-pond, or to cut down an apple-tree in a garden, were offences punishable with death—it is not to be wondered at that 'the deadly never-green,' as the gallows were called in the slang language of the day, bore fruit all the year round. Old Townsend, the Bow-street officer, who gave evidence before the Committee which sat in 1816 to inquire into the police of the metropolis, said, 'I remember in 1783, when Sergeant Adair was Recorder, there were forty hung at two executions; the unfortunate people themselves laugh at it now, they call it a bagatelle.' Among the more serious offences were the robberies committed by mounted highwaymen; and, in order to give an idea of their frequency, we again quote the racy evidence of Townsend: 'Formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen—some on Hounslow Heath, some on Wimbledon Common, some on Finchley Common, some on the Romford road. I have actually come to Bow-street in the morning, and while I have been leaning over the desk had three or four people come in and say, "I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place; I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place." People travel safe now by means of the horse patrol, which was planned by Sir Richard Ford.' This horse patrol, established in 1805, was the first innovation on the old system of watching; and it succeeded so admirably, that in a few years the highwaymen were entirely banished from the metropolitan counties, and the great roads in the neighbourhood of London, which were



once as unsafe as those in the vicinity of Rome, became as orderly as Fleet-street. It does indeed seem strange that while the outskirts of the metropolis were thus provided with a new force which proved itself to be perfectly capable of clearing away the ruffians, no means should have been taken until 1829 to supersede the old parish constables who had flourished from the time of the Saxons, and appear to have been in full bloom in Elizabeth's reign, since Dogberry is a finished portrait of the race. No means existed by which the watchmen of different parishes could be made to co-operate against their common enemy the thief. In the City they were under the direction of no less than thirty different authorities. There were the street-keepers, the patrol, the ward-constables, &c., all acting under separate masters; and so complete was the division that the constable of one ward would not interfere to prevent a robbery going on on the opposite side of the street, if it was out of his bounds.

Mr. J. Elliot, in his evidence, given in 1838, before the Committee on 'the Metropolis Police Offices,' mentions a glaring instance of the perfect paralysis of the executive which arose out of this absurd system. 'Two years ago,' he said, 'a neighbour of mine had his warehouse broken open, and a hundred pounds' worth of tea was taken away; a watchman at the top of the street saw a cart going away from the warehouse, but he said it was not in his ward, and therefore he did not interfere.' The public indisposition to get rid of the old watchmen most certainly did not arise from any ignorance of their inefficiency; they had long, in fact, been bywords of feebleness and imbecility. To thrash a Charlie was a pet pastime of the young bloods of that day. The determined propensity to doze of these worthy functionaries was a standing topic for witticism. 'A friend of mine,' said Erskine, 'was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were taken to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern in his hand, and placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes.' It might be imagined that tokens like these indicated pretty clearly that a reform would have been hailed with delight. The result proved, however, that to abuse a thing and to amend it are widely different. Mr. Peel, who had been feeling his way to his grand experiment by the establishment of a Bow-street day-patrol, obtained in 1828 the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the expediency of establishing a uniform system of police in the Metropolis, and the Committee having reported to the House in favour of the scheme, it was immediately adopted. This salutary change

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was not made without creating a deep sensation. That stalking-horse, 'the liberty of the subject,' which in truth meant the liberty of rogues to plunder, was immediately paraded before the public; and we have no doubt whatever that in the tavern debating-clubs of the day it was reported, that with the fall of the Charlies 'the sun of England's glory had set for ever.' And indeed to Englishmen, jealous of their personal liberty, the establishment of this new force might at first have created some well-founded alarm. It was no longer a question of a few constables, but of a standing army of nearly six thousand men, drilled like soldiers, taught to act in masses, and entirely independent of the control of the ratepayers. The very fact of the appointment as one of the Commissioners, of Colonel Rowan, who had been employed in that quasi-military force the Irish constabulary, favoured the idea that the new police were to be a veritable *gendarmerie*. That such was the popular idea was clearly indicated by the numerous prints which appeared at the time of a fierce-looking 'Peeler,' armed with a belt full of pistols and a formidable sword.

Those accustomed only to the slow pace of the constitutional watchman, as he waddled out to his post, beholding with astonishment the sergeant's party as it marched along the kerb in close file, and keeping quick military step, believed that so powerful a force concentrated under a single head might be turned to political purposes. The constables never appeared in the streets without being followed by crowds hooting at them, and calling them by the obnoxious names of 'Peelers,' raw Lobsters, Crushers, Bobbies, &c. At last, in 1833, an actual collision took place between them and the great unwashed in Coldbath Fields. A meeting of Chartists was appointed to be held there, from which serious consequences were expected to arise. Directions were given to disperse it; but whilst in the performance of their duty three of the police were stabbed, and one of them mortally. It might have been thought that the very fact of a mob coming thus armed, with the express purpose of resisting a constituted authority, would have excited the indignation of the more respectable classes of the citizens; the contrary was the fact. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide, a pretty significant sign of the feeling towards the new force of the class from which the jury was selected. Such was the ferment that a commission was held to inquire into the conduct of the police, and they were exonerated from the charge of having as a body acted with greater violence than was necessary. From that period, with the exception of the investigation during the present year into the charge of having dispersed a gathering in Hyde

Park with undue severity—a charge which was not at all substantiated—their conduct has been so exemplary as completely to have removed the original dislike. Experience has served to teach the men the virtue of moderation and patience; and they are now looked upon as a constitutional force, simply because we have got accustomed to them.

At the present time the Metropolitan Police Force consists of a Chief Commissioner, Sir Richard Mayne, 2 Assistant-Commissioners, Captain Labalmondiere and Captain Harris, 18 Superintendents, 133 Inspectors, 625 Serjeants, and 4954 Constables, making a total of all ranks of 5734. The machinery by which this comparatively small force is enabled to watch by night and day every alley, street, and square of this vast metropolis, nay, tries every accessible door and window of its 400,000 houses, patrols 90 square miles of country, exercises a surveillance over the 8000 reputed thieves who prey upon its inhabitants, and keeps in awe the 40,000 or 50,000 people who form 'the uneasy classes' of the Metropolis, is not very complicated. The Metropolitan Police district extends from Charing Cross 15 miles in every direction, and includes the whole of Middlesex and large portions of Surrey, Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire, for which seven counties the Commissioners are magistrates and the police are sworn constables. The River Thames is also under its jurisdiction, from Chelsea to Barking Creek, including all its wharves, docks, landing-places, and dock-yards. The entire district has a circumference of 90 miles, and extends over an area of upwards of 700 square miles, 100 of which, forming what is called the interior area, is covered with our great Babel of brick and mortar. This wide extent of ground is mapped out into 18 divisions, each of which is watched by a detachment of men, varying in number according to the extent of the area, the exposed nature of the property, or the density of the population.

Letters of Divisions.	Local Names of Divisions.	Strength of each Division.
A . . . .	Whitehall . . . . .	380
B . . . .	Westminster . . . . .	324
C . . . .	St. James's . . . . .	265
D . . . .	St. Mary-le-bone . . . .	371
E . . . .	Holborn . . . . .	175
F . . . .	Covent Garden . . . .	165
G . . . .	Finsbury . . . . .	317
H . . . .	Whitechapel . . . . .	233
K . . . .	Stepney . . . . .	482
L . . . .	Lambeth . . . . .	208
M . . . .	Southwark . . . . .	350

N . . . .

Letters of Divisions.	Local Names of Divisions.	Strength of each Division.
N . . . .	Islington . . . . .	513
P . . . .	Camberwell . . . . .	408
R . . . .	Greenwich . . . . .	454
S . . . .	Hampstead . . . . .	410
T . . . .	Kensington . . . . .	288
V . . . .	Wandsworth . . . . .	381
Thames Police . . . . .		103

Thus it will be seen that policeman X, who figures so often in the pages of 'Punch,' is a myth of our facetious contemporary.

Each division is separated into subdivisions, the subdivisions into sections, and, last of all, the sections into beats. Of the main divisions, A, although one of the smallest in area, is by far the most important; it is the seat of the central authority located at Scotland Yard. Its police are much finer men (taller on the average than the Guards), and their duties are more responsible than those of any other division. They attend upon the Sovereign, the Parliament, the theatres, the parks, and all other places of public resort, such as Epsom and Ascot races, the flower shows, Crystal Palace, &c. The A division is, in fact, to the general body of Metropolitan Police what the Guards are to the army. To enable it to perform these extra duties, it has a reserve force of 250 men, drafted off on ordinary occasions in companies of fifty each to the B, C, D, G, and M divisions; upon this reserved force it draws when necessary.

The other divisions are pretty much alike in the nature of their duties, which are simply those of watching. Certain modifications, however, arise from the character of their districts; thus a constable on duty at Whitechapel, if suddenly removed to Westminster or Mary-le-bone, would find himself considerably at fault, inasmuch as a familiarity with fights in courts, disputes with tramps, and the coarse language of low lodging-houses, is not a good school for the amenities required among a more fashionable population. In all the divisions exactly the same organization is maintained and the same amount of arduous work is performed. Two-thirds of the entire force is on duty from nine or ten in the evening till five or six in the morning. Not long since the night-police were condemned to patrol the streets for nine hours, without sitting down or even leaning their weary limbs against any support. This severe labour was found incompatible with the maintenance of due vigilance towards the end of the watch; the men are, therefore, now kept on duty only eight hours. Day work is divided into reliefs, and extends from six A.M. to nine P.M. Notwithstanding its greater severity, there are men who prefer

men who prefer the stolid unimpeded walk in the night, in which they go through their work like machines, to the more bustling and exciting day-patrol. The serjeants or inspectors make the round of the districts to see that the constables are duly parading their beats.

If a door or window is discovered in an unsafe condition, its insecurity is immediately made known to the inmates; and if the constable fails to detect the circumstance during his tour, and it is afterwards observed by his serjeant or the succeeding constable, he is reported and fined for his neglect. Continued inattention is visited by dismissal. Offences of every kind are severely punished, as appears from the fact that, between the years 1850 and 1856, 1276 policemen were turned out of the force. Of these 68 were criminally convicted. Thus the men are kept up to their work, and collusions with thieves are rendered exceedingly difficult. Every morning a sheet of 'Occurrences' is forwarded to the Chief Commissioner at Scotland Yard, which contains the full particulars of all matters worthy of notice which have taken place during the night throughout the metropolis, and a record of all property lost or stolen, from a gold pin to a chest of plate, is kept in the same central establishment.

In case any affair of unusual importance occurs, a murder or a great robbery, the intelligence is conveyed by the constable who first becomes cognizant of it to the central station of his division; from this point the news is radiated by policemen, carrying what are termed route-papers, or papers of particulars of the offence, on the backs of which are marked the hour at which they were received at the different divisions through which they passed. In this manner information can be circulated in two hours to all the stations, excepting those belonging to the exterior or suburban districts. In these reports are given the names of the constables who were on the beats in which the offences took place, the serjeants in charge of the sections, and the names of the constables whose particular business it was to trace the offenders as far as possible. We understand, however, that the electric telegraph is now shooting its nerve-like threads to all the divisional stations in the metropolis, and, when the new agent is brought to bear, the communication will be almost instantaneous. Thus, in case of robbery, every constable will be made acquainted with the particulars without a moment's delay, and the police-net will be thrown at one cast over the entire metropolis. Thieves will no longer be able to get away with their plunder, ere a hue and cry has been raised after the property. Had the telegraph been in existence, in all probability Her Majesty's plate-chest would have been intercepted before it reached

reached the field where it was ransacked in Shoreditch. In cases of riot of a formidable nature, the telegraph will be able to concentrate 5000 men in a couple of hours upon any spot within five miles of Charing Cross.

Towards the outskirts of the metropolis, in the exterior or suburban districts, the widely-scattered constables chiefly perform the duties of a rural police. The great distances they have to traverse necessitates the use of horses; here, accordingly, we find the mounted police, the successors of the old horse-patrol established in 1805. The strength of this force, men and officers included, is only 120; they are furnished with powerful nags, and are armed with swords and pistols. Indeed the foot-police, whose beats lie in unfrequented rural districts, are allowed side-arms—a precaution which the fate of the policeman, who was brutally murdered in a field at Dagenham, in Essex, some years since, proved to be by no means unnecessary.

In the middle of the Metropolitan police district, is the City police, under the management of the Corporation. The area of this peculiar, to borrow an ecclesiastical term, is only one square mile and a quarter, but forming as it does the very centre of business, it is by far the richest part of London—for while it contains only one-twentieth portion of its inhabitants, it possesses a fourteenth part of its wealth. This small space is in fact the great heart not only of the metropolis, but of the commercial world. Through its principal thoroughfares a vaster flood of traffic is poured for several hours than is to be found in any other streets in the world. In the year 1850, it was ascertained that no less than 67,510 foot-passengers, and 13,796 vehicles, containing no fewer than 52,092 persons, passed Bow Church, Cheapside, in one day. By another channel of communication, Aldgate, near the Minories, 58,430 foot-passengers and 9332 vehicles, containing 20,804 persons, passed in the same time; and it is estimated that altogether no less than 400,000 persons are poured into this one square mile and a quarter in the course of the twelve hours. The congregation in so confined a space of so vast a number of people, many of whom are forced to carry about with them considerable sums of money, must prove a great source of attraction to thieves of all kinds, and demands the constant vigilance of a comparatively large body of police. It was not until ten years after the successful experiment of the Metropolitan Police, however, that the Corporation of London wedded to its old system of ward-beadles, street-keepers, and imbecile constables, could be brought to adopt the new system; but it must be admitted that the present force, consisting of 1 superintendent, 13 inspectors, 12 station-serjeants,

serjeants, 47 serjeants, and 492 policemen—making a total of 565, do the duty well; and the City, with all its stored wealth, is now as safe as the rest of the metropolis. At all the banks plain clothes men are constantly in attendance to keep out the swell mob who buzz about such places, as wasps do about a peach wall; and in the great thoroughfares, such as Cheapside, six or seven policemen are always to be found.

The peculiarities of the City, which produce its characteristic robberies, are the number of its uninhabited warehouses, the perfect labyrinth of lanes which traverse and intersect its streets in all directions, and the vast number of carts and vans always standing full of valuable goods at the warehouse doors. The greatest precautions are taken to mark the fastenings on the warehouse doors, so as to betray any attempt to force them, and these devices are generally successful. The reticulation of lanes will always prove a trouble to the police, and a security to pickpockets. Not many years ago a bank clerk was attacked at mid-day in one of these passages in the very heart of the City, but luckily he retained hold of his case which held most valuable property, and it is now the custom to chain these bill-cases to the person, just as they used to chain books in the olden time to the library shelves. It is also customary for bank clerks to tear the corners off all Bank of England notes, so as to render them unnegotiable, unless to persons who can produce the corresponding piece—a contrivance which no doubt put a stop to audacious attacks upon these money-carriers in the middle of the day. The most common robberies are those from vehicles loading or discharging valuable silk and other goods at the warehouse doors. For the protection of such property a small dog is the best policeman, and carts are rarely seen in the City without one of these nimble guardians. The old restriction which prevented the Metropolitan Police from entering the City, and the City force from entering the Metropolitan districts, is now abandoned. Nevertheless the fact of their being under a distinct jurisdiction, prevents that unity of action which ought to prevail. Not long since a City policeman patrolling one of the streets which extended into the Metropolitan department, was informed by a passer by that they were killing a constable at the top of the street, to which the policeman replied, that it was out of his beat, and he could not interfere! When next the Sibyl presents her leaves to the City Corporation, in all probability the present isolated system of police will not be found inscribed on any one of them.

Scotland Yard, as we have said, is the brain or central ganglion which directs the system of Metropolitan police. Here the Commissioners sit daily, and are ready to receive the complaints or other

other communications of the public. Its rooms are full of clerks, but all in the uniform of the police; in one office may be seen the constables wielding the pen instead of the truncheon, preparing daily returns and reports; in another, reading the morning and country papers, to learn what is doing that may require their presence, and to know what thieves have turned up in the police courts; in a third room an inspector is reading to the clerks from the different divisions any particulars it may be advisable to communicate to the entire force; in a fourth we see the secret chamber of the Detective Police—those human moles who work without casting up the earth lest their course should be discovered. In an office apart from the rest are the foreign detectives, who watch over *mauvais sujets* from abroad. The entire floating foreign population in the metropolis is well known to the police, and no plots against allied governments could well be hatched in London without their cognizance. All articles lost in public conveyances are here taken charge of. The 'Lost Property Office' contains piles of umbrellas, parasols, and walking-sticks, together with a curious assemblage of articles of jewellery and wearing apparel, brought by honest cabmen. On one occasion a parcel with cash to the amount of 1600*l.* was deposited; and on another a thousand pound-note. Valuable property is always claimed immediately, but sticks, parasols, and umbrellas accumulate in a manner which proves that their loss is due to the carelessness of their owners and not to the loose morality of others. The offices for the inspectors of dangerous structures and for licensing common lodging-houses and the drivers and conductors of public conveyances, all of which departments are managed by the police, are close at hand.

In the drilling-ground of the force—an open space surrounded by a hoarding close to the State Paper Office—there are generally from thirty to forty men in course of training, to fill up the gaps caused by dismissals, resignations, &c. On the occasion of our visit the yard was occupied by two bodies—the raw material in the shape of some twenty individuals dressed in every variety of costume, and another batch of the finished article, buttoned up in blue and resplendent with plated buttons. The eye had only to run along the 'gammut of men,' if we may so term the fresh recruits drawn up before us, in order to see from how many ranks of society the police brigade is reinforced; smock-frocks, shooting-coats, frock-coats, tail-coats, some seedy and worn, some still good and fresh, denoted the condition in life of their owners, and the necessities to which some of them were reduced. Young men flushed with hope come from the provinces to push their fortunes, after a brief struggle find



find themselves stranded, and accept this, the most readily obtained respectable service.

As every policeman must be able to read and write, have a good character, and be of sound body and mind, the mere overflowings of the labour-market are excluded from the force; moreover, persons can always leave the service by giving a month's notice. For these reasons a much more intelligent class of men recruit the police than the army, and it is singular to note how this intelligence tells. The drill of constables and soldiers is nearly alike, yet the former learn all their movements in a fortnight, whilst the latter require at least two months. Intelligence of a certain kind, however, may be carried too far; your sharp Londoner makes a very bad policeman; he is too volatile and conceited to submit himself to discipline, and is oftener rejected than the persons from other parts, with whom eight-tenths of the force are recruited. The best constables come from the provincial cities and towns. They are both quicker and more 'plucky' than the mere countryman fresh from the village—a singular fact, which proves that manly vigour, both physical and mental, is to be found in populations neither too aggregated nor entirely isolated.

The policemen, perfect in their material drill, next undergo a mental one. Drawn up in line, a serjeant or inspector questions them as to their duties. 'Supposing you see two men fighting, what would you do?' or, 'If you were to discover a house on fire, how would you act?' Sometimes the constable addressed answers the question, but more generally his interrogator does it for him. When drilled and catechised to the full pitch, he doffs his plain clothes for a uniform, and comes out in the full bloom of a policeman. But he is still a neophyte, and before he is entrusted with a beat he attends at a police-court in order to watch the manner in which trained constables comport themselves in the witness-box. Having learned to give evidence clearly and briefly, to listen to ludicrous scenes without smiling, and to bear bad language with imperturbable patience, he is marched off to the division in which he has elected to serve (the policeman is always if possible allowed this privilege), and with his armlet on his wrist, his staff in one pocket, and his rattle in the other, he patrols his beat.

Two especial injunctions are given to him—never to show his staff except to protect himself, and never to spring his rattle at night except in a case of great urgency. The care taken to hide his offensive weapon is one of the best points of our police arrangements. The officers sent over here to gain information, prior to the introduction of the English police

police system in Paris, were astonished at this forbearance : the Frenchmen could not understand why a man should carry a deadly weapon, unless to make a demonstration with it! In this little incident we see the essential difference between the French and English character. In six months' time it is expected that the young hand will prove a steady officer; that a wild young fellow, who perhaps only a few months before knew no restraint, should become a machine, moving, thinking, and speaking only as his instruction-book directs; and so wonderful are the powers of organization that such an officer he generally becomes. We all know him, for we see him day by day as we promenade the streets. Stiff, calm, and inexorable, he seems to take no interest in any mortal thing; to have neither hopes nor fears. Amid the bustle of Piccadilly or the roar of Oxford-street, P. C. X. 59 stalks along, an *institution* rather than a man. We seem to have no more hold of his personality than we could possibly get of his coat buttoned up to the throttling-point. Go, however, to the section-house, an establishment generally attached to the chief station of each division, in which the unmarried policemen are lodged, and enter the common hall or reading-room, and you no longer see policemen, but men; they have cast off their tight coats, as certain other unboiled lobsters, at fixed intervals, cast off their shells. They are absolutely laughing with each other! Some are writing, some are reading the morning papers, a group are grinning at the caricature of P. C. X. 202 in 'Punch'; some are deep in the horrors of a romance, extended at full length along a bench, with their trowsers tucked up; all are at their ease, taking rational amusement. In the common room of every section-house there is a library.\* That in King-street, Westminster, contains twelve hundred volumes, a well-selected medley of subjects grave and gay. Some of the volumes, indeed, surprised us, as they seemed to indicate an erudite taste which we did not give police-constables credit for possessing. We give a few of their titles as they came under our notice :—

Taylor's Holy Living.  
The Annals of the English  
Bible.  
Macaulay's Essays.  
Alison's Europe.  
Paley's Works.  
Byron's Works,  
The Waverley Novels.

James's Naval History.  
Lane's Modern Egyptians.  
Life of Mohammed, by Mohun  
Lal.  
Tom Cringle's Log.  
Bishop Heber's Journal.  
Washington Irving's Works.  
Colonial and Home Library.

\* Mr. Walker, the superintendent of the A Division, we believe, selected the works in these libraries. The love of books evinced by this gentleman sufficiently proves that literary tastes are not incompatible with the energetic performance of police duties.

What do you think of the list, good reader? Policemen reading Paley! Can we wonder that they are so very blue! But we must not misrepresent the force. If volumes such as these are thumbed sufficiently to show that some Scotch serjeant has a taste for theological reading and 'fee-lo-so-phy,' the prevalent inquiry is after good English literature; and although the 'Wandering Jew' and the 'Mysteries of Paris' are in the library, we were told that the men do not like, and apparently do not understand, French romances. The library is only open on Thursdays, and then but for two hours. For this there is a philosophical reason. 'What we can always see,' said the superintendent, who kindly showed us over the Section-house, 'we never see; it is only strangers that know all the sights of the metropolis.' On the same principle the issue of books is limited in the manner we have stated, and we are told that the plan answers admirably. The dormitories at King-street accommodate about ninety persons, the great portion of whom, having done night-duty, we saw fast asleep on a fine, tempting afternoon. It takes full three months, for the men to acquire the habit of sleeping in the day; but once acquired, they never lose it afterwards, although they return at stated intervals to day-duty again. They find their own breakfasts and suppers, but they mess together at dinner. They take it in turns to cater for the week; and the emulation thus created proves to the advantage of the mess, as we hear that early peas and other delicacies of the season find their way to the policemen's table.\* It would be an immense boon to the Benedicts of the force if accommodation could also be found for them in the section-houses. In these days of model lodging-houses such an injustice to family men should scarcely be allowed to exist.

One of the strongest reasons which weighed with Mr. Peel in proposing the establishment of the new police in 1829 was the expediency of instituting a force powerful enough to cope with mobs, and to repress those incipient commotions which, if too roughly dealt with by the military, are apt to leave an abiding sense of irritation in the public mind. The massacre of 'Peterloo,' as it was vulgarly called, without doubt proved to the reflective mind of Peel that civil disturbances could no longer be dealt with by the sharp edge of the sword, and that a knock-down blow of a truncheon was far more congenial to the English skull than the sabre of the yeoman or the bullet of the 'sodger.' That

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\* The partiality for the cook ascribed to the policeman is, we are assured, a slander upon the force. The commissariat at home is too good to justify any suspicion of this ignoble sort of cupboard love.

view was undoubtedly correct. The new police have not, it is true, come in contact with excited mobs on more than three occasions,—the affair of Coldbath Fields, in the year 1833, the chartist gathering in 1849, and the skirmish in the Park of last July. On each of these occasions the crowd was immediately dispersed, and whatever irritation might have existed at the time, it quickly died away. There seems to be no fear that a London mob will ever prove a serious thing in the face of our present corps of policemen. A repetition of the Lord George Gordon riots would be an impossibility. Those who shudder at the idea of an outbreak in the metropolis, containing two millions and a half of people and at least fifty thousand of the ‘dangerous classes,’ forget that the capital is so wide that its different sections are totally unknown to each other. A mob in London is wholly without cohesion, and the individuals composing it have but few feelings, thoughts, or pursuits in common. They would immediately break up before the determined attack of a band of well-trained men who know and have confidence in each other. The genuine Londoner, moreover, is no fighter; he will ‘slang’ and ‘chaff’ wittily with his tongue, but he will not come to blows. Those who have any experience in the *gamins* of the great towns in England must have observed the vast difference between the want of pugnacity in the cockney-bred boy, and the love of fist-cuffs among the youths of Bristol, Birmingham, or Manchester, which are the nurseries of prize-fighters. The great town has sharpened the brain of the Londoner, but unstrung his sinews and cowed his courage, and he is a pigmy in the hands of the vigorous provincials. The middle classes are an exception, and we doubt not that the same spirit which marched with the trained-bands from London to Gloucester in the civil war, is still to be found among them.

We believe that the only quarter in which any formidable riot could take place would be eastward, in the neighbourhood of the docks, where there are at least twelve thousand sailors in the river or on shore, ready for a spree, fearless and powerful, and acting with an undoubted *esprit de corps*. These, if associated with the seven or eight thousand dock-labourers and lightermen, would certainly produce a force difficult to cope with. For such emergencies the police are provided with side-arms, but we fear they are not well trained to their use, and it would take at least fourteen days to perfect them. If in any civil disturbance, however, it should come to cold steel, we think that the soldiers would prove far more effective, and their interference would be less galling than that of the police armed with murder-ous

ous weapons. Prevention is the true duty of the civil force. One of the simplest methods for breaking up a crowd, in order that it may have no unity of action, is to march sections of constables, in double files of say fifty each; these sections moving a few yards apart speedily cleave by their weight the densest mob in twain. When once this division is made, the order is given to face right and left, and march; by this means the mass is riven into a dozen helpless portions. If the mounted police can be brought into action, it is customary to march them in every direction through the crowd. Those who were in Hyde Park on the evening of the great Sunday gathering in July last, witnessed how effectually this singular manœuvre was executed under the orders of Captain Labalmondiere. The horsemen, circulating among the immense crowd, entirely disintegrated the mass, and rendered it helpless for a common movement, and this without any altercation, for what use could there be in arguing with horses' heels? A policeman's staff thrust in your chest, accompanied by a peremptory order to stand back, would probably 'rile' the best of us; but what is to be said against the push of a horse's flank or the descent of a heavy hoof? Everybody is glad to get as quickly as possible out of the way, and thus the whole company break up as it were of their own accord.

Let us now revert to the Detective Police. When the Metropolitan force was established in 1829, the old Bow-street officers, not caring to work with the new system, retired from public life and set up a private practice in hunting out offenders, in which occupation some of them continue to this day. For fifteen years there was no establishment of Detectives connected with the police; but the inconvenience of not possessing so necessary a wheel in the constabulary machinery induced Sir James Graham, who had perhaps a leaning towards this branch of the profession, to revive the fraternity. The force consists of three inspectors, nine serjeants, and a body of police termed 'plain-clothes men,' whose services can be had at any moment. There are about six policemen in each division who take upon themselves the duty of detectives when wanted, which affords a total number of 108 auxiliaries, upon whom the inspectors and serjeants can rely to carry out their orders with silence and address. In all great gatherings these men are distributed among the crowd, dressed according to the character of the assembly. Thus, at an agricultural meeting, smock-frocks are worn, or the dress of a small farmer; at a review, the habiliments of a decent mechanic in his Sunday best. In this respect they follow the principle of Nature, who protects her creatures from observation  
by

by giving them coats of a colour somewhat similar to that of the soil they inhabit: to the arctic fox, a fur white as the surrounding snow; and to the hare, a coat scarcely distinguishable from the brown heath in which she makes her form. It is the general rule to station these plain-clothes men as near as possible to the policemen of their own division, in order that they may be assisted in capturing prisoners.

Man is eminently a hunting animal, but there is no prey which he follows with such zest and perseverance as his fellow man. Some policemen, directly they enter the force, show the taste so strongly that they are at once marked off for this special service. Others, on the contrary, will remain years without detecting a single crime. From among the 6000 persons composing the force a splendid field is afforded for selecting good men; and Bow-street, great as was its fame, did not turn out more intelligent detectives than we now possess. The officers, although they are not hail-fellow-well-met with every thief, as in the last century, still find it necessary to keep up a personal knowledge of the criminal population, especially with that portion of it whose members they may at one time or other be likely to 'want.' The detectives, as well as thieves, are generally famous for some particular line of business. One is good at housebreakers, another knows how to follow up the swell-mob, and a third is a crack hand at forgers. By confining themselves to distinct branches of the art they acquire an especial sense, as it were, for the work; and it is remarkable how much their trouble is lightened by the division of labour. The detective stands in a very different position from the ordinary policeman; his work, long and laborious though it may be, must, to succeed, never see the light. Although he may have followed a case for years, all the public knows of it is summed up in the four words used by the constable who states the charge at the police court—'from information I received,' &c. The detective lays the foundation which, from the shifting soil he has to deal with, is frequently far more extensive than the superstructure. His duty is to pursue the criminal through all his shiftings and turnings, until the case is clear against him; and then fearlessly to draw him forth from his hiding-place, as a ferret would a rabbit, and hand him over to an ordinary constable to bring to the judgment seat.

Much of the information by which the perpetrators of crimes are discovered comes from their own body: thus two thieves fall out, and one, prompted by revenge, and stimulated by the hope of a reward, splits upon his confederate; or some abandoned woman, jealous of another, gives information which leads to

to her paramour's apprehension. The revenge taken by members of the fraternity upon a 'pal' whose treachery has been discovered, is often so signal, that the utmost caution is exercised in communicating with the police, lest suspicion should be excited. The constable, whose aim is to encourage these revelations, must never, by his want of address, give any hint of the source from which he receives his information; nay, he finds it necessary sometimes to pursue keenly a false scent in order to divert attention from the betrayer.

Between the detective and the thief there is no ill blood: when they meet they give an odd wink of recognition to each other—the thief smiling, as much as to say, 'I am quite safe, you know;' and the detective replying with a look, of which the interpretation is, 'We shall be better acquainted by and by.' They both feel, in short, that they are using their wits to get their living, and there is a sort of tacit understanding between them that each is entitled to play his game as well as he can.

In pursuing the track of an offender, the officers often come across other crimes of which they were not aware, and for a time are thrown off the scent, just as a pack of fox-hounds by a hare which crosses their path. In such cases the only way is to try back until the original trail is found. It is not uncommon in this manner to stumble upon a regular net-work of roguery, and to discover the whereabouts of parties who have long been 'wanting.' The most trivial hint will suffice to put the detective on the right track: for, like men accustomed to work in the dark, things which to other persons are invisible, to them appear clear as noon-day. The gossiping tendency of neighbours is especially useful to them in worming out secrets. To obtain a single link in a chain of facts, they will often hang about a house for months, interrogating the newspaper lad, waylaying the servant girl as she is going for her supper beer, and picking all he wants to know out of her as easily as a locksmith picks a lock, and with quite as little consciousness on the part of the person operated upon.

Mr. Dickens published some excellent papers in the early numbers of 'Household Words,' which illustrate admirably the habits of these officers. From these we select the following story, not that it is the most dramatic, but because it shows the vast number of dodges by which the detectives accomplish their ends:—

"'Tally-ho Thompson,'" says Sergeant Witchem, after merely wetting his lips with his brandy-and-water, "'Tally-ho Thompson was a famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman. Thompson, in conjunction with a pal that occasionally worked with him, gammoned a countryman out

out of a good round sum of money, under pretence of getting him a situation—the regular old dodge—and was afterwards in the ‘Hue and Cry’ for a horse—a horse that he stole, down in Hertfordshire. I had to look after Thompson, and I applied myself, of course, in the first instance, to discovering where he was. Now, Thompson’s wife lived, along with a little daughter, at Chelsea. Knowing that Thompson was somewhere in the country, I watched the house—especially at post-time in the morning—thinking Thompson was pretty likely to write to her. Sure enough, one morning the postman comes up, and delivers a letter at Mrs. Thompson’s door. Little girl opens the door, and takes it in. We’re not always sure of postmen, though the people at the post-offices are always very obliging. A postman may help us, or he may not,—just as it happens. However, I go across the road, and I say to the postman, after he has left the letter, ‘Good morning! how are you?’ ‘How are *you*?’ says he. ‘You’ve just delivered a letter for Mrs. Thompson.’ ‘Yes, I have.’ ‘You didn’t happen to remark what the post-mark was, perhaps?’ ‘No,’ says he, ‘I didn’t.’ ‘Come,’ says I, ‘I’ll be plain with you. I’m in a small way of business, and I have given Thompson credit, and I can’t afford to lose what he owes me. I know he’s got money, and I know he’s in the country, and if you could tell me what the post-mark was, I should be very much obliged to you, and you’d do a service to a tradesman in a small way of business that can’t afford a loss.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I do assure you that I did not observe what the post-mark was; all I know is, that there was money in the letter—I should say a sovereign.’ This was enough for me, because of course I knew that Thompson, having sent his wife money, it was probable she’d write to Thompson by return of post to acknowledge the receipt. So I said ‘Thankee’ to the postman, and I kept on the watch. In the afternoon I saw the little girl come out. Of course I followed her. She went into a stationer’s shop, and I needn’t say to you that I looked in at the window. She bought some writing-paper and envelopes, and a pen. I think to myself, ‘That’ll do!’—watch her home again, and don’t go away, you may be sure, knowing that Mrs. Thompson was writing her letter to Tally-ho, and that the letter would be posted presently. In about an hour or so, out came the little girl again, with the letter in her hand. I went up, and said something to the child, whatever it might have been; but I couldn’t see the direction of the letter, because she held it with the seal upwards. However, I observed that on the back of the letter there was what we call a kiss—a drop of wax by the side of the seal—and again, you understand, that was enough for me. I saw her post the letter, waited till she was gone, then went into the shop, and asked to see the master. When he came out, I told him, ‘Now, I’m an officer in the Detective Force; there’s a letter with a kiss been posted here just now, for a man that I’m in search of; and what I have to ask of you is, that you will let me look at the direction of that letter.’ He was very civil—took a lot of letters from the box in the window—shook ’em out on the counter with the faces downwards—and there among ’em was the identical letter with the kiss. It was directed, ‘Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post-Office,



Office, B——, to be left 'till called for.' Down I went to B—— (a hundred and twenty miles or so) that night. Early next morning I went to the post-office; saw the gentleman in charge of that department; told him who I was; and that my object was to see and track the party that should come for the letter for Mr. Thomas Pigeon. He was very polite, and said, 'You shall have every assistance we can give you; you can wait inside the office; and we'll take care to let you know when anybody comes for the letter.' Well, I waited there three days, and began to think that nobody ever *would* come. At last the clerk whispered to me, 'Here! Detective! Somebody's come for the letter!' 'Keep him a minute,' said I, and I ran round to the outside of the office. There I saw a young chap with the appearance of an ostler holding a horse by the bridle, stretching the bridle across the pavement while he waited at the post-office window for the letter. I began to pat the horse, and that; and I said to the boy, 'Why, this is Mr. Jones's mare!' 'No, it a'nt.' 'No?' said I: 'she's very like Mr. Jones's mare!' 'She an't Mr. Jones's mare, anyhow,' says he: 'it's Mr. So-and-So's, of the Warwick Arms.' And up he jumped, and off he went—letter and all. I got a cab, followed on the box, and was so quick after him, that I came into the stable-yard of the Warwick Arms by one gate just as he came in by another. I went into the bar, where there was a young woman serving, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water. He came in directly, and handed her the letter. She casually looked at it without saying anything, and stuck it up behind the glass over the chimney-piece. What was to be done next?

'I turned it over in my mind while I drank my brandy-and-water (looking pretty sharp at the letter the while), but I could n't see my way out of it at all. I tried to get lodgings in the house, but there had been a horse-fair, or something of that sort, and it was full. I was obliged to put up somewhere else, but I came backwards and forwards to the bar for a couple of days, and there was the letter, always behind the glass. At last I thought I'd write a letter to Mr. Pigeon myself, and see what that would do. So I wrote one, and posted it, but I purposely addressed it, Mr. John Pigeon, instead of Mr. Thomas Pigeon, to see what *that* would do. In the morning (a very wet morning it was) I watched the postman down the street, and cut into the bar, just before he reached the Warwick Arms. In he came presently with my letter. 'Is there a Mr. John Pigeon staying here?' 'No!—stop a bit though,' says the barmaid; and she took down the letter behind the glass. 'No,' says she, 'it's Thomas, and *he* is not staying here. Would you do me a favour, and post this for me, as it is so wet?' The postman said Yes: she folded it in another envelope, directed it, and gave it him. He put it in his hat, and away he went.

'I had no difficulty in finding out the direction of that letter. It was addressed, 'Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post-Office, R——, Northamptonshire, to be left till called for.' Off I started directly for R——. I said the same at the post-office there as I had said at B——; and again I waited three days before anybody came. At last another chap on horseback came. 'Any letters for Mr. Thomas Pigeon?' 'Where

'Where do you come from?' 'New Inn, near R——.' He got the letter, and away *he* went—at a canter.

"I made my inquiries about the New Inn, near R——, and hearing it was a solitary sort of house, a little in the horse line, about a couple of miles from the station, I thought I'd go and have a look at it. I found it what it had been described, and sauntered in, to look about me. The landlady was in the bar, and I was trying to get into conversation with her; asked her how business was, and spoke about the wet weather, and so on; when I saw, through an open door, three men sitting by the fire in a sort of parlour or kitchen, and one of those men, according to the description I had of him, was Tally-ho Thompson!

'I went and sat down among 'em, and tried to make things agreeable; but they were very shy—wouldn't talk at all—looked at me and at one another in a way quite the reverse of sociable. I reckoned 'em up, and finding that they were all three bigger men than me, and considering that their looks were ugly—that it was a lonely place—rail-road station two miles off—and night coming on—thought I could n't do better than have a drop of brandy-and-water to keep my courage up. So I called for my brandy-and-water; and as I was sitting drinking it by the fire, Thompson got up and went out.

'Now the difficulty of it was that I was n't sure it *was* Thompson, because I had never set eyes on him before; and what I had wanted was to be quite certain of him. However, there was nothing for it now but to follow, and put a bold face upon it. I found him talking outside in the yard with the landlady. It turned out afterwards that he was wanted by a Northampton officer for something else, and that, knowing that officer to be pock-marked (as I am myself), he mistook me for him. As I have observed, I found him talking to the landlady outside. I put my hand upon his shoulder—this way—and said, "Tally-ho Thompson, it's no use. I know you. I'm an officer from London, and I take you into custody for felony!" "That be d—d!" says Tally-ho Thompson.

'We went back into the house, and the two friends began to cut up rough, and their looks didn't please me at all, I assure you. "Let the man go. What are you going to do with him?" "I'll tell you what I'm going to do with him. I'm going to take him to London to-night, as sure as I'm alive. I'm not alone here, whatever you may think. You mind your own business, and keep yourselves to yourselves. It'll be better for you, for I know you both very well." I'd never seen or heard of 'em in all my life, but my bouncing cowed 'em a bit, and they kept off, while Thompson was making ready to go. I thought to myself, however, that they might be coming after me on the dark road to rescue Thompson; so I said to the landlady, "What men have you got in the house, Missis?" "We haven't got no men here," she says, sulkily. "You have got an ostler, I suppose?" "Yes, we've got an ostler." "Let me see him." Presently he came, and a shaggy-headed young fellow he was. "Now attend to me, young man," says I; "I'm a Detective Officer from London. This man's name is Thompson. I have taken him into custody for felony. I'm going to

take him to the railroad station. I call upon you, in the Queen's name, to assist me; and mind you, my friend, you'll get yourself into more trouble than you know of, if you don't!" You never saw a person open his eyes so wide. "Now, Thompson, come along!" says I. But when I took out the handcuffs, Thompson cries, "No! None of that! - I won't stand *them*! I'll go along with you quiet, but I won't bear none of that!" "Tally-ho Thompson," I said, "I'm willing to behave as a man to you, if you are willing to behave as a man to me. Give me your word that you will come peaceably along, and I don't want to handcuff you." "I will," says Thompson, "but I'll have a glass of brandy first." "I don't care if I've another," said I. "We'll have two more, Missis," said the friends; "and con-found you, Constable, you'll give your man a drop, won't you?" I was agreeable to that, so we had it all round, and then my man and I took Tally-ho Thompson safe to the railroad, and I carried him to London that night. He was afterwards acquitted on account of a defect in the evidence; and I understand he always praises me up to the skies, and says I'm one of the best of men."

The largest of all the classes of thieves, and that which employs the most extensive range of intellect, of age, and of dress, is the pickpocket. From the first-rate thief who 'works' about the banks for six or nine months until he gets a 'good thing,' to the miserable urchin who filches a pocket-handkerchief, how vast a descent! Although strung together by the common thread of crime, and pursuing, as it were, the same line of business, a duke could not, and certainly would not, look down upon a street-sweeper with half the hauteur that the leading rogues do upon the Fagin-led urchin who replenishes with bandanas the stalls of Field-lane. The popular notion of swell-mobsmen is far wide of the truth. It is supposed that they may be at once recognised by a certain ultra-foppish manner of dressing, and an excess of jewellery, whereas the aim of a professor of the 'conveying' art is to go about his occupation unobserved, for to be known to the police is to be disappointed of his booty. He has his clothes built by the most correct tailor, and gets himself up as much like a gentleman as possible; the necessities of his art, it is true, oblige him to carry a coat over his arm in all weathers, but so may any veritable man of fashion, without creating suspicion. Still though he may manage to pass free in a crowd, and frequent fashionable assemblies without being suspected by the public, the professed thief-catcher is rarely to be deceived by appearances. As the hunter marks his quarry by peculiar signs known only to his craft, so the detective can at once ascertain whether the fine gentleman walking carelessly along is 'wrong,' as the slang term is, or a respectable character.

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The principal sign by which a thief may be distinguished in any assembly is the wandering of his eye. Whilst those about him are either listening to a speaker or witnessing a spectacle, his orbits are peering restlessly, not to say anxiously around. When the thief-taker sees this he knows his man. One of the detective police who attended at the laying of the foundation stone of the Duke of Wellington's College, thus explained to us the capture of a gentlemanly-looking person who was present on that occasion :—

‘If you ask me to give my reason why I thought this person a thief the moment I saw him, I could not tell you ; I did not even know myself. There was something about him, as about all swell mobsmen, that immediately attracted my attention, and led me to bend my eye upon them. He did not appear to notice my watching him, but passed on into the thick of the crowd, but then he turned and looked towards the spot in which I was—this was enough for me, although I had never seen him before, and he had not to my knowledge attempted any pocket. I immediately made my way towards him, and tapping him on the shoulder, asked him abruptly, “What do you do here?” Without any hesitation, he said in an under tone, “I should not have come if I had known I should have seen any of you.” I then asked him if he was working with any companions, and he said, “No, upon my word, I am alone ;” upon this I took him off to the room which we had provided for the safe keeping of the swell mobsmen.’

This was a daring stroke, but it succeeded as it deserved. If the man had been really honest he would have turned indignantly upon the person who questioned him, but pickpockets are essentially cowards both morally and physically, and they generally come down at once to save trouble, when the officer has his eye upon them, as the opossums were wont to do when they espied that dead shot Colonel Crockett. There is a striking example of this weakness of their tribe in the amusing work of the ‘Englishwoman in America.’ The scene is an American railway-carriage.

‘I had found it necessary to study physiognomy since leaving England, and was horrified by the appearance of my next neighbour. His forehead was low, his deep-set and restless eyes significant of cunning, and I at once set him down as a swindler or pickpocket. My convictions of the truth of my inferences were so strong, that I removed my purse—in which, however, acting by advice, I never carried more than five dollars—from my pocket, leaving in it only my handkerchief and the checks for my baggage, knowing that I could not possibly keep awake the whole morning. In spite of my endeavours to the contrary, I soon sank into an oblivious state, from which I awoke to the consciousness that my companion was withdrawing his hand from my pocket. My first impulse was to make an exclamation ; my second,

which

which I carried into execution, to ascertain my loss; which I found to be the very alarming one of my baggage-checks; my whole property being thereby placed at this vagabond's disposal, for I knew perfectly well, that if I claimed my trunks without my checks, the acute baggage-master would have set me down as a bold swindler. The keen-eyed conductor was not in the car, and, had he been there, the necessity for habitual suspicion, incidental to his position, would so far have removed his original sentiments of generosity as to make him turn a deaf ear to my request, and there was not one of my fellow-travellers whose physiognomy would have warranted me in appealing to him. So, recollecting that my checks were marked Chicago, and seeing that the thief's ticket bore the same name, I resolved to wait the chapter of accidents, or the re-appearance of my friends. . . . With a whoop like an Indian war-whoop the cars ran into a shed—they stopped—the pick-pocket got up—I got up too—the baggage-master came to the door: "This gentleman has the checks for my baggage," said I, pointing to the thief. Bewildered, he took them from his waistcoat-pocket, gave them to the baggage-master, and went hastily away. I had no inclination to cry "Stop thief!" and had barely time to congratulate myself on the fortunate impulse which had led me to say what I did, when my friends appeared from the next car. They were too highly amused with my recital to sympathise at all with my feelings of annoyance; and one of them, a gentleman filling a high situation in the East, laughed heartily, saying, in a thoroughly American tone, "The English ladies must be 'cute customers if they can outwit Yankee pickpockets."

The quickness and presence of mind of this lady was worthy of the practised skill of the detective who marked his man at the Wellington College ceremonial. That same gathering afforded another example of the cowardice of the swell mob. Immediately they came upon the ground fourteen of them were netted before they had time to try the lightness of their fingers. They were confined in a single room with only two policemen to guard them, yet they never attempted to escape, although their apprehension was illegal, but waited patiently until the crowd had dispersed. When the doors were thrown open they immediately made a rush like so many rats from a trap, and never stopped until they were well out of sight of the police. The rapidity with which they bolted was caused by their desire to avoid being paraded before the assembled constables, a measure which is often taken by the police, in order that they may know their men on another occasion. If, however, the swell mobsman's eye is for ever wandering in search of his prey, so also is that of the detective, and instances may occur when the one may be mistaken for the other. At the opening of the Crystal Palace, a party of detectives distributed among the crowd, observed several foreigners looking about them in a manner calculated to rouse their sus-  
picious.

picious. These individuals were immediately taken into custody, notwithstanding their strong and vehement expostulations made in very good French. When brought before the inspector, it came out that they were Belgian police, sent over at the request of our Government to keep a look out on the *mauvais sujets* of their own nation.

The swell mobsmen proper, generally work together at races in gangs of from three to seven, those who 'cover,' as it is termed, making a rush to create pressure, in order that the pick-pocket may use his hand without being noticed. In taking watches it is generally supposed that the ring is cut by a pair of wire nippers. This is rarely the case; thieves have no time in operating to use any other implement than their own nimble fingers and the ring of the watch is wrenched off with the utmost ease, as the purchase upon it is very great. A police magistrate, of large experience, suggests that the way to baffle the fraternity would be to *make the ring work upon a swivel*. Inferior classes of thieves work in smaller 'schools,' say of a couple of women and a boy, whose little hand is capitally adapted for the work. Whilst one woman pushes, the lad attempts the pocket of the person nearest him, and the third 'watches it off,' as it is called; if she observes that the youth's attentions have been noticed, she immediately draws him back with a 'Ha Jhonny, why do you push the lady so!' Look to your pockets, good reader, when you see forward little Jhonnies about—especially at railway stations. Such places are the chief resort of this class of pickpockets, and we hear that theatres and churches, just as the people are coming out, are favourite haunts—the women creating a stoppage at the door, and the children taking advantage of it. Women's pockets are much more easily picked than men's, for the reason that the opening through the dress to it is larger, and it hangs by its weight free of the person. In a crowd the operation is easy enough, as the general pressure masks the movement of the depredator's hand; when the victim is walking a more artistic management is required. The hand is inserted at the moment that the right leg is thrown forward, because the pocket then hangs behind the limb, an essential condition for the thief, as the slightest motion is otherwise felt upon the leg. The trowser-pockets of a man are never attempted in the streets: but in a crowd, as at a race, he can be cleaned out by a school of mobsmen of everything in his possession, with little fear of detection. The first step is to select their victim; to do this demands some caution; and if they cannot see whether he carries a purse, and if they have had no opportunity of watching him pull it out, they will feel all his pockets. The 'Spotter,' as he is called, passes

passes his hand across the clothes seemingly in the most accidental manner; sometimes twice when he is in doubt. The fact that there is booty being ascertained, the confederates surround him, and wait for the coming off of a race. Just as the horse is at the winning-post there is a rush forward of the crowd: of this the mobsmen take advantage, while the victim, perhaps, for better security, keeps his hand over his pocket, but in vain. At a critical moment the man behind tips his hat over his eyes, instinctively he lifts up his hand to set it right, and the next moment his pocket is hanging inside out. Few betting men who attend much at races have escaped being thoroughly cleaned out. It is rarely that Londoners are robbed in the streets; they are too busy, and move on too fast. Country people form the chief game of the light-fingered gentry: as they stare about, they instantly betray themselves to their watchful enemy, and in the midst of their admiration at everything about them, fall an easy prey. The thief in search of purses or handkerchiefs always makes his way trout-like against the stream. There are places, which, to carry out our piscatorial analogy, seem 'ground baited' for these fishers. Temple Bar, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Shoreditch end of Bishopsgate, Holborn, Cheapside, and other crowded thoroughfares, all afford excellent sport for the pickpockets, and any one acquainted with their 'manners and customs' may occasionally see them exercising their craft at these localities, if he watches narrowly. They look out for a temporary stoppage in the stream of people, and a horse fallen in the highway, an altercation between a cabman and his fare, a fight, a crowd round a picture-shop, are all excellent opportunities, of which they instantly take advantage.

The May-meetings at Exeter-hall, however, form the most splendid harvests for the pickpocket. If the members of the various religious denominations who flock thither escape the hustle on the hall stairs, they are waited upon with due attention in the omnibus. Ladies and gentlemen who attend these May-meetings are well known to be 'omnibus people': they lodge or visit, for the short period of their sojourn in town, either at Islington, Clapham, or Camberwell, and the 'Waterloos' and the 'Victorias' are followed by the fraternity as certainly as a sick ship in the tropics is followed by the sharks. Omnibuses are generally 'worked' by a man and a woman; the woman seats herself on the right-hand side of the most respectable-looking female passenger she can see, and the man if possible takes a place opposite the individual to be operated upon. If she be a young person, the man 'stares her out of countenance,' and, whilst confused by his impertinence, the 'pal,' by the aid of a cloak thrown over her arm,

arm, or, if a man, by passing his hand through the pocket of his cloak made open on the inside for the purpose, is able to rifle her pockets at leisure. If the victim be a middle-aged or elderly lady, her attention is engaged in conversation whilst the clearing out process is going on. The trick done, the confederates get out at the first convenient opportunity. It is very rarely that a pickpocket pursues his avocation alone; but a case has been reported lately in the newspapers, which proves that a clever artist can work single-handed. A man named William Henry Barber was charged at the Worship-street court with robbing a lady of her portemonnaie in a Stoke Newington omnibus: he was well known to the police, but had generally escaped by his adroitness. His manoeuvres were thus described by a lady, a resident of Stoke Newington, who had been robbed by him on a previous occasion:—

‘She had got into an omnibus,’ she said, ‘at Kingsland, several weeks back, to convey her to town, and found herself next to a gentlemanly-looking stout man, who was dressed in sober black, with a white neckerchief, and apparently a Dissenting minister. The gentleman gradually encroached upon her, and pressed upon her, but she thought nothing of it, as he was very intent upon reading a newspaper the whole way—so intent, indeed, that she did not see his face, and he did not seem to notice that his newspaper several times partially covered her dress. The stranger shortly after got out, and she did so also in a few minutes, and upon then placing her hand in her pocket to make some purchase she found that her purse had been stolen, and with it seven sovereigns and a quantity of silver.’

The ‘Dissenting Minister’ had evidently worked the Stoke Newington road regularly, and no doubt the ‘sober black’ and the white handkerchief was assumed with a perfect knowledge of the ‘serious’ class of passenger he was likely to encounter in omnibuses running to that suburb. Robberies of this kind have enormously increased of late. The security with which pickpockets can work, withdrawn as they are from the surveillance of the police, is a great incentive to thieves to take to this particular line of business.

The earnings of what is called a ‘school’ of boys, who pick pockets in concert, under the eye of a master, must be considerable, for we were shown, some time since, a bill made out by one of those Fagins for the board and lodging of his hopeful youths, from which it appeared that the regular charge for each was two guineas a week! This person was well known some years since on the Surrey side of the water, as Mo Clarke. He attended races, dressed in the deepest black, with his young assistants in jackets and turned down collars; and the whole group,



group, to the eye of the general observer, presented the sad spectacle of a widower left with a family of young children to lament the loss of an attached mother. Their appearance disarmed suspicion, and enabled them to empty the pockets of those around them at their leisure. The subsequent fate of two of the children, though nursed in hypocrisy and vice, proves that the old saying, 'once a thief always a thief,' is not invariably correct, for they are, at the present moment, flourishing cab and omnibus proprietors.

The advantage of working out of sight of the police has lately led some of the swell mob to go to church, prayer-book in hand, and pick pockets either in the pews or while the congregation is coming down the aisle. Women are the greatest adepts at this kind of thieving, and they are constant attendants at confirmations, plundering in sight of the most touching rite of the Church. The dress of these females is perfect enough, but with them, as with most other members of the swell mob, the finish is entirely on the outside; they scarcely ever have any education, and the moment they open their mouths they betray themselves. This fact is of especial service in detecting another large class of thieves—the shoplifters. A lady cannot go into the shop of any silkmercer or linendraper without being struck with the rude manner in which the shopman clears the counter immediately the purchaser takes her seat. The plundering to which they are subjected is some excuse for their suspicions, for the assistants cannot tell at first who the customer may be, and if expensive goods were left exposed while their backs were turned serious robberies would inevitably occur. The value of the manner of speech, as diagnostic of character, was exemplified not long since at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, where a lady-like person asked to look at some 'wallenciens;' a watch was kept upon the 'lady,' and she was speedily detected secreting a card of valuable lace.

The extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shopkeeping community, that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them, and afterwards send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses. Jewellers' shops are especially open to a class of thieving termed 'palming.' One of the gang goes in first, and engages the attention of the assistant, then another drops in and makes inquiries for some article which is on the other side of the shop; then perhaps a third, without recognising his companions, follows

lows and asks for something, saying he is in a hurry, as he has to be off by a certain train, and at the same time pulls out his watch to show his eagerness to be served. The shopkeeper's attention is thus diverted from the confederates, who rob the trays before them of their valuable contents. Some of these fellows are so dexterous that if they perceive any person watching them they can 'palm' back the goods they have secreted, and, on being accused, put on an appearance of injured innocence which makes the tradesman believe that his own eyes must have deceived him. The higher order of thieves will sometimes 'ring the changes,' as it is called. This must be ranked among the fine arts of swindling. They will call on first-rate houses and request to be shown valuable pieces of jewellery, such as diamonds, necklaces, and bracelets, which are kept in cases. Having noted the case they go away, promising to call with 'a lady.' A case exactly similar is then made, with which they call a second time, and ask to see the identical bracelet they before admired, and substituting the empty case for that containing the jewels, depart with an apparent inability to decide upon the purchase. Many robberies to a heavy amount have taken place in this manner. Jewellers are liable to be attacked from without as well as from within. From the narration communicated by a prisoner to Captain Chesterton, when Governor of Cold-bath-fields Prison, we extract the following method of procedure in what is termed 'starring the glaze':—

'One or two parties divert attention while another "stars." This is either done by a diamond, or by inserting a small penknife through the putty, near the corner of a pane, and cracking it; the wet finger carries the crack in any direction; an angle is generally formed. The piece is wrought to and through, and then removed; if necessary another piece is "starred" to allow of the free ingress of the hand. In a retired neighbourhood an opportunity is taken of tying the door, in order to prevent any one coming out, and on passing of a heavy carriage the hand is driven through a square of glass, upon which has been laid a piece of strong paper, coated with treacle, to prevent noise from the glass falling, and then articles of value are removed. This is termed *spanking the glaze*. At other times the parties intending to star go a night or two before and break one of the lower squares of glass, a watch is then put upon the shop to know when the square is renewed, which, of course, the putty being soft, can be removed at pleasure; a piece of leather, upon which is spread some pitch, being applied to the square to prevent it falling when pushed in, much time is saved this way.'

We often hear of the march of intellect in thieving, and the height to which its professors have carried it in these latter days.

days. There could be no greater delusion; all the tricks of card-sharpers, ring-droppers, purse-cutters, &c., are centuries old, and it does not appear that they are performed a bit more adroitly now than in the days of Elizabeth. Mr. Charles Knight, in his charming paper on London Rogueries, gives examples of the tricks of the Shakspearian era, which prove, as he observes, that pickpocketing in all its forms was taught as cleverly in the days of the Tudors as by Fagin and his boys in 'Oliver Twist.' His account of a school of thieves discovered in 1585, is an instance:—

'Among the rest they found one Wolton, a gentleman born, and sometimes a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay. This man kept an ale-house at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanour, put down, he reared up a new trade of life; and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses in the city to repair to his house. There was a schoolhouse set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up—one was a pocket and another was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring bell; the purse had silver in it, and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public Foyster; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells, was adjudged a judicial nypper, according to their terms of art.'

The tricks we have enumerated all require cunning, lightness of hand, and address, rather than strength and courage. As the swell-mobsmen stand at the head of this school, so the cracksmen or housebreaker stands on the highest pinnacle of the other great division of crime which attains its ends by force and courage. Since the ticket of leave system has been in action this department has flourished to an alarming degree. The released convict re-enters the community with the enlarged experience of the hulks and with a brutal disregard of danger. Suddenly thrown upon his resources, with a blasted character, society leaves him no better means of livelihood than his old course of crime. One fellow who was brought up to Bow-Street had committed no less than four burglaries within three weeks after he had been liberated! Bands of ruffians, with crape masks and with deadly arms, stand by the bed at dead of night, and, after robbing and terrifying their victims, leave them gagged and bound in a manner that would disgrace banditti. It is true these burglaries are confined to lonely houses situated in the country; but housebreaking has been on the increase of late even in the metropolis. Some of the craftsmen have become so expert that no system of bolts or bars is capable of keeping them out. It may

may be as well to state, however, that a sheet of iron, on the inside of a panel, will often foil the most expert burglars; and all operators of this class who have opened their minds upon the subject to the prison authorities admit that it is totally impossible, without alarming the inmates, to force a window that is lightly barred with a thin iron bar and supplied with a bell. A shutter thus protected, and which gives a little with pressure, will not allow the centrebit to work without creating a motion which is sure to ring the alarm.

Most burglaries of any importance, especially those in which much plate is stolen, are what is termed 'put up,'—that is, the thieves are in correspondence with servants in the house, or with those that have been discarded. Many robberies, that appear to have been accomplished in a most wonderful manner from without, are committed from within. In 'put up' robberies, however, the thieves seldom allow the confederate in the house to know when the robbery is to come off, for fear of what is termed a 'double plant,' that is, lest the person who originally 'put up' the robbery should, from the stings of conscience, or, for other reasons, have officers in waiting to apprehend them. It is quite sufficient for adroit burglars to know where the valuables are kept, and the general arrangements of the house. We are indebted to the Yankees for an extremely clever method of gaining entrance to hotel bed-chambers, even when the inmate has fastened the door. The end of the key which projects through the lock is seized by a pair of steel pliers, and the door is unlocked whilst the traveller sleeps in fancied security. Several robberies of this kind have lately taken place. The most ingenious pilfering of the 'put up' kind we ever heard of occurred many years ago in a large town in Hampshire. A gang of first-rate cracksmen having heard that a certain banker in a country town was in the habit of keeping large sums of money in the strong box of the banking-house in which he himself dwelt, determined to carry it off. For this purpose the most astute and respectable-looking middle-aged man of the gang was despatched to the town, to reconnoitre the premises and get an insight into the character of their victim. The banker, he ascertained, belonged to the sect of Primitive Methodists, and held what is termed 'love-feasts.' The cracksmen accordingly got himself up as a preacher, studied the peculiar method of holding forth in favour with the sect, wore a white neckhandkerchief, assumed the nasal whine, and laid in a powerful stock of Scripture phrases. Thus armed, he took occasion to hold forth, and that so 'movingly' that the rumour of his 'discourses' soon came to the ears of the banker, and he was admitted as a guest. His

His foot once inside the doors, he rapidly 'improved the occasion' in his own peculiar manner. The intimacy grew, and he was speedily on such terms of friendship with every one in the house that he came and went without notice. He acquainted himself with the position of the strong box, and took impressions in wax of the wards of the locks. These he sent up to his pals in town, and in due course was supplied with false keys. With these he opened the strong box, made exact notes of the value and nature of its contents, and replaced everything as he found it. A plan of the street, the house, and of the particular chamber in which the treasure was kept, was then prepared and forwarded to the confederates in London. He persuaded his kind friend the banker to hold a love-feast on the evening fixed for the final stroke. A few minutes before the time appointed for the robbery, he proposed that the whole assembly should join with him in raising their voices to the glory of the Lord. The cracksman laboured hard and long to keep up the hymn, and noise enough was made to cover the designs of less adroit confederates than his own. The pseudo-preacher, to disarm suspicion, remained with his friend for a fortnight after the theft, and on his departure all the women of the 'persuasion' wept that so good a man should go away from among them!

In a large number of cases the servants are only the unconscious instruments in the hands of the housebreaker. We will venture to say that more house robberies are committed through the vanity of servant girls than from any other cause. A smart young fellow, having heard that plunder is to be obtained in a certain house, manages to pick up an acquaintance with one of the female domestics, and makes violent love to her. We all know how communicative young women are to their sweet-hearts, and the consequence is that in a short time he gets from her every particular that he requires, the habits of the family, the times of their going out, the position of the plate-chest, and the fastenings of the doors. Where only a servant-of-all-work is kept, the process is more simple. The lover calls in the absence of the family at church, proposes a walk, and takes charge of the street-door key, which, unseen to the girl, is passed to a confederate; and whilst the polite lover and his lass are enjoying the cool of the evening, the house is being ransacked. An investigation took place at the Lambeth Police-court a few months ago, where the poor girl, who had been made the tool of the housebreaker, attempted to commit suicide in order to escape the consequences of her folly. Her account of the manner in which the 'plant' was made upon her, affords a good example of the style of 'putting up' a house robbery:—

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'The young man with whom she had casually become acquainted called after the family had gone out, and she asked him into the back parlour. He then asked her to dress and go out with him, and he remained in the back parlour while she dressed. While in the back parlour he asked her if she could get a glass of wine, and she told him she could not, as the wine was locked up. He said it did not matter, as they should have one when they went out, and that he expected to meet his sister at the Elephant and Castle. They then left the house and went for a walk, and on reaching the Elephant and Castle remained there for some time, waiting for the young man's sister, but did not see her. They next proceeded to a public-house, where they had a glass of brandy and water, and the young man accompanied her to the end of the street, where they parted, with the intention that they should meet at 1 o'clock on the following day and spend the afternoon together. On going to unlock the door, she found it ajar, and on going in found that the house had been robbed. On discovering this she did not know what to do, but thought she would make up a story about thieves having got into the house, and took up the knife and chopped her hand; but after this, not knowing how to face her master or mistress after being so wicked, she took up the knife again, intending to kill herself, and inflicted the wound on her throat.'

This confession was enough for the officers, and her 'young man,' with his confederates, were caught and convicted. The frequency of these robberies should put housekeepers on their guard as to what followers are allowed, lest the 'young man' should turn out to be a regular cracksman in disguise. We bid the housekeeper also beware of another danger that sometimes threatens him, when he has an empty house for a neighbour. Thieves always, if possible, make use of it as a basis of operations against the others. They creep towards the dusk of the evening, when the inmates are generally down stairs, along the parapet and enter successively the bed-rooms of the adjoining tenements. As many as half-a-dozen houses have thus been robbed on the same occasion. Police constables always keep a careful watch upon these untenanted houses, by placing private marks on some part of the premises; and if any of these signs are disturbed, they suspect that something is wrong, and make a further examination. In the City, where an immense amount of valuable property is stored in warehouses, the private marks are much more used than in other portions of the Metropolis, and are continually changed, lest they should become known to thieves and be turned to their advantage.

Professional beggars are almost, without exception, thieves, but as they are generally recruited from the lowest portion of the population, they never attain any of the higher ranks, but confine themselves

themselves to petty acts of filching, or to cunning methods of circumventing the honest. The half-naked wretch that appears to be addressing the basement floor in piteous terms, has a fine eye for the spoons he may see cleaning below, and the shipwrecked sailor just cast ashore from St. Giles's, would be an awkward person to meet with in a dark suburban lane. Professional beggars are migratory in their habits. They travel from town to town, not in the filthy rags we are accustomed to see them in, but in good clothing; the rags are carried by their women, and are only donned when they are nearing the place in which they intend to beg.

There is an audacious class of thieves, termed 'dragsmen,' who plunder vehicles. At the West End they chiefly operate upon cabs going to or coming from the railway stations. As this kind of thieving is carried on under the very eyes of the foot-passengers, it is rarely attempted except in the dusk of the evening. The dragman manages to hang on behind as though he were merely taking a surreptitious ride, but in reality to cut leather thongs and undo fastenings, and be able at any convenient moment to slip off a box or parcel unobserved. The carelessness of the public is the best confederate of this sort of thief. In the case of Lady Ellesmere's jewels the box was put not inside, but *outside* the cab in which the valet rode, and not in the middle of other boxes, but the *hindmost* of all—just the place in which the dragman would have planted it. It is now known that the robbery was effected between Berkeley-square and Grosvenor-square, as a man was seen with the package standing at the corner of Mount-street, Davies-street, bargaining with a cabman to take him to the City. The man and his booty were driven to a public-house, but the box must have been shifted immediately; for in two hours from the time it was lost it was found rifled of its contents in a waste piece of ground in Shore-ditch. It might perhaps for a moment be suspected that this was a 'put up' robbery, but we are precluded from adopting this view of the case, as it is, we believe, suspected that the man sold the jewels, which were worth perhaps 25,000*l.*, for a very trifling sum. He must have been entirely ignorant of their value, and having by a chance stroke obtained a magnificent booty, threw it away for an old song. Not many weeks after this extraordinary robbery, a plate-chest of her Majesty was stolen from a van between Buckingham Palace and the Great Western Railway. There were persons walking alongside the vehicle, and it seems marvellous how it could be possible to remove unseen a heavy chest under such conditions; but every facility was given in this case, as in  
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the former, for the plunderers to do their work unmolested. In the first place the box was put in such a position that its bottom came flush with the ledge of the van. Next the journey from Buckingham Palace to Paddington was in the driver's idea too far to go without baiting on the way: therefore bait he did at a little public-house, and every person in charge of the property went inside to drink. According to their own account they did not stop more than a minute; this minute was enough—like Laertes, the thief might have said, 'twill serve.' In this instance also the box was found empty in a field at Shoreditch, and it is believed that a ticket-of-leave man had a hand in both robberies.

The habits of thieves have been somewhat modified since the institution of the new police, and the adoption of the principle of prevention instead of detection, in dealing with the criminal population. In the time of the old Bow-street Runners the different classes of thieves had their houses of call, in which they regularly assembled. The arrangement was winked at by the magistrates, and approved by the officers, as useful to them in looking after offenders that were wanted. John Townsend, when speaking of the supposed advantage of these flash-houses, said, 'I know five-and-twenty, or six-and-twenty years ago, there were houses where we could pop in, and I have taken three or four, or five or six of them at a time, and three or four of them have been convicted, and yet the public-house was tolerably well conducted too.' Perhaps officers who lived upon the capture of thieves had good reason for maintaining these flash-houses, in which most robberies were concocted; the case is far different now that the police are paid by day rather than piece-work, by weekly salary rather than by blood-money, and all known flash-houses have long been discontinued. Some fifteen years since a few still remained in the Borough, but Superintendent Haynes broke them up, and rooted them out. Thieves cannot meet now in respectable houses, for if they did the constables would become aware of the fact, and the landlord would speedily lose his licence. The passing of the Common Lodging-House Act has also assisted in dispersing the desperate gangs, one of which, known under the name of 'The Forty Thieves,' infested the town a few years since. It may be asked, what sort of mutual fellowship exists among these outcasts who live below the surface of 'society?' Of the seven or eight thousand thieves in the metropolis very few are acquainted with each other; they are in fact divided into as many sections as are to be found among honest men. Beyond their own peculiar set they do not associate with their kind. The swell mobsman is as distinct a being from the cracksman as a Bond-street dandy from a South-Sea islander; they do not even talk



talk the same slang, and could no more practise each other's art, than a shoemaker could make a table. These natural divisions of the under-ground world of rogues immensely facilitate the operations of the police. The manner in which they do their work is also in some cases a pretty good guide to the detectives. Skill and individuality is evinced in unlawful as well as in lawful pursuits—in the manner in which a door is forced, as much as in the style a picture is painted; and a clever officer, after carefully examining a door or window, will sometimes say, this looks like 'Whiteheaded Bob's work,' or 'Billy-go-fast' must have had a hand in this job.

The leading swell mobsmen are the only class of thieves who 'touch,' if we may so term it, the ordinary society of better men. The practitioner in this line must dress and be as much like a gentleman as possible, in order to pursue his avocation without suspicion. Accordingly, he lives with a woman, who passes for his wife, in genteel lodgings, and generally in the drawing-room floor. As his earnings are often very large, he has everything about him of the most expensive kind; his style of living is luxurious, and he drinks nothing less than hock and champagne. He sometimes keeps a banking account, and one man named Brown, lately apprehended, had a balance at his banker's of 800*l.* ! As the members of this fraternity work wholly in the daytime, going out in the morning and returning in the evening, the landlady believes that they are engaged in mercantile pursuits, and have business in the city; and as it is part of their game to pay their way liberally, she esteems them to be model lodgers !

The domestic habits of thieves are all pretty much alike; fluctuating between the prison and the hulks, they exhibit the usual characteristics of men engaged in dangerous enterprises. They mainly pass their time when not at 'work' in gambling, smoking, and drinking, and in listening to the adventures of their companions. It must be remembered, however, that the professed thief, even if he drinks, is never *drunk*; he is employed in desperate undertakings which require him to have his wits about him quite as much, if not more than the honest man. When a pickpocket is flush of money he spends it in the most lavish manner—takes a tour with his female companion to the Isle of Wight, or to any other place he has a wish to see, and puts up at the best hotels. In some of these trips he thinks nothing of spending 30*l.* in a fortnight, and when the money is gone he comes back again 'to work.' Thieves are generally faithful to each other; indeed the community of danger in which they live develops this virtue to an unusual extent. If a 'pal' is apprehended, they cheerfully put down their guinea a-piece to

to provide him with counsel for his trial, and if he should be imprisoned they make a collection for him when he comes out. A curious circumstance is the rapidity with which news of any of the body having been arrested travels among his companions. We are assured that no sooner is a young thief captured and taken to the station-house, although he may have been plundering far away from his home, than some associate brings him his dinner or tea as a matter of course.

The best class of swell mobamen sometimes act upon the joint-stock principle 'with limited liabilities.' When a good thing is in prospect—a gold-dust robbery or a bank robbery—it is not unusual for several of them to 'post' as much as 50*l.* a-piece in order to provide the sinews of war to carry on the plan in a business-like manner. If in the end the job succeeds the money advanced is carefully paid back to the persons advancing it—several of whom have lived for years on plunder thus obtained, without the police being able to detect them. Often the receivers make these adventures in crime, and plot the robbery of a jeweller's shop with as much coolness and shrewdness as though it were an ordinary mercantile speculation, and the produce is disposed of in the same business-like manner. Watches are what is termed, 're-christened,' that is, the maker's names and numbers are taken out and fresh ones put in; they are then exported in large quantities to America. All articles of plate are immediately thrown into the crucible and melted down, so as to place them beyond the hope of identification. In many cases when the receiver cannot thoroughly depend upon the thief, it is, we believe, customary to employ intermediate receivers so as to render it impossible to trace the property to its ultimate destination. It must not be supposed that the passion for gain is always the sole incentive to robbery. 'Oh how I do love thieving! If I had thousands I'd still be a thief;' such were the words uttered by a youth in Coldbath-fields Prison, and overheard by the Governor.\*

If the machinery for preventing and detecting crime has so vastly improved within this present century, the same may be said for the method of dispensing justice. Up to as late as 1792, the magistrates of Bow-street—the first 'police-office,' as it was then termed—were paid in that most obnoxious of all modes, by fees, which were often obtained in a manner so disgraceful that the magistrates got the name of 'trading justices' and 'basket justices.' Our old friend John Townsend, whom we

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\* We have extracted this anecdote from the very interesting work just published by Captain Chesterton, entitled 'Revelations of Prison Life.'

must summon once more to our aid, gives an insight into their proceedings, and he knew them well. He said, 'The plan used to be to issue warrants, and to take up all the poor devils in the streets, and then there was the bailing them, 2s. 4d., which the magistrate had. *In taking up a hundred girls*, that would make, at 2s. 4d., 11l. 13s. 4d. They sent none to jail, *for the bailing them was so much better!*' The old Bow-street worthy then draws a picture of the magistrate settling the amount of these ill-gotten fees with his clerk on the Monday morning. The 'basket justices' were so called, because they allowed themselves to be bought over by presents of baskets of game. These enormities were so glaring that, according to Townsend, 'they at last led to the Police Bill, and it was a great blessing to the public to do away with these men, for they were nothing better than the encouragers of blacklegs, vice, and plunderers. There is no doubt about it.' In 1792 seven other 'offices' were established, namely, Queen-square, Great Marlborough-street, Hatton Garden, Worship-street, Lambeth, Shadwell, and Union Street, each office having three magistrates, who did the duties alternately. These, by the addition of the suburban courts, have since been augmented to eleven. They form the judgment-seats to which all offenders in this great capital of 2,500,000 inhabitants are brought either to be punished summarily, or to be remanded to the sessions to take their trial.

The police-courts may be likened to so many shafts sunk in the smooth surface of society, through which the seething mass of debauchery, violence, and crime, are daily bubbling up before the public eye. A spectator cannot sit beside the magistrate on the bench for a couple of hours without feeling that there are currents of wickedness flowing among the population as fixedly as the trade-winds in the tropics. A panorama of sin passes before his eye which he shudders to think is only like a single thread drawn from the fabric of vice which underlies the whole system of elegant, punctilious, and accomplished metropolitan life. On every case that comes before him the magistrate unassisted has to decide rapidly and justly, unless he desires to call down upon his head the thunders of an ever-watchful press. In addition to his judicial duties, he has to answer numberless questions, and to give advice upon law points to distressed persons: and all this amid a pestilential atmosphere which is calculated to depress both body and mind. Nevertheless, the work is done admirably, and justice, as speedy as that dispensed by cadis in Eastern tales, and much more impartial, is dealt to the throng brought before him.

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From an analysis of the Criminal Returns of the Metropolitan Police, it is apparent that crimes have their peculiar seasons. Thus attempts to commit suicide generally occur in the months of June, July, and August, and rarely in November, according to the commonly-accepted notion; comfort, it is evident, is considered even in the accomplishment of this desperate act. Common assaults and drunkenness also multiply wonderfully in the dog-days. In the winter, on the contrary, burglaries increase, and, for some unknown reason, the uttering of counterfeit coin.

The character of the cases brought before the police-courts varies, in some degree, according to the neighbourhood and other causes. Bow-street still maintains the pre-eminence over the other courts which it exercised in the old days, when the horse-patrol and the detective police, known as the Bow-street runners, were in existence, and this it does in consequence of its special jurisdiction over persons who are amenable to foreign law. The cases of this class—arson, murder, or bankruptcy—are heard in private, generally by the chief magistrate, and the depositions are forwarded direct to the Foreign Office. Ticket-of-leave men who have committed fresh offences, are here deprived of their tickets, and apprehended by a warrant from the Home-Office. All Inland Revenue and Post-Office cases, such as stealing from letters, are adjudicated upon exclusively at Bow-Street, which is, in fact, *the* Government office.

The Thames Police deals with mutinies and murders committed on the high seas, and all disputes under the Mercantile Marine Act come as a matter of course to this court, together with the major portion of the criminals the scene of whose offences is in the docks and on the river. Drunkenness, the vice of the sailors, and the insubordination arising out of it, form a very large portion of the charges of the district. Worship-street is famous, or rather infamous, for wife-beaters. The reason is curious, and supplies a hint to philanthropists to reform the dwellings of the poor, rather than pass harsh acts of parliament against the husbands, which in many cases only serve to aggravate the evils arising from their brutality. The majority of the wife-beaters come from Bethnal-green, where there are a great number of large old mansions let out to the working-classes in floors or flats. Sometimes as many as twenty families live in the same house. The children play about in the passages as a neutral ground, disputes arise, and the mothers take the parts of their respective offspring with discordant fierceness. This drives the men to the public houses, where they drink their porter *iced* and listen to more pleasant sounds in the shape of gratuitous concerts.

concerts. The wives in turn are driven to the tavern doors to seek their mates, with words not too conciliatory, and are brutally assaulted by the drunken husbands, who are taken up the next day and get six months' imprisonment, *the family being in most instances irretrievably broken up and ruined thereby.* Some of the magistrates, seeing the baleful working of the system, have attempted a solution of the difficulty by making the husband promise to allow the wife to receive his weekly wages from his master, whose consent to the arrangement has been given. In many instances this plan has worked well, since the husband knows that on the slightest infringement of the agreement his spouse may give him six months' imprisonment, judgment in the case having been only suspended. But this power again is often abused by the woman, and it is a common thing for them on the least threat of their mates to say, 'Mind what you are about, or I will give you "a sixer."'

Cases of Begging are principally heard at the Marlborough-street Police Court, as the rich streets in its neighbourhood are the main scenes of the nuisance. Blind beggars especially affect Regent-street, Oxford-street, and Piccadilly, the most thronged thoroughfares in the West End. We warn our readers against their charitable tendencies for these people. If the truth was known, the cry, 'Pity the poor blind!' far from exciting their pity, would arouse their disgust. Blind beggars, as a class, are the most profligate scoundrels in the metropolis, thinking of nothing but their grosser appetites, and plundering the charitable for their satisfaction. One of these men lately taken into custody was discovered seated at the breakfast-table with ham and fourteen poached eggs before him! At the Westminster Police Court the foot guards are continually visitors against their will; but it is remarked as extraordinary that not one of the horse guards has been charged here for years.

A custom has grown up of making the police magistrates the almoners of the public in cases which have attracted the attention of the charitable through the medium of the press. Many a poor forsaken creature has suddenly found himself not only famous, but comparatively rich, by the simple process of telling his tale in one of these courts. The news of it flies through the country in the pages of the 'Times,' and in the course of two or three mornings the magistrate is oppressed with post-office orders for the benefit of the sufferer, the donors simply requesting that their gifts should be acknowledged in the public journals. The annual receipts at the different courts for special cases must amount to a large sum; and there is in addition a constant flow of small sums towards the poor-box, the contents of which are distributed

distributed at the discretion of the magistrate. The annual income from this latter source is about 300*l.* per annum at Marlborough-street, and at Bow-street respectively, the greater portion of which is given to deserving objects whose cases have come before the court, and the remainder is dispensed at Christmas to the poor of the neighbourhood in the shape of coals and candles. We are particularly anxious to make this fact known, in order that the charitable may be aware that their gifts are well bestowed. The magistrates do not, we believe, encourage these donations, as they consider that the distribution of alms is incompatible with their office; but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that a vast amount of temporary aid is thus given to persons whose needs cannot be satisfied by the Union workhouse. Deserving people are often furnished with the means of obtaining a livelihood, workmen whose tools have been burned in a conflagration supplied with new ones, and in some cases women left behind by their husbands under circumstances of peculiar hardship have been provided with a passage to Australia. The thousands in England who only want to know where genuine misfortune exists, to hasten to its relief, have a greater guarantee that they will not be imposed upon by these cases at the police-courts than by private solicitations, as the magistrates have the means of sifting the statements of applicants. Nevertheless even these astute public servants are now and then deceived, and comparatively large sums have been received by them for persons who have afterwards been ascertained to be unworthy of relief, and in instances where the discovery took place in time, the money by the direction of the donors has been transferred to truer objects of charity.

The fees, penalties, and forfeitures received at the eleven metropolitan police courts and by the justices of the exterior police districts are very considerable; in 1855 they amounted to 11,315*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* This sum goes towards defraying the expenses of the courts, which, together with the salaries of the officers and other items, amounted in the same year to 63,021*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* The expenditure may be considered reasonable, when it is remembered that 60,000 cases are annually disposed of, many of which require a minute knowledge of statute and of common law. The chief improvement required is the improvement of the buildings. The Thames Police Court is the only one at all suitable for its purpose. An enclosed yard is attached to it, in which the police-van can draw up and discharge its prisoners without exposing them to the public gaze, an important point in times of public excitement. Clerkenwell and Westminster are the next best arranged courts, but both want space and air; Lambeth,

Lambeth, though lately built, is a complete failure ; many of the other courts are held in small private houses ; and in those of Marlborough-street and Hammersmith, the business is transacted upstairs. In the latter court it is a common thing to hear it said of persons who have been taken before the magistrates—‘ he has been up the forty steps.’ With the common people, with whom these institutions have mainly to deal, justice should be dispensed with a regard to appearances ; there should be the formality of the superior courts, and somewhat of their show. A magistrate sitting in a plain black dress like an ordinary gentleman, and a lawyer dispensing justice in his wig and gown, are two very different things to the lower classes, whatever they may be to educated persons ; and the want of all official costume, and the huddled style of doing business inseparable from the present confined space, is not calculated to inspire the people with much respect. The police should at least be put upon a level with the county courts. The latter have to deal with less momentous interests. Questions of paltry debt cannot be put in comparison with questions involving the liberty of the subject ; the power of committing to prison for six months with hard labour is far more important than that of adjudicating in money disputes under five pounds. It is not enough that justice is administered ; it is the opinion which the people have of it that produces the effect, and until the judgment seat is rendered dignified, and those who sit on it are clothed with the habiliments which distinguish the magistrate from the man, the law, by losing most of its impressiveness, will lose its moral power over delinquents. The vulgar terror of punishment may remain, but the lesson which is conveyed to the feelings by the solemn stateliness of the tribunal is entirely gone.

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ART. V.—1. *Mémoire présenté par M. le Préfet de la Seine à la Commission Municipale.* Paris, 1854.

2. *Résidences des Souverains.* Par C. Percier et P. Fontaine, Paris, 1833.

3. *Rapport sur les Marchés Publics en Angleterre, en Belgique, &c.* Paris, 1846.

NO sovereign ever reigned who, in the same space of time, has rivalled Napoleon III. in the combined magnificence, utility, and extent of his public works. Of the great undertakings in progress, the most vast is the junction of the two royal or imperial palaces, the Tuileries and the Louvre, and the consequent completion of an edifice which will surpass in

in size and splendour every other of its kind. The old Louvre, or Louveterie, a quadrangular building, with its conical capped towers, similar to those which still crown the opposite Conciergerie, was demolished by Francis I. in 1528. The social change in a court where for the first time dames and damsels freely mingled, created the necessity for a princely residence far different from the old cooped-up and dimly-lighted castle. A wide staircase, a vast reception-hall, and an atmosphere uncontaminated by the stagnant waters of a fosse, became the wants of the day. The architect, Pierre Lescot, Abbot of Clugny, accordingly erected on the site of the old Louvre half that portion of the new which fronts westward and joins the *Musée*. The king's mother, Louise of Savoy, caught up the new taste, and emigrated from the unhealthy air of the palace of the Tournelles in the midst of the city, to the site of the present Tuileries. The centre however of the existing edifice was built by Catherine of Medici, while Henry II. had previously completed the west side of the court of the Louvre. The fancy of the age was for large square masses, which resembled towers, but were called *pavillons*, with lines of galleries or reception-rooms connecting them. The lower part of this *pavillon* was devoted to the great staircase, leading to the chief apartment, such as the Hall of the Caryatides in the Louvre, which Jean Goujon ornamented for Henry II.

Henry IV. was the first to conceive the splendid project of uniting the Louvre and Tuileries by a long gallery, to be appropriated to works of art. The completion of the Louvre itself was retarded by the rivalry between the architects of the French and Italian schools. Perrault, a physician, through the patronage of Colbert, secured the adoption of his famous colonnade, which forms the east front of the Louvre, facing the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The beauty of the *façade* scarcely sufficed to preserve it afterwards, owing to the difficulty of harmonising it with the rest of the quadrangle. Fortunately it was allowed to remain, and the contrast arising from the irregularity is now admitted to be one of the beauties of the structure. Versailles during the next century and a half was the principal object of royal care, and the palaces of the metropolis were comparatively neglected. The dependents of the court did as they pleased with the interior and precincts of the kingly residences of Paris; and they at last built themselves, at the expense no doubt of the state, a kind of rookery of apartments, which choked up the court of the Tuileries until it was almost unapproachable. The revolutionary cannon next battered the front of the royal structure, and the Convention, having installed itself in the galleries which

extended



extended between the northern and the central *pavillons*, threw them into one, and increased the devastation.

The first care of Napoleon I. was to clear away the buildings which encumbered the immediate court of the Tuileries. To recover the ground that extended between them and the Louvre, was a more serious task ; for the vast hotel of the Dukes of Longueville, that of the family of Elbœuf, the stables of the Duke of Orleans, together with a whole line of streets and houses, filled the space. The project of Napoleon was to connect the Louvre and Tuileries by a long gallery corresponding to that of the picture gallery or *Musée*. He at the same time resolved to open the garden of the Tuileries on the north side, and unite it with the city, with which it then only communicated by lanes and alleys. The site of the present Rue de Rivoli was chiefly occupied by convents and their gardens, which had been sold indeed, but were not yet disturbed ; and here he constructed the noble street which has just been extended through the very heart of Paris as far as the Place de la Bastille. Even the Place Vendôme was shut in both on the side of the Boulevards and on that of the Tuileries, and the Rue de la Paix, which now runs up in either direction, was the work of the Emperor. Without this channel of communication an *habitué* of the present capital would scarcely recognise the gay and splendid city.

The clearing of the district which bordered the garden of the Tuileries retarded the completion of the palace in the opposite direction, and its junction with the Louvre. After the new wing had been extended a certain distance the architects represented the extreme difficulty of amalgamating edifices of such different styles, different parallels, and different levels. To obviate the evil it was determined to run a transverse building across the Carrousel, about half way between the Tuileries and the Louvre. The *façades* of this dividing line would have been parallel to both, and would have masked all discrepancies except such as might have been visible through the central arch, where the view for this reason would have been broken by fountains. The lower portion of the transverse building was to be a covered colonnade ; and as the line of the Museum Gallery along the river was to be similarly adorned, the promenaders through a considerable portion of the city would have been protected from sun and rain.

The fifteen years which succeeded the reign of Napoleon I. were years of debt and of financial difficulty. To complete a few of the imperial designs, such as the canals and *abattoirs*, and the erection of some churches and colleges, absorbed all the disposable funds of the Restoration. Louis Philippe, who as Duke of Orleans

leans had involved himself to complete and embellish the Palais Royal, arrived at the Tuileries in 1830 with vast schemes for its extension to the Louvre. His first idea, however, was of comfort ; and the narrow line of almost transparent galleries, thrown up by Francis I. and Catherine de Medicis, afforded neither accommodation for a family, nor privacy for a sovereign. It was the king's intention to remedy the inconvenience by doubling the depth of the Tuileries facing the gardens. Orders were given to commence the works, and a large portion of the garden was fenced off, which narrowed the space previously enjoyed by the public. The populace just then was peculiarly susceptible, and full of its sovereign rights. Murmurs arose which were re-echoed by the press. The bitter and sarcastic criticisms of [the newspapers found adherents in the Chamber of Deputies. A citizen king, it was urged, might rest contented with that palace which Louis XIV. and Napoleon had successively inhabited, and had not required to enlarge. Louis Philippe grew alarmed. The orders for sinking the foundation were revoked ; but the planks, which shut out the public, remained. The enclosed ground was converted into a private garden, which still exists ; the people did not attain the object of their agitation, and the monarch was balked of his improved palace.

No sooner had the Revolution of 1848 been consummated than the Provisional Government saw the necessity of employing the labouring classes who were thrown out of work by the suspension of private enterprise. Again the project was revived of joining the Tuileries and the Louvre. A decree was issued to authorise the government to take the houses of proprietors in adjoining streets, and this unlimited power was afterwards grasped and turned to account by the imperial hand. The Provisional Government had not time to illustrate its reign by the erection of architectural monuments, and when Louis Napoleon became President of the Republic, a jealous Assembly closed the purse-strings of the nation. The proclamation of the Empire put an end to this restraint, and, in March 1852, a decree appeared allotting upwards of a million sterling to the completion and junction of the Tuileries and the Louvre. The Emperor resolved to leave the space between the two palaces unbroken by any transverse building. The front of the Louvre being much narrower than that of the Tuileries, a double line of edifices was necessary to connect the two. These wings are now completed. The second lines advance more than half the distance to the Tuileries, and contain the Allée Napoléon between them. The rule observed in the junction of the palaces is that each part shall harmonize with the older portion to which it is immediately united. The attempt has proved

eminently

eminently successful, as will be admitted by any one who surveys in succession the part of the palace in the Rue de Rivoli adjoining the Louvre, and the two *pavillons* which follow in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries. In the new buildings which inclose the square of the Carrousel, the original style of architecture which prevailed in the erection of the Tuileries has been observed, though with some modifications, and a great increase of ornament.\* The merit of the external design is due to M. Visconti. Since his death the works have been conducted by M. Lefuel, who has devised the whole of the interior arrangements, which are thought to display great architectural genius. The new staircase conducting to the gallery of the Louvre is especially noted for its grandeur and beauty.

The Bourbons of both branches divided the Tuileries into sets of apartments for the different members of the royal family. The Emperor Napoleon III. has distributed the vast superfluity of space amongst the great officers and dignitaries of his court. In the new portion already completed along the Rue Rivoli the *Ministère d'Etat* has been installed. Farther down, towards the Louvre, rises the handsome Pavillon de Rohan, which faces the old street of that name. This pavillon, with the building immediately adjacent, is occupied by the commandant and a regiment of a thousand soldiers, in addition to the *Cent Gardes*, who are also to be lodged beneath the same roof with the sovereign. From the graceful watch-tower which crowns the Pavillon de Rohan there is an uninterrupted view of the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the distant quays. The Rue Richelieu is visible in its whole length; but a much vaster opening is meditated in the shape of a wide street with trees—a boulevard in short—which is to run northward through the Rue de Grammont to Montmartre. On the east, the view at present extends to the Place de la Bastille, and will reach the extremity of Paris in that direction. There can no longer be any *Mysteries of Paris*. An insurrection which begins to muster in a distant quarter will at once be under the field of the telegraph and the range of the gun. When we add that the great lateral sewer, which runs under this vast street from one end of Paris to the other, is traversed above the channel of its waters by an iron railroad, and that any number of troops can thus be conveyed in secrecy and safety to any quarter where they may be required, it will be seen what advantages the government

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\* There have been one hundred and fifty-five artists in sculpture employed, at a cost of nearly 70,000*l.* This will give some idea of the patronage extended to art. The decoration of the interior of the palaces offers still more ample means of employing artists of every description.

will possess in its future struggles with insurrection. We do not assert that this was the intention of improvements which add immensely to the health, the beauty, and the natural development of the capital, but it is at least the result.

The grandest and most ornate part of the building in the Rue Rivoli faces the Palais-Royal. Here, where the new wing joins the great façade of the Tuileries, will be the library of the Emperor, and the permanent salon for the exhibition of the fine arts; whilst in the upper stories will be established the grand centre of all the telegraphic lines. The double line of building which fills the space between this and the Louvre will be occupied by the Ministry of the Home Department, at present inconveniently exiled to the Faubourg St. Germain. The corresponding edifice on the other side, and adjoining the *Musée*, will be devoted to large exhibition-rooms, one of which will contain the annual show of pictures. But the principal salon of this portion of the edifice will bear the name of the *Salle des Etats*. Here the session will be opened in the presence of the senate and the legislative body; and here will take place all the great ceremonies of *représentation politique*. As the sovereign can always reach this magnificent *salle* through the large gallery of the Louvre, he can avoid the danger, or the inconvenience, of an out-of-door procession.

The palaces are completed at the expense of the state. The works around the *halles* and other parts of Paris are at the expense of the municipality. The rapidity with which the buildings have been executed is as surprising as their cheapness. Three thousand four hundred workmen have usually been employed upon the palaces; and though the levelling of the ground has of itself been a most arduous task, the cost does not attain our ideas of magnitude. Not more than a million sterling has yet been expended; and the entire estimate is under forty millions of francs. Yet this sum kept every plan of the kind in abeyance under the Restoration, and was considered too heavy an item for the more liberal budget of Louis Philippe. It must, however, be admitted that in constitutional countries, even when, like our own, they are proverbial for loyalty, the expenditure of the public money on a palace is always an unpopular proposal. Every scheme of the kind is usually scouted as a job; and when the necessity has arisen for either the erection or repair of a royal residence, ministers have generally brought forward small estimates for doing piecemeal, and as it were surreptitiously, what can only be done effectively as a whole. It is impossible to compare French and English experience in the matter without arriving at the conclusion that the whole secret of the superiority

superiority of our neighbours lies in the absolute power with which certain of its sovereigns were endowed. The same causes, though to a less degree, have operated in those portions of the improvements which, undertaken by the civic authorities, and paid for out of civic revenues, are still subject to the powerful influence of a ruler able to remove all obstacles. We have examples before us at this moment. In the vicinity of St. Paul's is a plot of ground lately cleared which it is indispensable to leave open ; and as the state will not buy, nor the City be at the loss of it, our glorious cathedral will probably be blocked up again for another century. At the same moment the Emperor Napoleon has need of a site for the central markets, and the city magnates of Paris, under his direction, have literally razed a whole quarter to make way for them. Such is a fair measure of the obstructive and progressive powers in force in the two capitals. The first Emperor Napoleon, however, enjoyed other facilities than those which were the result of despotic power. The Revolution of 1789 found one-third of the area of Paris in mortmain, and occupied by churches and conventual establishments, which, with their gardens, covered the best sites, interrupted the most necessary communications, and defied the interference of minister, mayor, or even the monarch himself. An interesting series of maps are preserved at the Hôtel de Ville, representing Paris as it was at different periods. In the map of 1789 the ecclesiastical possessions are coloured black, and the city in consequence presents the appearance of one of those motley maps of England which are designed to show the relative proportion of crime in the different counties. All the property in mortmain was confiscated at the commencement of the revolution ; and as the part which had been sold had fetched only a low price, it was easy for the state to secure the whole for the projected improvements. The admired Rue de la Paix replaced the grounds of the convent of the Capucin Friars, the name of which is still preserved in the adjoining street. The Jacobins and the Feuillans choaked what is now the Rue Rivoli. The Bourse and its Place are established on the site of the Couvent des Filles St. Thomas. Proceeding eastward, we find the old Abbaye of St. Martin has furnished the present market of the name, with the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, a prison, and a number of streets. The wide Rue Rambuteau goes through the nunnery of the Filles St. Magloire. The Temple has made way for the market of old linen. If we go south of the Seine, we find the old College de Navarre converted into the Ecole Polytechnique. The Convent of the Bernardins has furnished space for a veal-market, a communal school, and a barrack of firemen. The Augustins are converted into a poultry-

poultry-market. The Convents of Bellechasse and of the Carmelites are replaced by the beautiful modern church of St. Clotilde, and the splendid streets and mansions which surround it. The Carmes, where the massacre of the priests took place, has become a market. An Egyptian obelisk covers the spot where the guillotine was *en permanence*; and we may add that the interior of the Tuileries and of the Hôtel de Ville no longer retain a trace of the great revolution. Even the external staircase, which formed the entrance of the latter, has been removed.

It will be observed that the principal use to which the confiscation of conventual property was turned was the establishment of markets and the opening of ways of communication through an over-crowded city. There was, indeed, no point to which the attention of Napoleon was more directed than to the distribution of provisions. He evidently looked upon his capital as if it were a camp, dependent upon his regulations for supply, economy, and health. If this gave rise to marked improvements, it also led him into serious errors; as for instance the consolidation of the *Octroi*, which taxes the poor for the rich, counter-balanced by the *maximum* price of bread, which in turn obliges the state when corn is dear to make up the deficiency. The butchers, again, were allowed to form a close corporation, who could combine against both the buyer of meat and the seller of cattle. The result has been, that whilst splendid markets rose in all quarters of the city the supply remained stationary. The number of sheep and bullocks consumed in Paris in 1851 was little more than it had been in 1815, or about 630,000, while during the same period the population had increased from nearly 700,000 to a million. These figures speak volumes.

Napoleon opened eight new markets. The *Marché St. Honoré*, on the site of the old Jacobins, was one, and the spacious and beautiful *Marché St. Germain*, near the Church of St. Sulpice, another. The great *Halle*, however, or central market of Paris, he left pretty much as he found it. The war interrupted his civic designs, and it was not till the latter part of the reign of Louis Philippe that steps were taken to remodel and rebuild it. Three thousand carts and pack-horses then encumbered every morning the adjoining streets; the stalls extended from the market into the surrounding quarters; tables and vehicles obstructed each other; and crowds of buyers and sellers found it equally difficult to get their goods in or out. In 1845 M. de Rambuteau, as the chief magistrate of the city, appointed various persons to visit London and other towns for the purpose of examining similar establishments abroad. The report of the commissioners was prepared in 1847, and the first stone of the new Halles, from the design of

M. Baltard,

M. Baltard, was laid on the 15th of September, 1851. When a portion, used as a butter-market, had been completed, the Parisian public denounced it as a fortress, and called it the *Fort de la Halle*,—a term which denominating also the stout porters of the market, was further recommended by the pun. The building, however, was more likely to serve the purpose of insurgents than that of the government, and the example of the many beautiful railway stations, in which a large space was covered over with the simple aid of a few iron pillars and a light iron roof, determined the Emperor in 1852 to adopt the system and remove the suspected butter-market which had been built. The new plan prepared by M. Baltard obtained the approval and admiration of all who examined it.

The *Marché des Innocens*, celebrated for its fountain, was the Covent-Garden of Paris, more spacious, but less convenient. The interior was, and is still, filled with women, who have a table for a stall, and a coarse strong umbrella to protect them against sun or rain. The frequenters are mostly poor, who often buy in the heap the collection of vegetables which, with the addition of bread and a little lard, compose a savoury soup. To what marvellous uses will not a cabbage be turned in the hands of a French or German housewife, whilst our labouring classes can but put it into a pot and serve it up in its primitive form! English people have yet to learn how to turn to account the odds and ends of a garden. Specimens of French cookery may be seen in the open space of the market, where waggoners and workmen dine on fried fish or pumpkin, the *restaurants* being a table and a stove *sub dio*. All this will now disappear, and the new markets will be located between the old site and the church of St. Eustache. A space of 60,000 mètres square will be appropriated to the purpose, of which 30,000 will be covered in. This latter portion will furnish 10 pavillons or galleries. Nos. 1 and 2 will be devoted to butcher's meat, and will contain 4540 mètres. Nos. 3 and 4 will be set apart for vegetables, fruit, and flowers, and will afford 840 shops of 2 mètres each.\* Nos. 5 and 6 will be applied to the retail sale of the same commodities. No. 7 will be the fish-market. No. 8 will be for butter, eggs, and cheese in wholesale, with a retail department at No. 10; and No. 9 will be assigned to poultry, game, and cooked meat. The shops take up 24,000 mètres, the remaining six are passages.

A great market would be useless without corresponding means of communication. The old streets, which led to the Halles,

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\* An English yard is  $\frac{9}{10}$  of a mètre.

were numerous indeed, but narrow, and more contracted the nearer they approached the centre : to remedy this inconvenience a wide Boulevard is carried through the very centre of Paris from north to south, and is to be called the Boulevard de Strasbourg, because it commences at the Strasbourg station. Underneath this new thoroughfare is a broad subterranean railway, connected with the eastern and northern lines, and through them with all other lines of communication. The railway enters the cellars of the new Halles, and affords the means of transporting thither the entire mass of provisions, without encumbering the ordinary thoroughfares, or even being seen in them. This vast improvement will probably hereafter be extensively applied, and in great cities we shall have a double set of streets—upper and lower. The arches of the underground portion of the Halles, which are but one brick in thickness, and each of which spring from four iron pillars, present a beautiful appearance : the weight they will support is almost incredible to the unscientific beholder.

The cost of the Halles, which is entirely defrayed by the city, is, independently of the outlay for opening adjacent streets, about forty millions of francs ; of this thirty millions has been expended in purchasing the site and the houses which covered it. Almost all the materials employed in the construction are one-half the price in England that they are in France. The brick-work is estimated at exactly double what it is with us ; and cast-metal, which here costs 30 francs, costs 50 francs in Paris. The price of labour has also risen to the English level ; and the only excuse we can plead for our own excess of expenditure in similar undertakings is the obstruction caused by conflicting authorities and interests.

A question that suggests itself to all who hear of these gigantic schemes is, Whence are the funds for the purpose obtained ? The principal revenue of the city of Paris is the *Octroi*, or duties levied upon all articles of consumption, except corn, on entering the gates. Before the Revolution this tax was the property of the State. Abolished in 1791, it was re-established in 1798, under the pretext that it was required for purposes of charity, and with cruel irony was called *Octroi de Bienfaisance*. It produced half a million sterling at the commencement of the century, and double that amount from 1820 to 1830 ; it has now risen to 1,660,000*l.*, and with other items of city revenue constitutes a sum total of 2,200,000*l.* In London 320 lbs. of beef pay a market duty of 6*d.*, whereas the same quantity in France would be mulcted in a duty of 11 francs. Twenty sheep would pay 1*s.* in London and 33 francs on entering Paris. The tax brings with it some collateral consequences, and it is calculated



that the entire effect of the *octroi* is to raise the price of meat 1*d.* a pound. As to vegetables the advantage is with our neighbours; a cartload pays 1*s.* each time or day at Covent-Garden, and a stall of 2 mètres will cost but 7*d.* a-week in the new Halle. Corn, again, is not only exempt from *octroi* but from *metage-duty*, which in London amounts to 50,000*l.* a-year. With the exception of meat, however, all sorts of provisions are sold in Paris by commission, of which the city authorities exact a share. They also levy a tax on the sale of fish, game, butter, and eggs; and these items, coupled with the rent of stalls, amount to 150,000*l.* a-year.

The Parisians eat less meat than ourselves, but a larger proportion of vegetables and bread. According to the accounts of the *Caisse de Boulangerie*, in 1853 the consumption of bread in the capital was a pound a-day for each person, and in the rural districts nearly two pounds. This is far beyond our average; and the excess of difference in this respect between town and country will also probably be found to be peculiar to France. By the municipal law, which establishes a maximum and minimum price of bread, a tax is levied upon it when corn is cheap, to compensate the loss from the sale of it under cost price when corn is dear. From the beginning of September, 1853, to the end of June, 1854, the bakers throughout the department of the Seine had to sell the two-pound loaf from one sou to three sous less than its value, and the sum paid by the authorities to make up the deficiency amounted to about one million sterling. The agriculturists and small proprietors of the surrounding departments not only obtained great prices for their own produce, but added to their prosperity by living all the time on the cheap loaf of Paris. The wages of the labouring classes, owing to the extensive works which were carried on, were proportionately high. The stonecutter in the neighbouring quarries earned his eight francs a-day; and to tax the citizens to furnish cheap bread to those who could afford to pay its full value, was, to say the least, supererogatory.

We will now endeavour to give some idea of what has recently been done in the difficult task of opening new streets and communications through the quarters where the population were huddled together like bees in a hive. It is difficult to say whether old Paris or old London stood most in need of this reform; for if London required to have a free passage of air supplied in consequence of the immensity of ground over which it extended, Paris required it from the custom of piling up floor upon floor from eight to twelve stories high, rendering the streets cavernous, and the lower apartments little better than so many sepulchres.

There

There is much similarity between the position of the cities. Both stretch along the banks of a river, and the chief communication is in consequence lateral to the water. Our streets in the transverse direction have been greatly improved; but in the lateral lines of communication we are hardly able to cope with the difficulties and expense. Thus our great arteries, such as the Strand, Ludgate-hill, and Cheapside, are almost impassable when the traffic is at its full; and it has hitherto defied ingenuity to establish a sufficient thoroughfare. Through the instrumentality of Napoleon and Louis Philippe the quays of the Seine in Paris have been opened on both its banks. A similar plan was proposed for London, and a commission was appointed to examine and report. It remained, however, mute until, in reply to a question by a member of the House of Commons, one of the committee stated that, upon estimating the cost, it was found that it would require a sum nearly equal to that of the national debt.

The great air-way of Paris from east to west is the course of the river. Only a small portion of the banks was unincumbered at the revolution. Napoleon opened the quays and built three new bridges. Another bridge was added by Louis Philippe, who otherwise greatly improved and beautified this portion of his capital. The present Emperor is completing the work by extensive levelling; by deepening portions of the stream; by repairing the old bridges, and erecting a fifth, to be called the Pont de l'Alma.

The most dense and ill-built portion of Paris was, perhaps, the net-work of narrow lanes which extended between the Rues St. Denis and St. Martin. It was difficult even for a foot-passenger to thread them. The new Boulevard de Strasbourg cuts through this maze from end to end, and opens on the river at the Place du Châtelet, where the grand post-office is about to be erected. The Pont au Change is immediately in front; and the Pont d'Arcole, opposite the Hôtel de Ville, is about to be replaced by a bridge for carriage as well as pedestrian traffic.

These are only a small part of the projected improvements; but we forbear to continue details which would be intelligible only to those acquainted with the city. We turn now to two great questions of recent civic care, those of sewerage and water-supply. With the ancients the aqueducts and cloacæ are as old as the walls of their cities. The further, in fact, we travel south, the more urgent is the demand for water. Paris has long enjoyed that characteristic of latitudes less northern than our own—public fountains. It possesses upwards of a hundred, and more than two thousand orifices of a humbler kind. But in Paris

water has never been distributed to each house as in London. From the number of families congregated in every dwelling, it could only conveniently be conveyed to a common cistern in the court below; and those who dwelt above found it quite as easy to fetch it from a general fountain in the street. There are not more than 31,500 houses in Paris, with an average of thirty-two persons to each house, while in London there are 300,000 houses, with an average to each of only eight. This has led to the different systems which prevail. The Parisians have abundance of water in their streets; none in their houses. We have a supply in our houses, and comparatively little in our streets. Paris water is harder than that of London, and much less adapted for washing, tea, and beer; but when filtered is far more agreeable to drink. The tendency of the two countries is to borrow from each other. Both cities are in want of fresh supplies. The French, who have far fewer obstacles in the way of vested interests, have laid down the rule that water for the use of the city cannot henceforth become private property. The favourite plan is that of M. Belgrand, who divides soils into *permeable* and *impermeable*; those into which the rain sinks, and those along the surface of which the rain runs. The latter furnish only superficial rivulets, which are not to be depended on for a constant supply. The former, when the water reaches an impermeable bed, restores it through the valleys in unceasing springs. Such a reservoir has been found by M. Belgrand, near the confluence of the Somme and the Sonde, between Châlons and Epernay. For a million sterling M. Belgrand calculates that he can convey into Paris 90,000 cubic mètres of water a-day, which would be sufficient to afford a supply to each apartment. One of the problems connected with the peace of Paris is how to diminish the enormous proportion of the hewers of wood and drawers of water; and the new plan would thus carry with it important political as well as lavatory consequences.

The sewerage of a city is intimately connected with the supply of water. Down to a very recent period the only sewers of nineteen-twentieths of Paris ran uncovered through the middle of the street. The notion of underground outlets is new in Paris. The last generation saw no inconvenience in the old system, and Madame de Staël said she preferred the *ruisseau* of the Rue du Bac to any river however romantic. Owing to this *sub dio* arrangement, there were no means of carrying off the worst part of the filth. Each house had its closed receptacle, the nocturnal emptying of which in barrels still constitutes one of the dreadful nuisances of an otherwise civilised city. Formerly the refuse was carried to the vicinities of Paris, where it was spread upon the

the soil to the infection of the surrounding air. Now it is discharged into a reservoir, from whence it is pumped into the centre of the Forest of Bondy. In this respect the French have resolved a problem still unsolved among us.

The waste water will be carried off by the existing sewers, and the channels of the *latrines* will be kept entirely distinct. The sewer which we have described as running under the Rue de Rivoli, with a deep channel or drain below, and a railway above, would not be possible in sewers as infected as those of London. Even these comparatively pure streams are not permitted to pollute the city part of the river, but join it lower down. A portion of the sewerage of the south side of Paris is indeed still very defective, and at present taints the Seine; but the remedy is already in the course of execution. There is one difficulty peculiar to Paris, arising from its islands. The expense of establishing sewers in connection with these which shall be independent of the river presents a great but not insurmountable obstacle.

The continual breaking up of the soil, and the taking up and laying down pavements, in order to repair defects in the pipes of this company or of that, has suggested the establishment of one common channel for the water, sewer, and gas pipes, as well as for the conduit for carrying off the contents of the *latrines*. In nothing have the French more decidedly outstripped us than in their determination, as they phrase it, to *canalise* Paris. The great sewer of the Rue de Rivoli has been constructed on this plan, and others will follow. But we will let the regulation of the able Prefect of the Seine, M. Hausmann, speak for itself:—

‘Every principal line of sewer shall be provided with a gallery, having a railroad. Galleries of less dimensions, but equally furnished with rails, and permitting the circulation of waggons and workmen, will be established in the secondary sewers. A gallery of small section, large enough for the passage of barrows, will go round the foundation of each block of houses, on every side.’

The long period which elapsed before Paris was lighted with gas has been as favourable to the perfection of the arrangements as the delay in providing sewers. Oil-lamps have been only just superseded in the streets. It was not till 1846 that the licence to light the capital with gas was granted for seventeen years to six companies. The present Emperor compelled the six companies to unite, obliged them to remove their factories outside the walls, and stipulated that a cubic mètre of gas should be charged 42 centimes, which is to diminish gradually to 35. Paris has 14,000 jets of gas burning, and consumes nearly 60,000 cubic mètres a night; of this 43,000 mètres are for private use.

In

In nothing has the city of Paris been more liberal than in the construction and decoration of churches. Besides the Madeleine, which Napoleon built, less, he said, as a church than as a temple, Paris has been enriched by St. Vincent de Paul, Notre Dame de Lorette, and St. Clotilde, while St. Geneviève and Notre Dame have been restored. The first painters have been employed in the internal decorations of the sacred edifices, which are literally covered with frescoes. At the present moment every niche and chapel of St. Eustache, which overlooks the new markets, are undergoing decorations by the principal artists of the empire. The classic *façade* of this fine Gothic edifice is not to be rebuilt, but will be brought into harmony with the original building by an ingenious plan of the city architect, M. Baltard.

The most important, however, of the ecclesiastical improvements is the re-distribution of the parishes. In the old system some which consisted of rich and populous quarters enjoyed large revenues, as for example St. Roch, while in the remote parts of the city the receipts were scarcely sufficient to pay the wages of the sacristan. The object aimed at was to make each parish self-supporting, and bring a place of worship close to every man's door. This has diminished both the wealth and size of the central parishes, and has necessitated the building of a considerable number of new parish churches. The despotic power of an emperor who is in general friendly to the clergy could alone have enforced so democratic a measure.

The inhabitants of Paris, *intra muros*, are about a million, or one thirty-sixth of the entire empire. It pays no less than one-tenth of the whole direct taxation of France; and of its indirect taxation probably a larger portion still. In 1851 there were 400,000 workmen; and when to these we add their families and the domestic servants, who are not included in the calculation, we must conclude that the number of shopkeepers and independent persons are in smaller proportions than in London. One peculiarity of France is the taste which predominates in the capital, where most of the superior commodities are manufactured, to the exclusion of all competition from the provinces. The average rate of wages is from 3 to 4 francs a day; and when we consider that so large a body of workmen, so amply paid, are employed chiefly upon articles of luxury, or upon buildings generally undertaken on credit, and when we know that political agitation or revolution instantly obstructs this trade, annihilates this credit, and reduces three-fourths of the operatives to starvation, we should infer that no city was better secured than Paris against tumult and insurrection. This is a fact to which the people

people are beginning to open their eyes, and in their better knowledge, far more than in garrisons or police, will be found the guarantee for future tranquillity. It is indeed a fortunate circumstance for France that, however unwarrantable may have been the grasp of power by its present ruler, he still acts on the conviction that he can best retain it by providing for all the material wants of his time, and thus bestowing upon the nation, along with the great blessing of internal tranquillity, some compensation for the honest pride and political activity which despotism crushes, for the public torpor and the national degradation which it necessarily inflicts.

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ART. VI.—*The Roman State, from 1815 to 1850.* By Luigi Carlo Farini. Translated from the Italian, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford. 4 vols. London, 1850-4.

THERE was a period when churchmen ruled the first kingdoms of Europe—when England had its Wolsey, France its Richelieu and Mazarin, Spain its Ximenes and Alberoni. They were more frequently great statesmen than good men, but their successors are too often neither one nor the other.

‘The cause of Italy,’ said Count Cavour, ‘has been carried before the tribunal of public opinion.’ Public opinion has not been indifferent to the call, and the more it is enlightened upon the abuses which prevail throughout that beautiful land, the speedier must be the downfall of a system which is a disgrace to the age. Of all bad Governments, that of the Pope is generally acknowledged to be the worst. After reigning for centuries over a favoured territory, teaching and moulding at its will a race richly endowed with physical and intellectual gifts, the result is that two foreign armies are required to repress the just irritation of the people towards its rulers. Far from desiring to effect improvements, the endeavour of the Pontiff is to retard all progress, and shut out every ray of light which could relieve the mediæval darkness in which the Papacy had its being. Where some purely civil change is strongly insisted on by the public voice, a direct refusal may not be given, but means are sure to be found to render the concession abortive. Permission to construct railways was delayed as long as delay was possible, and, when a tardy and reluctant consent had been extorted, the obstructions put in the way of the projectors prevented more than a few miles from

from being completed. The imperative demands of a foreign potentate have met with more success, but the only railroads in course of construction are those which are required by the Austrian army of occupation.

When a good law chances to be passed with the honest concurrence of the Pope, it is either revoked or remains a dead letter if it interferes with the interests of any dominant class. The custom-duties being excessive, Pius VII. announced, on his accession to the chair of St. Peter, the intention to frame a new tariff. The scheme was prepared. The contrabandists, who saw that their occupation would be gone if the duties were lowered, took the alarm. They applied to the subordinates in the Ministry of Finance, and so cogent were their arguments, that, in spite of the entreaties of magistrates, and merchants, the reform was abandoned. Some slight improvement has since been effected, but it is too trivial to afford substantial relief. The standing laws themselves are constantly superseded to the outrage of justice. Prince Buoncompagni of Rome bought a palace from a brother Prince for 8000*l.*, but the property was found to be overburdened with mortgages, and the buyer refused to complete the purchase. The seller had recourse to the Pope, and petitioned that the mortgages might be cancelled, and, without the least regard to the unfortunate creditors, the prayer was granted. This pernicious laxity does not prevent a no less pernicious inflexibility. A mistake occurred in the reprint of a code of laws by which the greater punishment was accidentally allotted to the lesser crime, and *vice versâ*. A provincial judge, who tried a case under the former statute, detected the error, and interceded for the prisoner. The Government which affects to claim infallibility for the Pope in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, alleged that it was impossible to acknowledge itself wrong, and the man was sentenced to be imprisoned for life.

No single instance, perhaps, will give a stronger proof of the complete disregard by the Papal Government of all that is considered law and justice in other countries than the conduct of Cardinal Consalvi in 1821. He was a wise and enlightened man, who truly desired the improvement of his country, and who, as a necessary consequence, was vehemently opposed to Austrian influence in Italy, which labours to keep every portion of the country in the abased condition of Lombardy. On this account he was obnoxious in turn to the cabinet of Vienna, which had just then accused the Papal court of weakness for not putting a stop to some alleged disorders in Romagna. The Cardinal had no choice but to yield to the policy of his enemies,  
or

or to endanger his power, and we have the confession, under his own hand that, when it suited his ambition and convenience, he could throw aside even the shadow of the forms of law :—

‘In order to change this state of things,’ he writes to Cardinal Sanseverino, Legate at Bologna, ‘*his Holiness says that he can find no other means than that of taking the notoriety and wickedness of their deeds as the rule for banishing persons from the state under pain of immediate imprisonment should they return, or refuse to go away ; so many must be seized in Forli, others in Cesena.*’ The example of this prompt and energetic measure, applied in two or three places to sufficient numbers to produce an effect and awe factious persons, will save the honour of Government and prevent foreign occupation.’

A month after, he was shocked at the consequences of his own orders :—

‘The fact is, Most Eminent, that, between the two legations, the number of persons arrested and expelled is much above a hundred. Neither at Milan, nor in Piedmont, nor in Naples, have things been carried so far, and we shall have to listen to what will be said by the English, French, and German (not Austrian) papers of this so-called Massacre of the Innocents, as your Excellency informs me, and which will cause the Pope to be called the most furious of persecutors.’

‘If these are the acts of the enlightened, what is likely to be the conduct of the bigots to misrule and oppression? The abuses are the natural fruit of a Government which is entirely absolute. Its head is infallible, its ministers are irresponsible, the people are without power, and are totally unrepresented. The sole motive to which it is accessible is the motive of fear, but the faintest hope of successful resistance causes tyranny to prevail over prudence. The revolution of 1831 occasioned considerable alarm, and the great powers of Europe seized the opportunity to recommend the reforms imperatively required. Though England had no regular ambassador in Rome, Sir Hamilton Seymour, then our envoy at Florence, was sent on the occasion, and united with the ambassadors of France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia in preparing the famous Memorandum of the 10th of May, 1831 :—

‘More than fourteen months have now elapsed since the Memorandum was given in,’ wrote Sir H. Seymour to the French ambassador, on leaving Rome, ‘and not one of the recommendations which it contains has been fully adopted and carried into execution by the Papal Government ; for even the edicts, which have been either prepared or published, and which profess to carry some of these recommendations into effect, differ essentially from the measures recommended in the Memorandum. The consequence of this state of things has been that which it was natural to expect. The Papal Government, having taken

no



no effectual steps to remedy the defects which had created the discontent, that discontent has been increased by the disappointment of hopes, which the negotiations at Rome were calculated to excite; and thus, after the five Powers have for more than a year been occupied in endeavouring to restore tranquillity to the Roman State, the prospect of voluntary obedience by the population to the authority of the Sovereign seems not to be nearer than it was when the negotiations first commenced. The Court of Rome appears to rely upon the temporary presence of foreign troops, and upon the expected service of an auxiliary Swiss force, for the maintenance of order in its territories. But foreign occupation cannot be indefinitely prolonged, and it is not likely that any Swiss force, of such an amount as could be maintained by the financial means of the Roman Government, could be capable of suppressing the discontent of a whole population; and even if tranquillity could be restored by such means, it could not be considered to be permanently re-established, nor would such a condition of things be the kind of pacification to which the British Government intended to be a party. The British Government foresees, if the present system is persevered in, that fresh disturbance must be expected to take place in the Papal State, of a character progressively more and more serious, and that out of these may spring complications dangerous to the peace of Europe.'

Never was a prophecy more fully realized; but the same fate awaits every suggestion of change, however imperatively required or strongly supported, until some irresistible compulsion arises which Papal power cannot withstand or Papal chicanery evade. Never did the States of the Church groan under a more grievous tyranny than from 1831 to 1847; and the government had reached the acme of corruption and oppression at the death of Gregory XVI. Crowds of fugitives sought shelter in Tuscany, whose government was then true to the humane and liberal policy of Leopold and Joseph, and firmly resisted all intreaties of foreign powers to give up refugees to their respective sovereigns. This refusal prompted a characteristic manœuvre on the part of the papal authorities. Filippo Violi was one of many who fled to Tuscany to avoid persecution. The Roman court demanded that the Grand Duke should surrender him, as a smuggler, in compliance with the treaty of extradition for non-political offences. He was delivered accordingly to the Papal Government, which instantly put him on his trial before a military tribunal for treasonable acts, and he was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment in irons. The Grand Duke was indignant at the infamous fraud; but what can be thought of the ruler who perpetrated it—a ruler whose special style is '*His Holiness*?' The dawn of the reign of Pius IX. opened with the promise of a brighter day, but it instantly

instantly became overcast, and the former grinding and vindictive tyranny was installed. The so-called reforms have been entirely illusory and have produced no practical change.

If the Pope, indeed, had the best intentions, he would be worsted in the effort to effect a reform. Although approached with humility, and apparently obeyed as the vicerent of Heaven, his influence is much less than might be imagined. He is ruled by the colleagues who placed him on his throne. He fears them, for he remembers fatal antecedents in the brief reigns of his predecessors, such as Sixtus V. and Clement XIV., who dared to act in opposition to the will of the Sacred College. There may be occasional acts of independence, but for the most part he is in the hands of a clique of Cardinals, who never fail to act in concert in all that concerns the power of their order. The laws that are published in his name have rarely received his signature, and it has actually occurred that two magistrates have put forth two contradictory edicts on the same subject both purporting to proceed from the same supreme source. Without any cause assigned, without even alleging the permission of the Pope, the Cardinals abrogate existing regulations and establish new ones. The criminal code of Bologna is the work of a Cardinal who promulgated it by his private authority. The two members of the sacred college who fill the posts of Chancellor and Datario 'have it in their power,' writes the Cardinal de Luca, 'as one of the attributes of their offices, to publish, or to add to, or to take from the edicts of the Pope without informing him what they do.' The manner in which others can sometimes venture to overrule his decisions appears in such instances as that of Gallozzi, who obtained from Pius VIII. a favourable decree in a case which involved his entire fortune. He presented it to the Secretary of State who tore it to pieces in his presence. The poor man went home and blew out his brains.

No Pontiff ever lived who was more completely under the rule of those about him than the late Gregory XVI. In spite of the care which was taken to provide him with every luxury that could make existence agreeable, and to keep him from all knowledge of the affairs of his kingdom, he lived in continual fear of conspiracies and rebellions. The return of an exile seemed to his terrified fancy like the escape of a tiger. The wish to see for himself the condition of the country, led to a determination in 1841 to visit the various towns in his dominions, excluding the Legations. Care was taken to render the journey nugatory for its purpose. He was received with preconcerted rejoicings wherever he went; he blessed monasteries and monks, and was conducted to visit the antiquities, churches, and galleries on his way; but the people

people were forbidden to present petitions to him, nor was any one allowed to speak to him on business. Thus he returned to Rome no wiser than he set out, to pass seven more years in the guarded halls of the Vatican. In 1846 the Marquis d'Azeglio published his work entitled 'The last Events in Romagna' (*Gli ultimi Casi di Romagna*), which proclaimed in forcible language, to the whole of Europe, some of the evils endured by the subjects of the Pope. The quiet of the aged Pontiff is said to have been disturbed by this book which penetrated even to his well-watched chamber. His long reign was soon after closed. The present Pope, like most of those who went before him, prefers to parade his position as head of the Roman Church rather than discharge his duties as Sovereign of the Central State of Italy, and he is as completely a puppet in the hands of others as Gregory himself.

The Legates of the provinces are usually Cardinals. The powers of a Legate are defined by law, but he is furnished in addition with a brief or private letter of instructions from the Pope, which enlarges his authority, and renders him almost a sovereign in his province. How jealously each guards his exclusive jurisdiction in the Legation entrusted to him, may be seen from the indignation excited by an order of Cardinal Consalvi, that an account should be given to the court of police at Rome of the sums expended on the police of the provinces. 'Can it be true,' wrote Cardinal Spina to Cardinal Sanseverino, in 1819, 'that M. Pacca and the Treasurer have agreed to make the Cardinal Legates dependant on them for these funds? I have really not made any reply to either of them. If I require money I shall apply to the "Amministrazione Camerale," which is ordered to supply our demands. I shall not write to the general direction for approbation, and we shall see how they will get out of the difficulty. I am well acquainted with M. Pacca and his ambition. Do not ask me to enter into details. I might pass the bounds of moderation.' The despots who thus engross the highest powers of the state have received no education to fit them even for its inferior offices; their learning, when they have any, is theological, and they have never enjoyed that habitual intercourse with other men, which is the foundation of a knowledge of the affairs of life. They are legislators without acquaintance with law, and almost any act, taken at random, will prove the ignorance of those who made it. Political economy is a dead letter to them, for it is not permitted to be taught in any university in the Pope's dominions. Yet these are the authorities who regulate taxation and the customs; and the result has been exactly what might be expected. Parishes or townships (*communi*) have been compelled to purchase corn when it reached a certain price, and

and sell it again at a lower price to the people. The communities were ruined, and in the time of Leo XII. their possessions were sold to liquidate the public debt. On another occasion some flights of locusts having destroyed the scanty produce of the Campagna, near Rome, the legislators ordered the curates to enjoin locust-hunts from the pulpits to peasants whom locusts had never troubled, and who had probably never heard of them. In the year of scarcity, 1819, Cardinal Albani was applied to for assistance, and his only aid was to send some turnip-seed, with the recommendation to cultivate turnips. After these specimens of ignorance and interference we hardly need to be told by the Marquis d'Azeglio that

‘Trade may be said not to exist in the Central State of Italy, though lying in the direct line lately opened to the commerce of the East, India, and China; with rivers partly navigable, rich in mines, and possessing the most fertile soil in the whole peninsula, and inhabited by a people amply endowed with quickness, forethought, energy, and strength.’

The endowment of a Cardinal does not exceed 800*l.* per annum of our money, yet he lives sumptuously, and sometimes leaves large sums at his death. Venality supplies all deficiencies both with himself and his underlings. He has in his establishment a person called a Mediator, whose duty it is to intercede with his master for favours and to receive gratuities from the petitioner. The corruption is avowed. When Monsignor Polidori was Secretary of State he had made arrangements for farming the taxes, and was promised a large gratuity from certain contractors. Having obtained the grant they refused to pay him the stipulated premium. Incredible as it may sound, he prosecuted them before the public courts, and produced in evidence against them the iniquitous agreement.

The administration of the law is full of the vilest abuses. There are innumerable tribunals, with undefined jurisdictions, which give rise to incessant contests among the judges, and inflict a vast amount of litigation upon the suitors. The evil exists to an extent that would be incredible, and certainly intolerable to an Englishman. The *Segnatura* and the *Santa Rota* are the highest civil courts, and some account of the latter will convey an idea of the sort of justice that is to be obtained in the Papal States. It derives its name from the circumstance that the judges sit in a certain rotation. They are almost all avowedly ignorant of the laws they are to administer, but they are permitted to have an assistant, called ‘*il Secreto*,’ and it is a maxim of the Government that it does not signify how uninformed may be the judge, if he only chooses a clever ‘*Secreto*.’ Strange to say, the persons  
who

who preside over this tribunal, must never read, or hear read, any deed which relates to the cause they are to decide, nor must they examine whether any evidence be true or false. They must take every statement from the lips of the lawyers engaged in the case, and no one would credit the licence of unfounded assertions which prevails, who had not an opportunity of reading the pleadings, which are always printed. The sentences are called '*Responsa*,' and oracular enough they certainly are, and, like oracles, often of dubious interpretation. One well known '*Responsum*,' on a long pending suit, was '*Transactio Fiat*.' Neither party was satisfied, and the process was recommenced. After long delays a second *responsum* came, which was still '*Fiat Transactio*.' The Rota has the power to order a case to be reheard as often as it pleases; and the same cause has been decided as many as twenty times. The whole proceedings, pleadings, sentence, and even the lawyers' bill, is in Latin. The reasons for their decision are invariably furnished by the lawyer of the successful litigant, and is transcribed by the judge, who perhaps adds a few words of his own. The goodness of the cause is a secondary matter. The sure course for the suitor is to ascertain which of the *Monsignori* is to give judgment, and limit all his exertions to winning him over. A gentleman in the provinces who had a lawsuit, involving a large part of his property, sent his son to Rome to make interest. The youth was instructed that the road to the favour of the judge was through the *Contessa* —. He purchased jewels to the value of 700 scudi (about 150*l.*), and obtained an interview with the lady. She examined each article, asked the price, and ended by giving him an assurance that his suit should prosper. She kept her promise.

There is a fiction in the Roman law which seems contrived to favour dishonest practices. A person who has a house within the Papal States is supposed always to reside in it, notwithstanding it may be notorious that he has been settled for years in a foreign land. No other intimation of legal proceedings affecting him is required than to affix a notice on the door of this house, or, if house he has none, to the door of the court. A man may thus lose his property by an action of which he never heard. Colonel Ragani, long resident at Paris, having succeeded to a small patrimony, was adjudged to discharge a debt contracted with a perfumer thirty years before. His first information on the subject was after every sixpence of his inheritance had been expended in paying the costs of the suit and in satisfying the demand. The whole was the work of a dishonest attorney to possess himself of the money left by the elder Ragani.

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The criminal do not yield to the civil courts in the plenitude of injustice. The Sacra Consulta is the highest tribunal in Rome, and commences proceedings against the presumed culprit without giving him any notice. We know a case in which a person was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, not only without any trial but without any cause being assigned. He was kept in confinement for seven years, and was only released when the Papal government was alarmed by the progress of the liberals in 1831. A few more examples will exhibit the criminal jurisprudence under some of its aspects. There was an advocate of Bologna who had been prefect of police in 1815, and had been dismissed for theft. Returning one evening to his house he received a slight wound from a sword. He had an associate named Zecchi, with whose wife he was in love, and he determined to make use of the incident to get the husband out of the way. He denounced his friend as having procured an assassin to murder him, and declared that he had recognised one Monti as his assailant. He produced witnesses to support his charge, and Monti was thrown into prison, where he remained two years. Another person then confessed on his death-bed that it was he who had attempted the murder. Monti and Zecchi were released, the false witnesses were condemned for perjury, but the prosecutor, who had been once a demagogue, and had become an adherent of the Pope, was not allowed to be tried. Nay more, 'he was made a member of the Legal College, and was afterwards appointed by Gregory XVI. one of the judges of the Court of Appeal at Bologna.'

A pistol-shot was fired at Cardinal Rivarola; the Government offered a reward of 3000 scudi (above 600*l.*) for the discovery of the assassin. Three persons were speedily denounced—Bettoni, a lawyer, and two military officers, Lieutenants Bocci and Piolanti. Bocci was in bed with his wife when the carabinieri presented themselves. They would not allow him to dress, but put him in irons as he was, and consigned him, in company with his fellow-sufferers, to a dungeon. There they remained in chains and darkness for eleven months, when a contract made between the informers was discovered, from which it appeared that they had leagued together to procure the large reward which had been offered by Government. Their victims were released, but, such had been their sufferings during their imprisonment, that Bocci fell down dead on the threshold of his own house. Yet only one of the infamous wretches who plotted against them was punished at all, and he came off with a single year's imprisonment.

Luigi

Luigi Bartolucci, son of a celebrated lawyer in the Roman States, was a retired captain of carabinieri. His opinions were known to be liberal, and he had been twice in prison for suspected political offences. He was at Rome at the period when the amusements of the carnival having been forbidden, a proclamation was issued, permitting the people on the last night of the festival, to enjoy their favourite pastime of the *molcoletti*.\* The proclamation was drawn up so much in the style of an address to bad children, to whom an indulgence is to be granted, that the Romans, instead of being conciliated, were enraged, and it was believed that some hostile demonstration would take place. Bartolucci, who was passing the evening at the house of Count Ferretti Mastai, a nephew of the present Pope, refused to accompany the guests to the *molcoletti*, alleging that, if any disturbance took place, he should be accused by the police. The next morning he was arrested, was tried for being concerned in the demonstrations of the preceding night, and was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. The alibi he proved did not avail him. He remained in confinement for three years, when the efforts of influential persons, and especially of the French ambassador, produced a commutation of his sentence from imprisonment to banishment.

The Austrians in the Legations exceed, if possible, the papal authorities themselves in the rigour and injustice of their proceedings. Signora Zanardi, a lady of Romagna, who was living in Bologna in 1853, held strong liberal opinions, which she openly expressed. She was suddenly arrested, and carried to the Austrian military prison of Santa Agnese in Bologna. The outrage excited an excessive indignation, but indignation there is of necessity confined to the whispers of confidence and produces no redress. She was removed to Ferrara, where she received the '*bancata*,' that is, was beaten with sticks. She is said to have borne her sufferings with extraordinary firmness, and no information could be extorted from her. She herself, however, was sentenced to imprisonment, but we are unable to state for what period. A few years since there were some cruel executions for political offences. A youth of eighteen, going out at Ferrara from his father's house, was met by a friend, who asked him if he was going to college. 'This,' replied the young man, 'is not a day for study, but for mourning.' The words were reported to the police; he was tried at Bologna before an Austrian military tri-

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\* These are short bits of candle which the holiday-makers carry in their hands. They are lighted when it gets dark, and each tries to blow out the candle of his neighbour.

bunal, and was sentenced, we believe, to a year's imprisonment. Four persons, in a respectable rank of life, arrested in 1852 in Bologna on 'sospetti politici,' were kept in confinement for three months, and then set at liberty. They inquired the cause of their punishment, and were answered by the authorities, 'You had best be silent; every word is at your peril.' This is the true epitome of Roman rule. Every word spoken by its subjects is at their peril.

Torture continues to be the opprobrium of Italy. A single instance will serve as an example of hundreds of similar cases. A silversmith in Faenza, named Commandini, was greatly respected by his fellow-citizens, and was believed to be much trusted by them in their private affairs. The authorities imagined that he was the depository of political confidences, and either belonged to a secret society himself, or was consulted by those who did. He was conveyed to prison, and shown a list of names containing some of the most distinguished persons in Faenza for rank and intelligence. Accusations of conspiracy against the Government were appended, and he was requested to attest their truth by his signature. On his refusal he was suspended by the arm, and punished with the 'bancata.' He continued firm throughout his agony, but, fearing that he might not have strength to hold out against a repetition of the suffering, he contrived to convey a message to the individuals he was tortured to denounce, exhorting them to fly. Commandini himself was, we believe, sent to the galleys.

Besides the ordinary tribunals, the Pontifical Government often gives power to a special criminal court to proceed to judgment without observing the usual forms prescribed by the law; and this is called judging by a summary process. Neither the interrogatories nor the answers of the witnesses are committed to writing, nor do they take place in presence of the accused, who is kept in total ignorance and is not allowed to have counsel to defend him. One of these courts, which was presided over by Cardinal Rivarola, has perhaps no parallel in the annals of jurisprudence. He was of an irascible and impetuous character, which peculiarly unfitted him for his office, and his political opinions were expressed with a degree of violence that amounted to raving. He condemned people who had died before the proceedings against them had begun; he condemned persons whose names he did not know, and who were indicated only by a soubriquet or by some personal peculiarity. Hearsay evidence and vague rumours were the basis of the convictions in a tribunal, which even in the Roman States is yet cited for its notorious infamy. Among the 508 persons accused, 121, who belonged to the higher



classes of society, were banished to Tuscany. The Papal Government, seized with an apprehension that they might conspire in their exile, recalled them to Rome. In the belief that they were pardoned, they returned to their homes; they were immediately arrested, and after a long investigation seven were sentenced to be beheaded, though all did not suffer, and the rest were imprisoned for longer or shorter periods. This occurred in 1825 and the majority of them were only released during the brief revolution of 1831. The narrative of the Marquis d'Azeglio of the transactions which took place in Romagna in 1845 will throw further light on these state prosecutions.

'The rumoured political opinions of an individual formed a sufficient excuse for imprisoning him, and that no stronger cause existed against many of those arrested, was proved by the great number of persons set at liberty after months and even years of captivity, whose innocence this very commission itself was compelled to acknowledge. Bodily tortures, privation of all comfort, unwholesome prisons, mental alarms, and iniquitous means employed to obtain confessions, make a sad history of which those who have read the work of Pellico can form an idea, for the wretches who are the agents in these evil deeds are everywhere alike. The cruelties and horrors practised towards prisoners in secret tribunals and within prison walls by this commission, may be inferred from what was perpetrated in open day, and in the sight of the people during last summer. In the hottest hours of the hottest days might be observed on the dusty roads of Romagna a long file of carts guarded by carabinieri and shirri containing the political prisoners, who were conveyed ironed from one prison to another. They were not persons used to hardships, and the greater number were probably guiltless, even in the eyes of the government. It may be imagined with what feelings the spectators beheld them carried through the towns—filthy, covered with dust, scorched by the sun, bound and treated like felons. It may truly be said of those who thought to strike terror by such means into the strong hearts of the Romagnuoli, that God had darkened their sight and taken away their reason. But all these evil deeds were powerless to gain the end desired by the commission; for leading questions, deceptive attendants, promises of pardon, torture itself failed to extract confessions from people who had nothing to reveal, and the proceedings of the court were necessarily brought to a close. Persons then residing in Romagna relate, that the judges in despair rushed from the cells to the Cardinal, to point out to him the impossibility of obtaining condemnations with any semblance of truth, and he urged them to spend money lavishly and use every stratagem to find a pretext for inflicting punishment. At length, as neither conspiracies nor political crimes could be discovered, a charge was got up, based on analogies of past with present facts, uncertain depositions of unknown witnesses, acts of smuggling mixed up with state offences, and upon these grounds the court condemned two persons to death, and a great many to ten, fifteen, and twenty years at the galleys.'

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The bishops, who are little princes in their dioceses, have also their courts. These tribunals decide on all causes in which ecclesiastics are in any way interested, even when a layman is one of the parties. The abuses which grow out of this privilege may easily be conceived. The bishops are endowed with one power which carries tyranny into every household. They inflict fines and penances for eating meat on fast days, and if the offence is committed in a public tavern the proprietor is likewise involved in the punishment. We have been informed by various officers of carabinieri that during their long service the greater number of orders came from the bishops and inquisitors, and they even vie with the Cardinal legates, in consigning men to prison and exile, without any trial. There is a celebrated phrase well known to the subjects of the Pope;—‘we order that ——— be imprisoned for three months, or go into exile for reasons known to us.’

Amid these engines of oppression the Inquisition remains the same as ever in spirit, the arrogant enemy of all human freedom and progress. In February, 1849, during the Republican rule, the tribunal was suppressed and the building searched by the then authorities. An interesting account of the result was given at the time by Father Mahony, and affords a glimpse both of its past and present operations.

‘I was struck with the outward appearance of civilization and comfort displayed by the building, but on entering the real character of the concern was no longer dissimulated. \* \* \* All these barred cages have strong iron rings let into the masonry, and in some there is a large stone firmly imbedded in the centre with a similar massive ring. Numerous inscriptions, dated centuries back, are dimly legible on the admission of light, the general tenor being assertion of innocence. The officer in charge led me down to where the men were digging in the vaults below; they had cleared a downward flight of steps which was choked with old rubbish, and had come to a series of dungeons under the vaults deeper still, and which immediately brought to my mind the prisons of the Doge under the canal of the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice, only that here there was a surpassing horror. I saw imbedded in old masonry, unsymmetrically arranged, five skeletons in various recesses, and the clearance had only just begun; the period of their insertion in this spot must have been more than a century and a half. From another vault full of skulls and scattered human remains, there was a shaft about four feet square ascending perpendicularly to the first floor of the building, and ending in a passage off the hall of the chancery, where a trap-door lay between the tribunal and the way into a suite of rooms destined for one of the officers. The object of this shaft could admit of but one surmise. The ground of the vault was made up of decayed animal matter, a lump of which held imbedded in it a long silken lock of hair, as I found by personal examination, as it was shovelled up from below. Why or wherefore, with a large space of

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vacant

vacant ground lying outside the structure, this charnel-house should be contrived under the dwelling passes my ken. But this is not all; there are two large subterranean limekilns, if I may so call them, shaped like a bee-hive in masonry, filled with layers of calcined bones, forming the substratum of two other chambers on the ground floor in the immediate vicinity of the mysterious shaft above-mentioned. I know not what interest you may attach to what looks like a chapter from Mrs. Radcliffe, but had I not the evidence of my own senses I would never have dreamt of such appearances in a prison of the holy office. Tomorrow the whole population of Rome is publicly invited to come and see with their own eyes one of the results of entrusting power to clerical hands. The archives, wanting the very recent ones only, have been overhauled, and a selection will be forthwith published. Latterly the concern had become almost exclusively political, and only busied itself with "carbonari" and "freemasons," under which terms every aspirant after a constitutional form of government was thought fair game, and hunted out *secundum artem*.

Thus the clearest evidence was afforded that it was a political even more than a religious tribunal, and whether a man was suspected of liberalism or heresy, the same guilty secrecy shrouded his trial and fate from the world. The rigour of the sentences had been little mitigated in recent times. One of the persons liberated by the Revolution had passed more than twenty years in the dungeons. Having obtained some of the papers of an ecclesiastic, who was expected from the Holy Land, he personated him at Rome, and in this capacity was consecrated a bishop. It was intended that a life-long incarceration should expiate the fraud.

Even the police of Rome are endowed with extraordinary powers. The lowest commissary has the right, without assigning any reason, to give an order, which in Rome is called a 'controlla,' in other places a 'precetto,' to any one he pleases, to remain in his house from sunset to sunrise; he must not go to a coffee-house, tavern, or eating-house, and he is liable to be visited by the police at any hour of the day or night. These controllati may at this moment be reckoned by thousands. They cannot earn their livelihood, for no one likes to employ them, though they probably have been guilty of no other offence than that of contravening the designs of some myrmidon of the police. The violation of a controlla may be punished by months, or even years of imprisonment, and the gaols overflow with persons who have been incarcerated for this cause. The vexatious regulations of the police are endless; and frequently so absurd, that were they not the source of such serious evils they would excite a smile. In the town of Bologna, at this moment, no man can have a passport to leave his home unless his wife, in person or by letter, signifies her

her permission that he should go; if he is single, an attestation from his curate of 'Stato libero' is required. A gentleman cannot visit his property, and a domestic cannot go to see his family, a few miles distant, without a passport, to obtain which in proper form requires attendance at different offices. Nor can any servant be dismissed without informing the police whither he is gone and whence his successor comes.

'To keep fair with the police at Rome and escape persecution, a loyal subject of the Pope must go to mass on Sundays and on all other prescribed days; he must often go to the communion, must confess every month, eat no meat on Fridays and Saturdays, repeat the Angelus at 8 o'clock in the evening, take off his hat when the bell rings at that hour, and kneel in the mud if the Pope's carriage passes, to receive his benediction. Besides all other taxes, the demands of the Mendicant friars must be complied with. They go to every house and shop, and a refusal to assist them is quickly followed by some indirect persecution. The strangers who have opened bakers' shops in Rome, will attest that they found their most prudent course was to supply the demands of these men. The police always discovered some cause of offence; now the pavement was not sufficiently clean before their doors, now their signs were too high, now too low, and even if they escaped punishment they lost half a day in attending the labyrinth of the police office at Monte Citorio.\*'

The Carte di sicurezza are another fertile source of annoyance to temporary residents in the Roman States, and of gain to the police, who fix at their pleasure the period when they are to be renewed. A professor of music, and a native of the Roman States, came to the capital in the winter of 1851-2, to follow his calling; a friend asked him one day to dine with him at a trattoria. They had hardly taken their places, when some sbirri came in and demanded of the company present to show their carte di sicurezza. That of the music master had not been duly renewed—an order then existing that this should be done every week, a formality which cost three pauls, or 1s. 3d. The police arrested, and would have handcuffed him, but for his protestations that he lodged with a loyal subject of the Pope who would be responsible for him. He was led away to prison and put into a room where there were seventeen other persons; along the walls were wooden divisions, where the prisoners slept on sacks of straw. After several hours the great exertions of his friends procured his release. He related the incident to an acquaintance, who had a difficulty in believing that such an indignity could be put upon a respectable resident at Rome, because he had delayed the renewal of his carte di

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\* See the *Resorgimento*, May 10, 1856.

sigurezza. Shortly afterwards a similar circumstance befel the acquaintance himself, who, less fortunate, was detained for three weeks. His description of the prison in which he was confined, is revolting to humanity; numbers of persons were crowded together day and night, many of them scarcely clothed; the most odious blasphemy and ribaldry prevailed, and those who kept aloof from the orgies were treated with violence. No wonder that the son of Castellani, the principal jeweller in Rome, went mad when shut up in these horrible abodes. There are dungeons excavated in the rock, upon which stands the prison of San Leo, where confinement for five days is said often to produce blindness, and for ten days death.

The real number of prisoners which from all these causes are confined in the Roman States, is probably unknown; but the 'Piemonte' in December, 1855, gave the following table, which coincides with other accounts from credible sources.

In 1850	there were imprisoned	10,436
1851	"	11,279
1852	"	11,767
1853	"	12,035
1854	"	13,006

The total number of inhabitants in the Roman States is calculated to be under three millions.

In a country where the magistrates are legislators, and above the law; where immorality often gives a claim to public rewards; where thieves and murderers go unpunished; where men are judged in secret and condemned without being heard; where spies are encouraged in the bosom of families; where it is a crime to have a book that treats of religion, or to express a conscientious opinion; every one is surrounded with snares from which he must defend himself as he best can. But all precautions will frequently prove vain. To the various and undefined powers to which the unfortunate subjects of a Government ironically called 'holy' must yield obedience is to be added yet another authority. If the bishop does not reach with his excommunication, nor the inquisitor with his darker terrors, nor the gendarme with his bayonet, nor the sbirro with his chains, there will surely extend the power of the Austrian military courts, which are now established as permanent tribunals in the Roman States, and in the arbitrariness of their judgments yield to none of their competitors. Every part of the Italian peninsula, as well as Lombardy, is infested by the spies of this power. Partesotti, who resided at Paris, was admitted to all the secrets of Mazzini, which he regularly sent to Vienna. 'His information made victims of the very people he had himself incited. To be denounced

denounced by him was sufficient to cause a man to be condemned.\* He was a person of imposing exterior, and professed to have been, as was probably the case, a sufferer in the liberal cause. After his sudden death his papers were examined by his intimate associates, who discovered, to their unutterable astonishment, that the friend they mourned had been a paid spy, who watched and betrayed them. No one was more constantly surrounded by these infamous agents than the late King of Sardinia. Escarena, the minister of police at Turin, once exclaimed in a moment of anger—'The King is a rascal (briccone) who has a bad way of thinking. But he need not imagine he can deceive us. He is watched more than he supposes. It is known what he does in his room, to whom he writes, how he sends his letters, what persons he receives, the hours when he receives them, and what he says to them; yes, everything is known.† When these words were reported to Charles Albert, some months afterwards, he inferred, since his minister of police had permitted him, without informing him of it, to be surrounded by spies, he must himself be one of the number.

The number of executions, chiefly of persons of the lowest class, which followed during the first years of the Austrian occupation of the Legations, will long be remembered by the inhabitants with horror. These executions are regularly announced in placards, signed by the Austrian 'civil and military governor' of the town where they take place. At Bologna, the first was that of Padre Bassi, who was shot within twenty-four hours after he was taken. His fate excited great sympathy. He was a Barnabite friar, a man of ardent temperament, who may have been guilty of imprudent acts, but he suffered solely because he was present in the camp of the army which resisted the Austrians, where he preached to the soldiers, and was unwearied in his exertions for the wounded and dying. But we cannot better sum up this part of the subject than by an extract from the '*Piemonte*' of March, 1856, during the period that it was edited by Farini, the historian:

'The greater number of Italians are governed far worse than those eastern populations to whom the laws of civilization are about to be given. We have governments who break international treaties, who do not fulfil their promises, who sow the seeds of hatred, revenge, and corruption, and keep Europe in continual danger of new revolutions. Austria confiscates the property of Sardinian subjects: it is thus she would teach the peoples to respect the rights of property. Austria constructs fortresses on the Piacentine territory, and so menaces Pied-

\* Gualterio, vol. iii.

† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 118.

mont, by way of protecting the boundary states; she makes political arrests in Parma and in the Legations, and carries the prisoners to her dungeons in Lombardy, thus proclaiming to all Italy that she is the true mistress of the duchies and the Legations. Austria administers torture in their prisons; of this thousands and thousands of proofs can be given, and it is thus she teaches civilization. The court of Rome promises fair to diplomatists and to the public, but she never yet kept her word; and thus teaches the nations to be true to their engagements.'

Financial difficulties are among the greatest which press upon the Papal Government. According to a statement prepared by Dr. Bowring, in 1838, from official information, the annual deficit was 654,000 scudi. But the expenses of the foreign troops, which at the period Dr. Bowring wrote, amounted to 6000 men, at a calculated cost of 400,000 scudi, are not included. The number and the outlay have since greatly increased, and the sum paid by the state to the armies of occupation, from 1849 up to the close of 1855, is stated by M. Galli as amounting to 6,000,000 scudi. Even this shows but a part of the burthen. Handsomely furnished apartments for the officers, fuel for the army, carriages to be kept at the call of the superior officers, are all provided by the towns where the Austrians are quartered. There are various other expenses which do not appear in the returns, but they press very heavily on the people, and every class suffers grievously except officials, contractors, and all who wear the priestly garment.

The state of the treasury, and the abuses in the disposal of the funds, were supposed to be the reason why a Consulta was formed at Rome, in 1852, and which continued its inquiries for some months during each succeeding year. Some of its members were men of integrity and patriotism, and their labours, it was thought, would have led to beneficial results, had their recommendations been adopted, but they have been hitherto disregarded, and affairs take their usual ruinous course. It is asserted in the '*Cimento*,' a journal published at Turin every fortnight, that the additional taxes imposed, after the Restoration in 1849, joined to other sources of revenue, produced during the six years, from July, 1849, till the close of 1855, the sum of 29,482,053 scudi. Of this it is alleged only 8,000,000 are accounted for, and 6,000,000 of the sum were absorbed by the foreign occupation. But it is vain to attempt to unravel the financial mysteries of the Papal Government. One thing at least is certain, that its pecuniary embarrassments are great, and that it has recourse to the most pernicious methods of relieving them. The lottery, which has been abolished in other countries from the moral evils it produced, is cherished by the Vicar of Christ

Christ on account of its profits. It is farmed like everything else, and leads of course to extensive gambling and ruin. The desperate necessities of the Government, and the oppressive methods it takes to supply them, are above all shown in the measures adopted in 1854, when the deficient vintage affected the revenue. It raised the duties on foreign wines, already rendered greatly dearer by the diminished supply, and ordered 350,000 scudi to be paid by the parishes 'on account,' as the edict stated, 'of the misfortune which had befallen the home produce of the grape.' Such is the Papal financial logic which mulcts its subjects in 350,000 scudi, because they are already suffering from a bad vintage.

Large sums are spent upon spies and in providing pensions for unworthy creatures of the Government whose ill conduct has been proved. In the time of Pius VII. the very robbers and murderers of the Campagna were pensioned. Some of the annuitants who have succeeded them were not much more deserving. The Marquis Nunez, the prefect of police at Bologna, imprisoned Rovere, a lawyer, and some others, on the pretext of a conspiracy. He produced a criminal from one of the prisons who pretended that he was a party to the plot. The evidence of this man, supported by other false witnesses, was adduced against Rovere and his companions, but they proved an alibi, and the court was convinced of the complete falsehood of the accusations. They were set at liberty, but were not allowed to institute an inquiry into the foul plot by which it was endeavoured to destroy them, for fear of involving the Marquis Nunez. Rovere went mad from the agitation, and his young wife died of grief. The Marquis was recalled to Rome, where he was consoled by a pension of 1200 crowns. The notorious prelate Pacca received a large pension after his evil deeds compelled him to fly from Rome, a flight connived at by the Government. He had long been remarkable for his profligate life, and the disgraceful uses he made of his power as governor of the capital. The complaints against him were loud and deep, and he was forbidden to visit the prisons of St. Michael, the scene of many of his evil deeds. He was continued, nevertheless, in his office of governor, till having been detected in forging orders on the treasury, he thought it expedient to fly.

In truth the Roman Government, in a multiplicity of instances, does not seek to prevent corruption among its servants, for they are often so poorly paid that it is inevitable to allow them to remunerate themselves as they can. Bribery begins with the lowest grades, and you cannot be introduced to the audience



audience of a prelate or a cardinal without giving vails to his servants. Where corruption is a system and public responsibility is excluded, no regard will be paid to character in the choice of officials. Favouritism will reign supreme, and the worst men will constantly be found in the most important posts. When Cardinal Albani came to Bologna, he dismissed the public assessor, to appoint a venal lawyer who sold justice in the most open manner. He in like manner nominated to the Presidency of the Criminal Court a person who had been dismissed from a similar situation in Ferrara in consequence of the complaints of the entire province. No sooner was he installed than the expenses of the court were tripled for his advantage. During the revolution at Bologna, in 1831, it was ascertained that he had received a certain sum from the prison contractors for every prisoner. Yet no sooner was the Papal power re-established than he was appointed a judge in the Court of Appeal, at Macerata. In a country like our own, where the utmost freedom of discussion is established, it is difficult to prevent the grossest jobs from being perpetrated. It may readily be imagined what kind of licence prevails in a state where to job is an hereditary privilege of power, and criticism is a crime.

The restrictions upon the press are complete. Every fragment, from the most profound scientific treatise down to the most trifling sonnet, published, according to the Italian custom, on a single sheet of paper, in honour of a birth, a marriage, or a death, must pass under the review of five separate censors. The last of these is the Inquisition. Imagination, learning, and reason, can find no expression under such a system. It is impossible, without experience of it, to credit the frivolity, the ignorance, and the folly of many of the persons who are the official judges of the literary labours of their countrymen; and as no one attempts to publish anything which could favour progress or freedom, it is, indeed, chiefly in trifles that the censors have an opportunity of displaying their discretion. In a satirical little poem was a line which spoke of 'a king who made a somerset down from his throne.' The notion excited horror. 'No such words should be applied to a sovereign; they suggest bad ideas to the people.' In a sonnet on envy, it was stated that the passion was everywhere—in the camp, in the palace, and in the cloister. The word cloister was effaced by the censor. The theatres are great objects of attraction in Italy, but the same restraint is imposed. A dramatic author put into the mouth of one of his personages the phrase, 'Order the carriage.' 'The expression must be changed,' said the censor; 'to order is for priests alone.' An actor accustomed to perform at Turin forgot that he was speaking in the  
Papal

Papal States, and used some forbidden word, such as 'patria' or 'libertà.' He was arrested by the police and ordered to pay a fine, or go to prison. He accepted the latter alternative, and was shut up for three weeks. In the 'Puritani' the word 'loyalty' is invariably substituted for 'liberty,' though it makes nonsense of the passages.

The enumeration of some of the ordinary abuses of the system in operation gives a faint idea of the extent of the evil and the irritation it produces. The acts which are quoted as examples appear comparatively petty in their isolation; it is the repetition of them which constitutes their chief aggravation, and no one who has not been a subject of the Pope can adequately realise the suffering and degradation which they produce. 'Do not reproach us for our many faults,' exclaims an eloquent Italian, 'but rather wonder that, having lived so many years under such a dominion, we do not walk on all-fours.' Nor can we perceive that there is any immediate hope of a remedy. If, on the withdrawal of the armies of occupation, the Pope were truly to be left to his own resources, he could not long remain indifferent to the remonstrances of his people; but the moment that danger threatens, the Austrian troops will re-appear at Bologna, and the yoke will be rendered more intolerable than before. Those who wish best to Italy will counsel patience and submission. Any attempt at a revolution would instantly be quenched in blood, and be more likely to retard than accelerate a change. The true policy of her leaders is to continue to enlighten Europe on the condition of the country; and when the active sympathies of the constitutional powers have been won, the first favourable conjunction of circumstances will secure their intercession, and Italy may become under happier auspices the child of that civilisation of which she was formerly the parent.

ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence with the United States respecting Central America.* Printed by order of Parliament. London, 1856.

2. *Papers relative to the Recruiting in the United States.* Printed by order of Parliament. London, 1856.

IN diplomatic disputes with the United States, their Government has this advantage over our own: it says the first word to the public. It prepares its case, arranges its papers, promulgates its views for months before either America or England is made acquainted with a counter-statement. Notions become thus rooted in the public mind of both countries, but more especially

cially the former ; party passions strengthen and inflame them ; politicians commit themselves to a pre-judgment, and when the English side of the case tardily creeps forth it is often too late to correct the fallacies which with large numbers of men have already become convictions. Nor is this all. Statements produced bit by bit have the vivacity of a serial publication, and give to each instalment the freshness of news : their contents, brought into brief compass, are largely and eagerly read, hit the moment, and dwell long in the recollection. On the contrary, when the English case appears, it is in the shape of a cumbrous blue-book, extending often over a correspondence of years, swollen by matter tedious and obsolete, yet necessary to the complete understanding of points urged by the antagonist. Few will read all, fewer still will remember half. In future, should we unhappily again be involved in discussion with our quick and impressionable kinsmen, we earnestly adjure our Ministers, whomsoever they may be, to withhold from the American Government the monopoly of advantages so conspicuous. Let them depart from the orthodox custom of inert procrastination. Let argument be met by argument, fact by fact, before the public is left to make up its mind on partial evidences. Let them remember that partial evidences engender obdurate prejudices ; that where prejudices are obdurate, reasonings become feeble ; and popular passion gathers and concentrates until there is too frequently no option between concession to its strength or resistance to its menace. The grave consequences that might have resulted—nay, that may result yet—from the misunderstanding upon the territorial questions affecting Central America prove the extreme danger of suffering one-sided evidence to be placed at the disposal of a democratic government, whenever it serves its purpose to mislead the judgment and arouse the passions of a democracy. The statements which Mr. Buchanan compiled from the instructions of his Government, published in a cheap form, read universally in America and circulated freely in England—statements not only contesting the views of our Government, but formally impeaching the honour and good faith of our nation for a long series of years—could never have deceived the sober sense of the United States or gained credence with any section of honest Englishmen had our Ministers not permitted them so long to remain without reply ; and when at last emerges from the shades of the Foreign Office the uninviting form of the customary Blue Book, we see with regret that the true reply is often not to be found in the mild counter-statements of Lord Clarendon, but is to be hunted out through a mass of dry correspondence or historical detail, and arranged by a patience and

and acumen which are not to be expected from an ordinary reader. Never was the case of a nation so strong as ours in this dispute,—never, owing to unscrupulous assertions on the one side, to the courteous desire to wave irritating argument on the other, was the case of a nation less decidedly set forth.

Now that negotiations are again to be huddled out of sight, and are to pass in the tenebrose concealment of our Foreign Office, until we may learn their result, either in angry rupture on a verbal technicality, or unconditional surrender, not only of empire but of honour, we will at least seek to place before our countrymen a correct view of their own case, and before the people of the United States an ample vindication, less of the arguments of our Government than of the sincerity and good faith of our nation. Errors of judgment in a Government find denouncers and defenders heard to-day and forgotten to-morrow. But if a nation be guilty of violated engagements and perfidious usurpations the stigma survives the charge. It does not pass away with the fleeting administration which may plead against the indictment on behalf of posterity—it rests upon the character which history assigns to the successive races linked into the deathless unity of a people. Such is the accusation against England, deliberately made by the American Cabinet. We undertake her defence and are assured of her acquittal.

Our readers are aware that the disputes concerning Central America have grown ostensibly out of the interpretation to be given to a Treaty, made April 19th, 1850, for the purpose of facilitating the construction of a canal and other inter-oceanic communications across Central America; and yet the disputes relate to points with which, as we shall see later, that Treaty was only incidentally connected, viz.—1st. The protection Great Britain affords to the Indian tribe of the Mosquitos. 2nd. The extent and nature of the British settlement at Belize. 3rd. The British claim or title to Ruatan and the Bay Islands.

By far the most immediately important and perilous of these disputes is the first. Our claim to the Mosquito protectorate is involved in the revolutionary state of affairs in Nicaragua. The territory occupied by these Indians is formally claimed by General Walker in the name of the Nicaraguan Republic; that claim is openly backed by the American Government. American citizens flock in hundreds to the support of General Walker; American vessels convey them. A chance shot may rend asunder the parchment in which negotiators are discussing a clause. If blood be once shed, what statesman can arrest its flow?

It is therefore absolutely essential that we should unequivocally

cally decide the question raised by the United States Government. Have we, or have we not, the right to protect the Mosquitos? and out of this question grows another far more important—granting that we have the right, is our honour, as a nation, peremptorily bound to assert it—until we can obtain an adequate guarantee for the security of those whom, otherwise, it would be a disgrace and a treason to abandon?

Mr. Buchanan is deputed by Mr. Marcy to maintain,—1st. That we never, at any period in history, were connected with the Mosquitos as an ally whom we were bound to protect. 2nd. If ever we were, that the right and the obligation to protect them were permanently abolished by a convention with Spain in 1786, by which we agreed to evacuate the Mosquito territory. 3rd. That if, despite the Convention of 1786, we did find iniquitous pretexts to resume the Protectorate, we relinquished it for ever by the commercial treaty of 1850. To all these assertions we address ourselves, and we shall do what our Government has not done: all these assertions, one after the other, we shall overthrow.

Our connexion with the Mosquito tribe followed close upon our conquest of Jamaica, under Cromwell, in 1656. Within four years from that event we established a settlement on the eastern coast of Yucatan, principally for the purpose of cutting logwood; and Belize (which name is a corruption from that of Wallis, a Scotchman, who first established himself there by the assent of the natives) became our head-quarters. At that time there prevailed along the coast of the isthmus now called Central America a powerful and independent Indian tribe, the Moscos, an appellation elongated, without much gain of dignified euphony, into that of Mosquitos. This tribe, surrounded by others which acknowledged an authority in its chief, had never been conquered by old Spain, had never ceded to old Spain an inch of territory, or a pretext of dominion. On this fact concur all traditions of the country—all early writers by whom the country is described. Even Juarres, the Spanish chronicler, speaks of the territory held by the Mosquitos as occupied by Indians unconverted—that is, by Indians unconquered and untamed; in the language of Spanish chroniclers conversion and conquest are but synonyms. It was indeed the intense abhorrence which these warlike remnants of the reign of Montezuma felt for the oppressors of their race that united them at once with us in hostility against Spain. Early in the reign of Charles II. a Mosquito chief came to Jamaica, and placed himself and his people under the protection of the King of England. The governor of Jamaica accepted the offer. From that day to this these Indians never have violated a compact

pact made with England. The question now raised is, whether humanity and honour permit us so to violate the compact which, it will be presently shown, we have made with them, and never yet rescinded, as to consign them to the inevitable fate of extermination by those whom we encouraged them to resist.

In the earlier stages of our connexion with the Mosquitos we assisted in the administration of affairs in their territory through the agency of justices of the peace sent thither from Jamaica; in 1740 we installed an officer as superintendent, erected a fort at our station at Black River, mounted cannon there, and hoisted the English flag. A brief summary of the facts here stated will be found in 'Macgregor's Commercial Tariffs,' Part 17, compiled from official documents in our Board of Trade and Plantations, and published before any disputes with the United States had occurred.

But the American Government, having taken up the strange position that the Mosquito protectorate has been from first to last 'a fiction and a sham,' denies even the genuine antiquity of this connexion, of which we have just traced the origin and confirmation. In a despatch to Mr. Buchanan from Mr. Marcy, dated July 2, 1853, and comprising the preliminary instructions that were to guide the diplomatic Minister then just sent to St. James's, the American Secretary of State tells Mr. Buchanan to insist upon a debate in the House of Lords, March 27, 1787, as a conclusive proof that, even at the early period we have referred to, the Mosquitos were not allies to whom we had contracted any binding obligations. 'Nay,' says Mr. Marcy, with solemn emphasis, 'nothing can be more fatal than this debate to the *pretensions* now set up by Great Britain for herself and the Mosquito Indians.' The Parliamentary discussion that thus summarily disposes of the honour of England and the existence of her ally is upon a motion made by Lord Rawdon condemnatory of our convention with Spain for the cession of the Mosquito territory in the previous year; and Mr. Buchanan, obeying the instructions of his Government, accordingly declares, in his statement to Lord Clarendon, 'that in that debate Lord Thurloe abundantly justified the Ministry, and *proved* that the Mosquitos were not our allies, were not a people we were bound to protect.' The instant Lord Thurloe was cited as a Parliamentary authority in a question of evidence and proof, we felt supremely safe. An American statesman is certainly not bound to know the moral characteristics of our departed lawyers. But any instructed Englishman might have warned Mr. Buchanan that the authority of Lord Thurloe was the last that, upon all questions in which Party was the client and Parliament the court, a prudent arguer would be advised to adduce. In the  
general

general opinion of his contemporaries no Parliamentary debater equalled Lord Thurloe in combining audacity of assertion with negligence of fact. Lord Brougham says of the burly Chancellor's mode of debating—'It was a vamped up, delusive, and almost fraudulent oratory.'

Such is the authority selected by the American Government and diplomacy. Now for the debate that it adorned. This resuscitated discussion awakened from its peaceful grave, in 'Debrett's Parliamentary Register,' rose before our eyes to reveal the past and direct the future. It is as we had suspected. The ghostly oracle invoked by the antagonist becomes a witness on our side. True that Lord Thurloe is generally reported 'to have gone into the history of the Mosquito settlement from 1650 (a mistake to begin with, since four years before the conquest of Jamaica we had no settlement there at all), deducing arguments from the facts he mentioned to prove that Mosquito could not fairly be called a British settlement;' and he subsequently alleged that 'the Mosquitos were not our allies, not a people we were bound by treaty to protect;' but of the proofs themselves upon which Lord Thurloe rested those arguments, and those assertions, proofs which Mr. Buchanan implies to have been so abundant, there is not a single vestige! The proof is all the other way; for Lord Stormont, who was really an authority on the subject, as a former Minister, before whom the subject would have come officially, not only says 'that we held Mosquito by as good a claim as we held Jamaica, but quoted different periods to prove that that right was recognised by treaty;' and Lord Rawdon produced documents, signed by General Dalling, the governor of Jamaica, to prove that a superintendent had been sent to the Mosquito shore, there to form a government; and quoted a state-paper, dated 1744, as a proof that there had actually existed there a council of trade, publicly recognised by the country; and Lord Hawke corroborated this statement by quoting treaties as far back as 1672-1717. All these documents are still extant; they are corroborated by one not cited in that debate, but which was laid before the House of Commons, 1822.\* So much then for the *ipse dixit* of Lord Thurloe in an obscure party debate in a single branch of the Legislature, by which it is sought by the American Government to annihilate all the treaties and documents actually stored in our archives, proving the genuine political connexion between ourselves and the Mosquitos tribe for more than a century previous to the convention with Spain in 1786! We must be pardoned for thus disposing of a point in the case which may seem to an English

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\* 'Parliamentary Accounts and Papers,' vol. xvi.

reader obsolete and frivolous ; it is not so regarded in America. There it is so obstinately sought to show that the Mosquito protectorate is a modern usurpation of ours for the purpose of thwarting American expansion, that Mr. Buchanan's version of this debate has been triumphantly quoted in the Senate, and declared to be unanswerable, because Lord Clarendon, unconscious of the use to be made of it, neglected the facile victory of an answer.

But unquestionably in 1786 Great Britain did agree with Spain to evacuate the Mosquito territory, stipulating' that no severity should be exercised against the Indian inhabitants for the assistance they had so long and so loyally rendered to us. And the American Government now actually contend that in consequence of that convention, good faith for ever precluded us from renewing the connexion which the convention had terminated. But, scarcely was the ink dry upon that parchment before Spain again declared war upon us, and the convention of 1786 expired with the first cannon shot, just as the Americans now tell us that their first cannon shot would shiver into atoms the treaty they signed with us in 1850.

And indeed the ordinary maxim that the commencement of war is the termination of treaties has in this instance the more stringent application—inasmuch as the war raged in the very territories to which the treaty referred, and the Mosquitos, far from acknowledging that the convention of 1786 had reduced them to a sceptre under which they had never passed, and to which we had no right by any treaty of our own to subject them against their will, resisted every attempt of the Spaniards to force a settlement on their shores ; and, finally, it was these gallant Indians who expelled the Spaniards from their last weak hold on that coast—at Black River.

But, next, asks Mr. Buchanan, 'when, after the convention of 1786, did you renew the protectorate, which by that convention you had resigned?' This is a fair question, and as a matter of fact it might have been well for our Government to have met it frankly. On the contrary, they decline an answer. They might think it waste of time to produce title-deeds so remote. Mr. Buchanan exults in that reticence. He enlarges on the importance of his question—he enters into various arguments to show that the protectorate *could* not have been renewed in a range of years from 1801 'to a considerable period after 1821.' And Mr. Clayton, in a speech in the American Senate, January 4, 1854, lends his distinguished name to the assumption, that in point of fact we did not renew our protectorate 'till 1848, six days after the United States had acquired the country on the



Pacific.' Thus the reader will see how the American public has been influenced—how it has been taught to regard the Mosquito protectorate as a pretence—a counter-check to California, or an obstruction to the new regions annexed to the Democracy of the Imperial Commonwealth. The Americans shall be undeceived, Mr. Buchanan shall have his answer. We will perform the task which, in polite taciturnity, our Government declined. We will show perhaps to the surprise of our own public—certainly to the surprise of the American—that the protectorate was renewed as far back as the year 1800. But the first formal act of our protection, involving our good faith to the Mosquito tribe, was in January 18, 1816, when we crowned their chief in our own settlement at Belize.

And now, in order that our American kinsmen may see that this act of coronation was no mockery, no childish proceeding—was not the farce which they have been invited to ridicule, but a solemnity animated by humane, Christian, enlightened motives, and implying a pledge on our part of the strongest nature, we will subjoin some extracts from the very interesting letter of Sir George Arthur, our superintendent at British Honduras, to the Mosquito King first crowned by us in 1816.\*

‘Belize, January 14, 1816.

‘Prince George, your request to be crowned in the settlement in the presence of your chieftains and such of your people as are assembled here, I shall most cheerfully comply with, and beg to propose that the ceremony shall take place on Thursday, 18th instant, the day in which we commemorate the birth of her most gracious Majesty the Queen of England, and I sincerely trust that you will not be disappointed in the advantage you expect to derive by its being understood that you are in a *particular manner under the protection of the British Government.*’

Let America observe how important are the words in italics as to the obligation on *our honour*, thus formally incurred as far back as 1816. Sir George then proceeds to congratulate the King on having been brought up in the Christian religion, enumerates the victories the armies of our Prince Regent had obtained, and adds—

‘But dazzling as such glory is, it will not convey to his Royal Highness more sincere and lasting satisfaction than he will enjoy, if through your means the Mosquito nation and the numerous tribes of Indians around you, are brought to partake of the blessings of civilization. This was the great object which the King of England had in view when on the death of *your father in the year 1800*, amidst the distress of your nation he held forth his hand to protect you and your brother.’

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\* Correspondence on the Mosquito Territory, p. 49. Published 1848.

This passage answers the American query, when did our protectorate recommence? It shows that it recommenced in 1800, exactly half a century before the Americans thought fit to complain of it! Sir George Arthur goes on—

‘And from the same motive has his Royal Highness the Prince Regent *continued* to you his powerful protection.’

And thus touchingly proceeds—

‘If you would convince his Royal Highness beyond the extent of words that you are truly grateful and sensible of the blessings you have derived, I will tell you, Prince, how you may do so. Make your people happy. Struggle to wean them from their present habits to a state of civilization; introduce amongst them good and wholesome laws. Above all, endeavour to introduce the Christian religion in which you have been educated. This will be the best reward his Royal Highness can feel.’

Is this the language of selfish ambition? or are not these words that may find an echo in every Christian home amongst our brethren on the other side the Atlantic?

We not only crowned a subsequent king at Belize in 1825, but a third king in 1844: a momentous period, when disputes regarding his territory had already broken out, and when this country was governed by a Minister famous for many attributes, but for none more than prudence and discretion in all foreign affairs,—the late Sir Robert Peel. Thus our protection, sanctioned by all our Ministers from 1800, received its confirmation in 1844 by the most cautious Minister of them all.

And now, if in this protectorate we violated our convention with Spain in 1786, if that convention had not expired with the succeeding wars, what power alone had the right to complain of us? Was it the United States? No; Spain, and Spain only. Yet, though we renewed that protectorate in 1800; though we crowned the Mosquito King, as a special act of protection, in 1816, while Old Spain still retained her possessions in Central America, not one word of complaint, reproach, or remonstrance was ever addressed to us by that power. In thus establishing the antiquity of our connexion with the Mosquito tribe, and showing that, with the exception of fourteen years—from 1786 to 1800—it continued unbroken for nearly two hundred years, we would guard ourselves from any misconception of our motives. We do not thereby assume that the protectorate is never to be abandoned; that we think it suits the present policy of Great Britain to retain it. On the contrary, every true English statesman would rejoice to see his country delivered from a charge which it was the interest of our Ministers, when

at war with Spain, to undertake, but which is now only an irksome duty imposed upon our humanity and honour. Our motives in clearing up the historical grounds disputed are simply with a view to terminate the essence of the dispute itself:— 1st. By convincing the American public that, before we abandon the protectorate, ancient and long-continued obligations compel us to provide by other means for the security of the ally we forsake. 2ndly. To undeceive them as to the irritating notion that the protectorate was assumed in opposition to American interests or empire: and thus to induce them rather to sympathize with our scruples than deride, and join with us in devising the mode by which to reconcile our honour to their demands.

The protection thus renewed in 1800 appears not to have been very actively required from 1816 till the year 1838, by which time circumstances that have led to the present unfortunate disputes grew out of the establishment as independent republics of the colonies that had revolted from Old Spain. Those states had their territorial origin in the provincial departments severally allotted to the *Intendentes* or Governors under the Captain-General of Guatemala, and the range of those governorships had varied in extent from time to time according to the dignity of the officers appointed to hold them—their boundaries were thus but obscurely defined—an obscurity necessarily entailed on the limits of the states that were formed out of them. A station at the mouth of the river San Juan, which the Mosquitos claimed as theirs from time immemorial (and for a small settlement fifteen miles from which it appears at least certain that some settlers of Old Spain had paid tribute to the Mosquito King), became to these Republics, with small heed of what might or might not be the better right of the Mosquitos, an object of envy and dispute. To this station (San Juan de Nicaragua) New Granada put forth the first claim; Costa Rica advanced her pretensions, and Nicaragua in the meanwhile held possession of it. In 1838, while these states were united by confederation, the British Government addressed to them a notification of their views as to the bounds of the Mosquito territory and our obligations to protect the claims of the natives. In 1840, when that confederation had become extinct, a commission was issued by Colonel Macdonald, Superintendent of British Honduras, for regulating the internal affairs of Mosquito; in 1844, under the vigorous administration of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Patrick Walker was sent there as Agent and Vice-Consul; and in 1845 it appears by the despatches of Mr. Chatfield, our Consul-General in Central America, that Lord Aberdeen decided that this station

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*at least* belonged to the Mosquitos ; for Mr. Chatfield writes, September 11th, 1847,\* ‘that he had not only claimed for the Mosquito King the territory from Cape Honduras to the mouth of the river San Juan, but had inserted the words “without prejudice to the right of the Mosquito King to any territory south of that river, partly on the views of Lord Palmerston, but partly also on the views confidentially communicated to him in Lord Aberdeen’s despatch of the 23rd of May, 1845.”’ Now the whole Mosquito dispute, so far as Nicaragua and the United States are concerned, arises from our sanction of the claims of the Mosquitos to this station, which has since acquired such ominous celebrity under the name of Greytown. And if we erred in our geographical warrant for such a sanction, we have at least this excuse—that the evidences for it were brought before the most wary of living statesmen, the Earl of Aberdeen ; that doubtless those evidences were deliberately examined by a chief minister so attentive to business as Sir Robert Peel ; that it was by these careful ministers that the Mosquito claim was maintained and sanctioned in 1845 ; and to them must be ascribed all the inevitable consequences of enforcing the claim to which they committed the honour of their country.

Meanwhile, however, the station at San Juan remained in the hands of the Nicaraguans : various attempts were made to negotiate the matter, to determine the right boundaries of the Mosquito territory, to settle the claims of the rival Spanish republics, and to induce the Nicaraguans peacefully to withdraw till these questions could be decided. Nicaragua refusing, and only answering by insult and threats, a small vessel was at last commissioned by our Government to place itself at the disposal of our Vice-Consul. That small vessel, by his orders, expelled the Nicaraguan Government of the station in January, 1848, but with such chivalrous courtesy that the heroic Nicaraguan Commandant and other valiant co-officials, who had declared they would resist to the last drop of their blood, paid a polite visit to the ship that had expelled them in the course of the same evening, and partook of refreshments on the occasion, provided by British hospitality. And thus commenced the political destinies of Greytown.

It seems scarcely necessary to vindicate the expulsion of the Nicaraguan Government from the charge of undue harshness. The step was not taken till several years had been wasted in vain upon friendly remonstrance. The protection afforded to the Mosquitos would have indeed been the sham pretence it has been

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\* *Mosquito Correspondence*, p. 56.

alleged to be, if we had suffered what we had declared to be their possession, by the lips of two successive administrations, to be usurped by an ambitious and greedy neighbour; and even granting the Mosquito title were doubtful, or that that station ought to be occupied by one of the civilized communities of the Isthmus, other states besides Nicaragua *then* claimed the station, and it was just to all parties not to allow one state forcibly to possess itself of a port that might be of great commercial value to the whole of Central America, and to which its right was not satisfactorily proved. What was its right? Nicaragua and the American Government have relied on a royal decree of Spain in 1796, by which they maintain that San Juan was made a port of the 2nd class for Nicaragua. But is it so? Does that decree give to Nicaragua an exclusive right to that station? No! We have looked into its provisions and find that it made the station a port of the 2nd class, not for Nicaragua alone, but also for the whole of the ancient viceroyalty or kingdom of Guatemala, within a range of 300 leagues from the capital, including therefore Costa Rica and New Granada. So that, even according to this decree, the Nicaraguan republic had not the smallest right to seize upon the place for its own special and monopolizing possession.

The Nicaraguans, being thus expelled, appealed to the United States, as indeed they had done before, when they anticipated that expulsion. The United States at first took no notice whatever of the appeal; but America about this time had annexed to herself, upon grounds that we do not presume to question, the very substantial acquisition of California, in the previous possession of Mexico. Central America became an object of importance in connexion with California; there was a project to unite the Atlantic and Pacific by a canal up the river San Juan, and thus Greytown, situated at the mouth of the river, suddenly arose into a place of great consideration in American eyes. The democratic party in America were then in administration under President Polk. Of that administration Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State. He sent an agent, Mr. Hise, to Nicaragua, to assist an American company in obtaining from that State concessions towards facilitating the construction of the meditated canal; and Mr. Hise made a treaty with Nicaragua, which committed the United States to defend the Nicaraguan claim to Greytown, even, if necessary, by force of arms. But the Whig party under President Taylor coming into office declined to sanction this treaty, and sent to Nicaragua an agent of their own, Mr. Squiers. He made another treaty, less objectionable in some points than that of his predecessor, but still containing a clause which, recognising

cognising the right of Nicaragua over the river San Juan, from sea to sea, and engaging to defend and protect the American company in the enjoyment of territory which Great Britain maintained to be the immemorial inheritance of the Mosquito tribe, would have brought into immediate conflict the honour of England and the engagements of America. This treaty was before the government of the United States. Its consideration was fraught with imminent danger. 'It has,' said Mr. Clayton, who was then head of the American Cabinet, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 'placed the Government of the United States in the most embarrassing situation.' For that Government was weak, it was in a minority, not only in the House of Representatives, but in the Senate. 'You can form an idea,' continued Mr. Clayton to Mr. Crampton, then Secretary to the Legation, and acting for the time as *chargé d'affaires*, 'of the eagerness with which the party opposed to the Government will avail themselves of the opportunity of either forcing us into collision with Great Britain on this subject, or of making it appear that we have abandoned through pusillanimity great and splendid advantages fairly secured to this country by treaty. It will require great caution on both sides to prevent a collision on the account of this comparatively worthless country (Mosquitia).'\* Happily for both nations, each then chose a diplomatic representative suited to the difficulty of the time. The United States sent to St. James's Mr. Abbott Laurence, Great Britain sent to Washington Sir Henry Bulwer. Mr. Laurence was a man whose large wealth and serene character placed him, the one above the necessity, the other above the passions that often actuate the heated and needy chieftains of democratic commonwealths. With a clear judgment which comprehended the practical advantages at which his country should aim, and with a steadfast patriotism not inclined to relinquish them, he united an amenity of temper and a dignity of bearing which conciliated affection and won respect. He was an admirable specimen of the true American gentleman. Sir Henry Bulwer, on the other hand, united all the essential qualities fitted for difficult negotiation, and some of those qualities peculiarly applied to a state divided by angry parties, and subject to popular control. He had a large and profound diplomatic experience, acquired in the principal courts of Europe. He was accustomed to the consideration of commercial affairs, and had received not only the applause of his Government but the thanks of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce for the success with which he had effected a treaty

\* Correspondence with the United States respecting Central America.—p. 2.

at the Porte, obtaining greater advantages for Great Britain than the Ottoman Court had ever yet yielded to a Christian power. He had been member of Parliament for large and popular constituencies, and acquired that practical knowledge of the feelings and habits of thought by which masses are swayed and governed, which is of no secondary importance to ministers who would understand the social and political conditions of the United States.

And he had need of all these qualities on his arrival at Washington. He found the American public yet more deeply excited against Great Britain than it has been of late. The claim enforced upon Greytown chancing almost simultaneously with the annexation of California, and threatening to obstruct the project of a canal up the river, of which Greytown was the key, and in which American capital was already embarked, the vehement representations of Mr. Squiers on behalf of Nicaraguan pretensions, and in denunciation of British cupidity,—produced an irritation, suddenly increased tenfold by a mistaken act of Mr. Chatfield (the Consul-General of Central America), in authorizing the seizure of a small island (Tiger Island) in the Gulf of Fonseca, which had been ceded by Honduras to the United States, until the ratification of a treaty between the United States and that republic. Thus it was said, we intended to command the projected inter-oceanic communication on either side, under different pretexts. The first object of Sir Henry Bulwer was to soothe this prevalent irritation, by showing the fallacious grounds on which it rested. He hastened to explain away the mistake in the seizure of Tiger Island—an act which was promptly disavowed by the British Government; and aware that the best way to solve the disputes of nations, is to encourage the most friendly sentiments between the nations themselves, he did not entrench himself behind the stiff rules of diplomatic reserve—he faced the popular excitement against his country—he suffered a genial English voice to be heard in public meetings, and the Americans respected him the more, because, while cordially sympathising with their own just causes of national pride, he never bowed the majesty of his own nation, nor suffered the language of courtesy to be construed into the adulation of fear. Thus he rapidly acquired a popularity and influence which he as rapidly used to the advantage of both the nations; and within three short months of his arrival in Washington he completed the treaty, which was based upon the grand idea of making Central America the neutral ground on which the Old World and the New disarmed their ambition in order to unite their commerce. We will now show why it was impossible that the

the treaty could include the complete disposal of the question affecting Greytown and Mosquitia, and why nothing can be more unfair than to seek in its provisions for objects which we will also show, as we proceed, that the American Cabinet fully understood at the time the treaty was never intended to include.

The object of the Bulwer and Clayton treaty was simply this, to effect a canal up the river San Juan, and other modes of inter-oceanic communication, which should be open equally to the commerce of all nations. The desire of Great Britain was to satisfy the Americans that these modes of communication should be free from British control—the desire of the United States was to obtain this satisfaction as soon as possible, and to give full scope and immediate activity to the capital already enlisted in the enterprise. It became obvious at once to both the negotiators, as it is to common sense, that in order to effect this mutual desire, nothing should be introduced into the treaty to which neither of the contending parties could agree. Now America had never formally recognized the right of any European state to protect or regard Indian Natives as independent tribes. Her reason for this refusal is obvious. Such a right once acknowledged might give to European states the pretence to treat as independent princes with Indian chiefs on the borders of her own great lakes and rivers. On the other hand, Great Britain could not abandon her peculiar protection over the Mosquitos, to which her honour had been pledged by all her successive Governments of every shade of party, without due guarantees for their security from aggression, the provisions of which might necessarily be long and complicated; yet since the only part of the Mosquito territory of the least importance to the objects in view, was clearly defined by the American negotiator, ‘as embracing the river San Juan and the territory from the Machuca rapids to the sea, and *that importance depending entirely upon its connexion with the proposed canal*’\*—might not the question of the protectorate, since it could not be wholly disposed of by the terms of the commercial treaty, be so arranged and modified, that it should not interfere with the intentions and objects of the treaty, and thus be left—free from the irritation caused by contending interests—to be finally terminated in subsequent negotiations, to which the time necessary to adjudge controversial evidences and settle disputed boundaries, could be tranquilly afforded? How could this best be done? Fortunately the American minister in London had decided that point. In a note to Lord Palmerston, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, November 8,

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\* Mr. Clayton's words, as quoted by Mr. Crampton, Despatch to Lord Palmerston, October 1st, 1849. *Correspondence with the United States respecting Central America*, page 4.



1849, Mr. Laurence asked, 'Is it the intention of the British Government to occupy or colonize Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, so called, or any part of Central America?' Lord Palmerston replied, November 13, that it was not the intention of the British Government to occupy or colonize the territories named, but adds emphatically, 'With regard to Mosquito, however, a close political connexion has existed between Great Britain and the state and territory of Mosquito for a period of about two centuries. But the British Government does not claim dominion on Mosquito.' No words can be clearer. Dominion is disowned—close political connexion is asserted. What was that close political connexion? The humane protection of those Indians from aggression, and such aid towards civilizing and Christianizing them as the advice of a superintendent at the councils of their Chief might afford—in short, the connexion distinct from dominion *then actually known to exist*. What then do the negotiators?—they take the very question of the American minister—they take the very answer the question receives from the British Government, as the guide and groundwork of their own negotiation—they shape those words into a clause of the treaty, and they define the political connexion with the Mosquitos, claimed by the British Government as distinct from dominion, by saying, 'that neither Great Britain nor America will make use of any protection either state affords—any alliance either has or may have with any people, to fortify, occupy, colonize, or exercise dominion in Central America.' The words now raised into dispute are not therefore really the words of the negotiators, they are the words of the American minister, accepted and qualified by the British Government.

The Bulwer and Clayton treaty was thus purely commercial, and not territorial. It was not framed to settle the Mosquito question, but to prevent the Mosquito question being an obstacle to the completion of the American canal. We have seen it asked by those unread in the diplomatic correspondence of the time now published, 'But should the British negotiator have completed the treaty without first settling the separate political and territorial questions involved in the Mosquito protectorate?' The answer is short: if he had delayed the one object till he could have completed the other, the commercial treaty could never have been signed at all. For on the very first idea of delay for the purpose of settling boundary disputes, Mr. Clayton writes, July 4th, 1850, to Sir H. Bulwer, 'It is not to be imagined that it is the object of your Government to delay exchange of ratifications until we shall have fixed the precise bounds of Central America (but till those bounds were settled, how decide and dispose of the

the Mosquito claim to Greytown?) for this would not only delay but defeat the convention.\* And if that convention had been defeated, what would have been the consequence? All America would have believed that we intended to make the protectorate an excuse for obstructing the canal on which she had then set her heart. Mr. Squiers' treaty with Nicaragua would have been ratified by the Senate and President, as obtaining from Nicaragua advantages withheld by Great Britain, and that collision between the two countries so dreaded by Mr. Clayton would have become inevitable. Prompt ratification of the treaty of 1850 was thus necessary to the removal of an immediate probability of war.

We have explained the object of the treaty and the origin of the clause in dispute, we come now to the construction of the words employed. Do those words, 'Shall not make use of any protection either state affords, or may afford, to colonize, fortify, occupy, or exercise dominion in Central America,' justify the assumption of the United States Government that therefore the Mosquito protectorate is abolished? Is there a jurisconsult in Europe who can so construe them? The protectorate is admitted, its continuance is admitted. You shall not make use of the protection you afford, or *may* afford, to do so and so: words that imply a right that might be possessed then, and a right that might be assumed hereafter. Exactly parallel instances occur in ordinary life. In the hire of a house or farm, how constantly are words inserted to the effect that the tenant shall not make use of his holding to carry on some kind of trade or factory in the house, or to sell the hay or straw grown on the farm? But is there a lawyer in Europe, in America, in any part of the world where the prolific family of lawyers have ever themselves gained occupancy or possession, who will contend that saying you shall not do such a thing in right of your holding is not a proof that to the holding itself, with that exception, your right is undisputed by the other contracting party? But the strongest point Mr. Buchanan makes in his ingenious statement is on the word 'occupy.' He says that 'if any individual enter into a solemn and explicit agreement that he will not occupy any given tract of country then actually occupied by him, can any proposition be clearer than that he is bound by his agreement to withdraw from such occupancy?' The first mistake here is in the construction of the word 'occupy' in its diplomatic sense. We have looked through the voluminous *History of Treaties* by Count de Garden, and we find that, in the language of treaties, occupation in the

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\* *Correspondence with the United States respecting Central America*, page 64.

territory of another power has 'invariably a military or imperial signification. Thus, when in 1810, the Emperor Napoleon desired to annex Holland to France, he insisted upon occupying Amsterdam—that is, to occupy it for a time by an armed force. But, take the word according to its plain sense, in Johnson's 'Dictionary,'—to 'occupy' is to possess or rather to take possession. In neither sense of the word, diplomatic or familiar, did we occupy the Mosquito territory at the time of the treaty, nor do we so occupy it now. Do we occupy it as a possession for the English? So much the contrary that the principal use we make of the protectorate is to prevent the English obtaining possession and acquiring lands there by private bargains with the Mosquito chief. Do we occupy it by military garrison? Certainly not. Do we assume dominion over the Indian king? So much the contrary, that we compel the few English who are in the territory to acknowledge his sovereignty, and it is the very acknowledgment of his sovereignty of which the Americans complain. But, granting that the ordinary interpretations of the word 'occupy' will not be accepted by American grammarians, we will drop grammar, and come to mathematics. And it can be mathematically demonstrated that to occupy is something very different from to protect. The proof of that difference is in the clause contested; for its sense is that you shall not occupy in right of the protection you afford, or may afford; but, if occupation meant the same thing as protection, then the only sense of the clause would be, you shall not occupy in right of occupation—which in the language of Euclid is absurd. But that this distinction between occupation and protection was clearly understood by the Americans, through their representatives—that is, their National Administration and diplomatic minister—at the time of the treaty and long after, we will now prove from their own official documents. On December 19th, 1851, Mr. Laurence, the American Minister, writes to Lord Palmerston, to complain of an alleged outrage on an American vessel in the port of Greytown by a British brig, for the purpose of collecting dues in that port, asks if that outrage was authorized by Government, and says, 'because, if answered in the affirmative, the President will consider the proceedings a violation of the treaty of 1850, by which Great Britain has stipulated'—what? not to protect Greytown or the Mosquito territory? no—'not to make use of any protection she may afford Nicaragua, the Mosquito coasts, or any part of Central America for the purpose of assuming or exercising dominion over the same.' Can words more decidedly express that the treaty left the protection existing, but forbade it to be used for the purpose of dominion? and can any words show more clearly that by dominion was not meant

meant what is now assumed, viz., the residence of a regular agent at Bluefields, who advises the Mosquito King, but what Mr. Laurence is there condemning, viz., an armed force, under British colours, not needed for the purpose of protection, but collecting revenue, which is an act of dominion, and which as such was at once disavowed and disapproved by our Government. For if it were then assumed by the treaty that we were to withdraw altogether from the Mosquito coast, abandon this Indian tribe, recall the agent who advised its King, was it not the very occasion in which the American Minister would have said, 'But what business have you there at all? You have resigned your protection by the treaty of April, 1850; you are still occupying that territory, still exercising dominion because you advise its King. A year and a half have elapsed, when do you mean to go?' The next testimony we adduce against the version of the American Government is much more decisive. Soon after the treaty was signed, Mr. Daniel Webster, one of the greatest statesmen who ever adorned either the New World or the Old, whose fame was a link between two hemispheres, succeeded Mr. Clayton as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The despatches of Sir Henry Bulwer show that our negotiator was constantly engaged with Mr. Webster in discussing various plans for settling all differences about the Mosquito territory. Mr. Webster, therefore, thoroughly knew the intentions of the negotiators, the spirit of the treaty, the nature of the protectorate. And two years after the treaty was signed, March 18th, 1852, Mr. Webster writes to Mr. Graham, the Secretary of the United States Navy, and a fellow member of the American Cabinet, and uses these important words: 'It is well understood that Great Britain is *fully committed to protect Greytown as belonging to the Mosquito Indians*, and it is not probable that she would see Nicaraguan authority, or any other authority, take possession till pending negotiations are closed.' Nay, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Crampton, reported in a despatch from that gentleman to Lord Malmesbury, March 28th, 1852, Mr. Webster, when discussing terms of arrangement, 'adds a proviso which,' says Mr. Crampton, 'he (Mr. Webster) seemed to think implied a *sufficient recognition of our position as protectors of Mosquito*.'\* Here then is the chief Minister of the United States, two years after the ratification of the treaty, fully recognizing the continuance of that protectorate which the Government of President Pierce declares the treaty had extinguished! The next witness we call into court on our side shall be the American co-negotiator of the treaty,

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\* Correspondence, &c., page 103.

Mr. Clayton himself. Is there any real difference of opinion between him and Sir Henry Bulwer as to the retention of the protectorate? Not at all. Mr. Clayton indignantly vindicates himself, in the American Senate, January 4th, 1854, from the charge of General Cass, that he, Mr. Clayton, understood by the treaty that our protectorate was abandoned, and says emphatically, '*it never was contended by me that the British protectorate was abolished by the treaty of 1850. What I contended for is this—that the treaty disarmed the protectorate. It is stated in Lord Clarendon's letter of the 27th, that her Britannic Majesty did not by the treaty intend to renounce the protectorate—I have not claimed that she did.*' And Mr. Clayton then proceeds to argue, what we all agree to, viz., that the treaty was intended to modify and restrict the uses we might make of that protectorate. One more witness, and we close this part of the case. The then Attorney-General, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who was consulted by Mr. Clayton on the very words of the treaty as they now stand, and who, as a member of the American Cabinet, must have known the private sentiments of his colleagues, says, in a published letter to Mr. Clayton, December, 1853, 'that though the object of that treaty was to disarm, it did not abolish the protectorate, nor was it *thought advisable to do this in "ipsissimis verbis."*'

Here then is a concurrent and existing mass of American evidence in favour of the interpretation of the treaty as to the Mosquito protectorate, according to the English sense of it. It remains but to add a few words upon the expression 'disarmed' used by Mr. Clayton and Mr. Reverdy Johnson. Unquestionably when Great Britain engaged never to fortify, colonise, or exercise dominion in Mosquitia, in right of the protection she afforded to its chief and his people, she disarmed herself of all that could promote the objects of her own ambition. But when it is said that she also disarmed herself of the power of protecting those she was still pledged to protect, so that, to use the words of our opponents, 'she could not land a soldier or arm a ship' to repel invasion on the territory of her Indian ally, we do not believe there is one dispassionate American who would not allow that such an interpretation is an insult to the honesty of England and the common sense of mankind. We remember a heartless witticism ascribed to a Roman pontiff, who had promised his protection to an innocent man involved in a false accusation. The man was condemned to death; he appealed to the Pope. 'Did not your Holiness give me your word to protect me?' 'No, my friend,' said the Pontiff, 'I did not give you my word—but words.'

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And when this great nation promises its protection even to a helpless Indian, and he appeals to us to save him from the executioner, and cries, 'Did you not give me your word to protect me?' are we to answer with the Papal jester, 'No, friend; we, the Monarch and the people of England, did not give you our word—but words?'

But though the treaty of 1850 thus defined the nature of our protectorate, and removed from it all that could control or intercept the commercial communication which it was the direct object of that treaty to effect, yet both our negotiator and our Government had the sagacity to perceive that the differences respecting Greytown and the protectorate still existed, and ought to be permanently removed by subsequent arrangement. To an ordinary politician the readiness with which Great Britain had stripped herself of all prospective dominion in Mosquitia would be a sufficient proof that she did not consider it her policy to establish any footing in Central America—that her sole link remaining with the Mosquito people was that of humanity—and that she would be unaffectedly glad to free herself altogether from an unprofitable and irksome charge, provided only she could do so with the certainty that those Indians who had been true to herself for two hundred years were left secure amidst neighbours who coveted their possessions, disowned their rights, and despised their race. But the American Government asserts that we must have some other motive for not abandoning at once our ally. 'Great Britain,' says Mr. Marcy, 'only makes this humanity a pretence for her ambition.' We will disabuse the American public here; and we will now show that if the Mosquito protectorate has not long since been resigned, and on conditions approved of by an American Government, the fault does not rest with England. Scarcely was the treaty of 1850 ratified before Sir Henry Bulwer, with his characteristic vigour of purpose, hastened to propose plans for the entire and permanent settlement of the Greytown and Mosquito questions. Passing over the earlier projects for this end, we come to one which at once conciliated the favour of the chief Minister of the United States. Great Britain offered to resign Greytown to Nicaragua itself, provided the United States did not by any clause in its treaty with Nicaragua, sanctioning the claim of that republic, assume the appearance of hostile dictation; provided also that some indemnity were given to the Mosquito king—that he were left undisturbed in the territory assigned to him, and some favourable concessions were made to the claim of Costa Rica to the south bank of the river San Juan. This proposition was discussed in the presence of the British Minister, Mr. Webster, and the agents of Costa Rica  
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and Nicaragua, the 11th of July 1851. And while the Minister of Costa Rica fully assented to the English proposition, the Minister for Nicaragua refused, and put in one of his own, which Mr. Webster, on the part of America, said 'he could not urge her Majesty's Government to accept of; for it deferred matters to a long protracted and indefinite issue; and the bent of his other arguments was to show that though there might be some little difficulty to be made here and there in the plan our negotiators had suggested, it was upon the whole such an one as it was for the interests of Nicaragua to accept.'

Here then America will see that our Government did, through Sir Henry Bulwer, so far back as 1851, make a positive proposal for the entire settlement of the question of our protectorate, which her own Minister favoured, and which Nicaragua alone prevented being carried into completion. Then all farther question was deferred till the Nicaraguan agent could receive fresh instructions from his Government. But, on August 12th, Sir Henry Bulwer reports that this agent had ceased to be representative of Nicaragua. A revolution broke out in that republic, and suspended the possibility of practical negotiations in which it could take a part. However, before leaving the United States, Sir Henry Bulwer appears to have put everything on a footing that promised a complete arrangement of all debated matters. He had established a treaty which made it the interest of both countries to settle remaining differences by mutual conciliation. He had obtained from Mr. Webster a promise to expunge from the anticipated treaty between the United States and Nicaragua all clauses hostile to England; he had converted into friendly sentiments towards us the angry suspicions which he had found pervading the American population. And all would, according to the natural consequence of matters as he left them, have been long since amicably settled, but for this intractable Nicaragua: ever in hot water, ever unable to govern itself, and ever insisting upon involving in its own wretched dissensions the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family.

For again under Lord Derby's short-lived but energetic administration the whole dispute was on the point of being settled. Lord Malmesbury, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, saw the importance of immediate action, the mischief of delays. His despatches in the correspondence before us are remarkable evidences of acute intellect and earnest purpose. By his instructions the project of a treaty is actually signed by Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton; agents are sent to Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Greytown to carry it out. Costa Rica agrees, Nicaragua again refuses. Mr. Webster declares 'the refusal to be so unreasonable,

reasonable, that he was ready to settle the matter without farther reference to Nicaragua.'\* Unhappily two events occurred to frustrate negotiations thus prosperously advanced—Mr. Webster died, and Lord Derby's administration closed. The Democratic party came into power in the United States, and President Pierce announced in the same breath that he held to the Monroe doctrine, which no congress has ever sanctioned, and that the treaty of 1850 abolished the protectorate, which both the negotiators maintained that it only restricted and defined, and to which the chief minister of his predecessor had declared it 'fully understood that Great Britain was committed.'

We now come to the correspondence with our present Government; and with that correspondence we shall take the merits of the dispute upon the two other points at issue: 1st, as to our settlements at Belize; 2nd, as to the colony of the Bay Islands.

It will be seen that the engagements of the treaty of 1850 are confined exclusively to Central America. What is Central America? It is the territory comprehended by the five Central American republics,—Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, Guatemala—and that territory alone. On this definition we shall see later that the United States are perfectly agreed with ourselves. Now, in Central America we had no territory at all at the time of the treaty; our only hold on Central America is the protectorate of the Mosquitos, whom the theory of the United States would include in the sovereignty of Nicaragua. Our settlement at Belize (or British Honduras) is not in Central America, but in Mexico, and therefore wholly without the operation and engagements of the treaty. But to prevent all possibility of a question thereon being ever raised by geographical disputants, the British Government, previous to the ratification of the treaty, instructed Sir Henry Bulwer to obtain a declaration from the American negotiator to the effect that British Honduras was exempted from the treaty. Mr. Clayton gives that declaration in these words:—

'The language of Article I. of the Convention concluded on the 19th day of April last, between the United States and Great Britain, describing the country not to be occupied, &c., by either of the parties, was, as you know, twice approved by your Government, and it was neither understood by them, nor by either of us (the negotiators) to include the British settlement in Honduras as distinct from the state of Honduras, nor the small islands in the neighbourhood of that settlement which may be known as its dependencies. To this settlement and these islands the treaty we negotiated was not intended by either

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\* *Correspondence, &c.*, p. 198.



of us to apply. The title to them is now and has been my intention, throughout the whole negotiation, to leave as the treaty leaves it, without denying, affirming, or in any way meddling with the case just as it stood previously.'

No form of words can more conclusively determine that British Honduras is excluded from the treaty of 1850, or more utterly annihilate the pretence set up by President Pierce's Government to question our right to that settlement by virtue of the said treaty. It has indeed been maintained that by the guarded expressions, 'small islands in the neighbourhood known as its dependencies,' Mr Clayton meant to affect the island of Ruatan as not coming under the category of 'small islands in the neighbourhood' known to be dependencies of Belize. But if this reservation were disingenuously intended, it is clear that it did not bring Ruatan under the terms of the treaty; for Sir Henry Bulwer, too skilful a diplomatist not to be on his guard against any deductions to be drawn hereafter from such phraseology, so far as the treaty was concerned, hastens to pin the co-negotiator to the broad sense of the declaration by his answer, July 4th, 1850:—

'SIR,—I understand the purport of your answer to the declaration dated the 29th of June, which I was instructed to make to you on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, to be that you do not deem yourself called upon to make out, at this time, the exact limits of Her Majesty's settlement at Honduras, nor of the different Central American States, nor to *define what are or what are not the dependencies of the said settlement*; but that you fully recognise that it was not the intention of our negotiation to embrace in the treaty of the 19th of April *whatever is Her Majesty's settlement at Honduras, nor whatever are the dependencies of that settlement*, and that Her Majesty's title thereto, subsequent to the said treaty, will remain just as it was prior to that treaty, without undergoing any alteration whatever in consequence thereof.'

On these words, without a single demur, Mr. Clayton exchanges the ratifications with Sir Henry Bulwer, *and on this last letter*—not on the previous one, with its verbal qualification—is the treaty thus based, signed, and completed. But did Mr. Clayton design the jesuitical reservation which was to drag Ruatan by implication into the treaty?—a design which the advocates of the present American Government would impute to the eminent man who has been the first minister of their commonwealth. No! Mr. Clayton himself disposes for ever of an idea so unworthy of his name. 'It was known to the American Government (he says in the Senate, Jan. 4th, 1854) at the time of the treaty that Great Britain laid claim to the island of  
Ruatan;

Ruatan; but whether that island was in Central America or formed a part of the British West Indies, was a question which we (the Government) *determined to be settled hereafter.*'

Thus it is indisputably clear from Mr. Clayton's statement that the American Government, at the time of the treaty, knew of our claim to Ruatan, and, knowing, did not dispute it: left it wholly without the operation of the treaty, and could not therefore affect it by the side-wind of an insidious phraseology.

Thus then stood our case when Mr. Marcy, in 1853, instructed Mr. Buchanan to contend that the Mosquito protectorate was abolished, Belise compromised, and Ruatan lost to us by the treaty of 1850. The answer to such demands was obvious. The protectorate, by all the evidence we have pre-adduced, including the authority of the American negotiator, was not abolished; Belise was not in Central America, and if any portion of it, such as the land between the Sihon and Sarstoon, may come into that definition, it was exempted by special declaration; Ruatan stood, as before the treaty, a debateable right, or could only be implicated by the treaty so far as it might be proved the genuine possession of a Central American State. But if it were such a possession, and our claim therefore unsound, it needed no treaty to compel us in honour to yield the island to its lawful owner.

With this strong case in his hands, Lord Clarendon unfortunately commenced negotiations by a mistake which, though clearly but a verbal error, has been unscrupulously distorted by artful opponents into a deliberate avowal of perfidious policy. The mistake was this: In his despatch to Mr. Crampton, May 27, 1853, Lord Clarendon says, 'Great Britain has nowhere in the treaty of 1850 renounced, nor ever had any intention to renounce, the full and absolute right which she possesses over her own lawful territories in Central America, such as that designation was understood and declared by the negotiators of the treaty.' But the negotiators of the treaty, the American Government, and Lord Palmerston on the part of the British, all understood by that designation the five States of Central America in which we have no lawful territory at all! Nothing but the Mosquito protectorate, which we could not call our 'lawful territory,' and say we never had any intention to renounce, without a flagrant violation of the treaty, and a direct contradiction to all that our preceding Governments had declared their intention to be. This unconsidered sentence fell like a bomb on the American public; and, as unluckily it reached America a few weeks after the President's inaugural address had reached ourselves, so it was said in the Senate that 'it was necessarily supposed to be a note of defiance to that address,' Mr. Clayton

observing courteously, and thinking justly, that it must be a verbal inadvertence, that it could not apply to the Mosquitos, but, by a mistake, to British Honduras, and that a statesman so distinguished as Lord Clarendon could not persevere in such an error, addressed a letter to Mr. Crampton, comprising questions to which he asked a prompt and full reply : that reply he received and read in the Senate.\* Mr. Crampton says in it, 'I regret that I am at present unable to supply you with an explicit explanation of the passage in the despatch from which it seems to be inferred that Belize is stated by the British Government to be in Central America, as I am not in possession of any official communication from my Government in which that question is distinctly treated ; a fair inference, however, from the text of treaties and other documents to which I have access, with regard to the title of Great Britain and its dependencies, would lead me to conclude that British Honduras is situated in Mexico, not in Central America properly so called. In this opinion I have good reason to think that the Government of the United States concur.' In commenting on this note, Mr. Clayton emphatically says,—'The only map upon which American statesmen can rely is that which presents Central America as defined by our own Government, and it is designated by a treaty with Central America, December, 1825, with the five Central American States, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala,—these are all that constitute Central America in any legal, political, or commercial meaning of that term ; the subject is so understood by Great Britain as well as by us.' Now, while this shows a mistake upon the part of Lord Clarendon, and a mistake which was so far unfortunate that it has furnished to Mr. Marcy a handle for continued misrepresentation of the claims really maintained by Great Britain ; yet apart from a verbal error in our Government, it substantiates our case as a nation, and corroborates the position we before established, viz. that by the treaty of 1850 we did not in the slightest degree compromise our claims to Belize and its dependencies, which are not included in the designation of Central America by the American Government itself. And perilous indeed to American statesmen it would be to sanction Mr. Buchanan's attempt to raise any doubt

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\* This letter will not be found in the diplomatic correspondence published, whether in Great Britain or in the United States ; but it is quoted in the speech of Mr. Clayton, published by his authority, and corrected by his hand. The reader by this time will have seen how important to an understanding of all the points at issue is a reference to the speeches in the American Senate. And whenever we refer to those speeches, it is not as they appear in the loose reports of journals, but in the authoritative shape of subsequent publications, revised by the speakers.

as to their own designation of Central America by a reference to ancient maps and blundering geographers; for if, on the one hand, Mr. Buchanan would find any part of British Honduras, or the island of Ruatan, placed by such maps in Central America, so, in the very same maps, down even to the map published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which has been quoted against us, he will find, as Mr. Clayton himself says in his speech, the southern sides of Mexico, including Texas and California, placed within Central America, and therefore it would be from California and Texas that, according to such maps, and by the treaty of 1850, the Americans would have to withdraw all occupation and dominion!

This mistake of Lord Clarendon, who had then but just come into the Foreign Office, whose mind was probably absorbed by the war with Russia, and who evidently was misled into a belief, which our popular journals often repeat, that Belize is in Central America, would have had no effect with candid opponents anxious to settle the facts in dispute. But he had to deal with an opponent who seized upon any verbal inadvertence with the zeal of an adroit lawyer who has no case unless he can graft one upon some unwary argument adduced by the party substantively in the right. Accordingly, though Lord Clarendon has subsequently made unmistakeably clear his true meaning (*viz.*, that it was Belize and its dependencies, whatever they be, to which by the treaty of 1850 Great Britain had not renounced her rights), again and again has Mr. Marcy dwelt on a geographical oversight as a political pretension (persisted in by our Government, and finally woven it as one of the main articles of controversy into his despatch of instructions to Mr. Dallas. Nor has this error been the only one by which the strong points of the national case have been perplexed by the arguments of the British Cabinet. We have no desire to press harshly upon Lord Clarendon when we indicate his mistakes. In many valuable qualities for the direction of our foreign affairs, he compensates for errors in judgment far heavier than those we are called upon to indicate. And even in this unhappy controversy, in which an English statesman is placed much in the position of some long established proprietor, whom a sudden litigant calls upon to submit the title-deeds he had never examined to a lynx-eyed conveyancer, for the express purpose of picking a hole in them, Lord Clarendon favourably contrasts the sharp practitioners he has to deal with, in all that ought to be the essentials for a happy termination of dispute, *viz.*, exquisite courtesy, frank retraction of accidental mistake, and a manly desire to suffer no small thing to frustrate an amicable settlement. And we thank him, as Englishmen, for the

recognition

recognition of a truth, nobly spoken out to Mr. Buchanan, and which every high-minded American should acknowledge, viz., it is only where national honour is concerned that there is nothing which the minister of England is privileged to consider small. When therefore we point out the errors of argument which Lord Clarendon, as the organ of our Government, has committed, it is partly because, unless we do so, neither England nor America can clearly understand the questions at issue, and partly because we deem it essential to show that the mistakes of our advocate in no way diminish the justice of our cause, nor ought to influence the decision which should rest upon the evidence of the facts. In contravening some assumptions on the part of Mr. Buchanan, and wishing perhaps to avoid prolonged controversy and clench the dispute in a single sentence, Lord Clarendon asserts that the treaty of 1850 'was merely prospective in its operation, and did not in any way interfere with the state of things existing at the time of its conclusion.' Too delighted to shift the question from ground on which the testimony of their own negotiator and their previous governments were flatly against them, to that of a general proposition, to which they foresaw that Mr. Clayton would not agree, and on which we could no longer refer to the authority of Mr. Webster, the American Administration seized upon this dogma, put it forward in the van of the case, and have continued ever since to mould the whole debate at issue to the single abstract question, whether or not the treaty was merely prospective. Now, in the general accuracy of the proposition itself we do not say that our Government were wrong—they were wrong in the promulgation of it as the cardinal point at issue. It may be true that by the universal law of European diplomacy all cessions of dominion must be distinctly specified, and not left to the inference drawn from vague generalities in a treaty. When an English minister says that the treaty was purely prospective, there is not a Cabinet in Europe, therefore, which would deny the principle comprehended in that assertion, viz., that nothing in actual possession, not directly specified, was virtually surrendered. Nothing, save the Mosquito protectorate, was specified, and that only by implication—and by the implication it was not surrendered, but retained—with the restriction that divorced it from all rights of dominion and fortification. But the American Government had clearly shown that it was not disposed to recognise the diplomatic language of Europe, when it attached to the word 'occupy' (a word so especially frequent in European conventions) a meaning which would have covered an European statesman with unextinguishable ridicule.

And here, not construed diplomatically, the principle advanced

vanced is susceptible of dispute. It may be a fair question, if precedents in European negotiations are denied, whether the treaty which declared that two powers should never exercise dominion in a certain territory, do not deprive those powers of the right to retain any dominion they possessed in that territory at the time, unless guaranteed from such abdication by special understanding and proviso. And the fault of our Government in advocating the national cause was in exchanging sound ground for equivocal—in placing the actual justice of the case upon an hypothesis which took the whole question from one of indisputable fact into one of abstract proposition.

But we will show that this argument on the part of the Government, be it wrong or right, has little or nothing whatever to do with the true points to be determined. The whole treaty is, as we have said, confined to the five republics of Central America. In those republics we had no dominion at the time of the treaty—we have none now—we have agreed to acquire none hereafter: therefore it is wholly immaterial to us whether the sense of the treaty be purely prospective or also retroactive—for if retroactive, we have in Central America no fortifications to raze, no dominion to abandon. But if it be contended that a portion of the settlement comprised under the general name of British Honduras (*viz.*, that portion between Sarstoon and Sihon), be in Central America, it was ours at the date of the Declaration on the part of the American negotiator, to the express effect that the treaty in no way affected one way or the other any portion of the settlement of Belize. We have no need, therefore, for the conservation of that settlement, to assert the principle that the treaty was not retroactive; it is expressly declared not to be so, not only by Mr. Clayton on the part of the Whig Government, but by General Cass, the anti-British orator of the Democratic party—for in the Senate General Cass has emphatically said ‘all that Sir Henry Bulwer wanted was the exemption of British Honduras and its dependencies from the engagement of the treaty; and this he got by word and deed so effectually as to preclude all controversy on the subject.’ The sole part of our possessions for which it might seem useful to assert the non-retroactive principle is Ruatan and its companion islands included in the Bay Colonies. But even there the distinction between prospective and retroactive is not necessary—for we did not colonize those islands till two years after the treaty; if wrong in that act, we are wrong in the prospective sense of the convention contended for by our Government, not the retroactive, which they deny. The sole questions here are—1st, whether Ruatan and these islands do belong to Central America; 2nd, if they do, can they properly be

be called dependencies of Belize? If both these doubts are decided against our claim, we are bound to resign their possession according to the purely prospective sense of the treaty, as we should be bound to withdraw from them by the laws of honesty if no treaty had ever been signed.

Hence this verbal distinction between prospective and retroactive has been no real support to our case, and its adoption has been attended with this grave misfortune—In all the essentials of the dispute, Mr. Clayton, and probably at least two-thirds of the American Senate, were in accordance with the English interpretation of the treaty—viz. that the protectorate was not abolished, and British Honduras and its dependencies not affected by the treaty. But the moment the debate was shifted from these plain matters of fact to an abstract proposition—‘Was the sense of the treaty solely prospective?’—Mr. Clayton could not admit a theorem which if we had had armed dominion and military occupation in Mosquito at the date of the convention would have made his treaty inoperative, and our Government thus turned the most valuable testimony in their favour, the American negotiator, into the most decisive authority against the doctrine they announced.

We entreat the Government, therefore, whatever their own opinions as to the truth of their general proposition, to drop what has degenerated into a vexatious quibble, to let us hear no more of prospective and retrospective, but to adhere to the plain points at issue, on which the American negotiator has proclaimed an interpretation conformable with their own. And we rejoice to see that in his last despatch to Mr. Dallas Lord Clarendon with great wisdom tacitly withdraws from renewed negotiation an element of discussion which only obscures what without it is sufficiently clear.

Here, then, we sum up the English case:—1st. The Mosquito protectorate existed with Great Britain for a century previous to the Spanish convention of 1786; 2nd. That convention being destroyed by the war that Spain declared against us, the protectorate was renewed in 1800, continued without a word of complaint from the Spanish Crown while Spain retained Central America, and without a word of remonstrance from the United States for fifty years after the renewal. 3rd. Greytown was claimed as belonging to the Mosquitos by Lord Aberdeen, as the organ of Sir Robert Peel’s Government in 1845, and its claim could have therefore no reference to the American annexation of California, which did not occur till 1848; its seizure in the latter year was the necessary consequence of Nicaragua refusing all concession to the claim to which three years before

before Lord Aberdeen had committed the country. 4th. The protectorate was not abolished but retained by the treaty of 1850, according to the testimony of Mr. Clayton, negotiator and chief minister, his Attorney-General, who was a member of his Cabinet, and Mr. Webster, his successor as Secretary of State. 5th. Belize and its dependencies, whatever they be, are specially exempted from the treaty. 6th. Our claim to Ruatan was a point which Mr. Clayton declared the American Government did not include in that treaty, but 'determined to leave to be settled hereafter.' Where, then, is the case of the present American Government as founded on the treaty of 1850? It is vanished altogether; and like Dante when Cerberus, silenced for the moment, permitted his onward passage—

‘ponevam le piante

Sopra lor vanità che par persona.’

We plant our feet upon the shadows which had appeared bodies so substantial. But if the pretexts upon which large concessions are demanded from Great Britain will not bear minute examination, we are not the less disposed to grant the concessions themselves. And if we cannot consent to base the settlement of disputes upon the American construction of the treaty, it is not from the pride of argument, but from the imperative sense of the duty we, the English nation, owe to all time on behalf both of ourselves and of Europe. Did we once acknowledge the right of any State to misinterpret treaties into the surrender of rights which those treaties were carefully framed to guard, all the engagements of national faith upon which civilised societies exist would receive at our hands a vital blow. Treaties would become valueless; the precedent established by Great Britain would be a treason to every State in Europe. Grant the principle maintained by the United States that we are, whether as respects the Mosquito protectorate, or the settlements at Belize, to abide by the convention with Spain in 1786—without reference to the wars by which that convention was annihilated—grant that ancient treaties are annulled by no subsequent wars, by no subsequent rights of possession, grant all this, and we unsettle the title-deeds of our empire in every quarter of the globe: nay, more, we shake the foundations of every monarchy which places the limits of its realm under no stronger safeguards than those of prescriptive authority and consecrating time. On this point it becomes the Government to be firm; and if on this point it were possible that war could be forced upon us, it would not be war on behalf of Belize, or of a Mosquito chief—it would be war on behalf of every principle essential to the order and the peace which treaties are intended to



to secure. If the United States then would really obtain the objects they profess to desire, they cannot too carefully refrain from basing their negotiations upon principles which form an insuperable barrier to concessions. To concessions themselves their surest way is the least tortuous; it lies direct before them in our own desire to concede—for we entreat their people not to be deceived into the notion—that any statesmen amongst us consider it to be the interest of Great Britain to obstruct their commerce, or even limit their expansion, on the Central American isthmus. We are not indeed blind to the political designs cherished by American politicians, sanguine in the destinies of the Great Commonwealth;—when, while they disown on that isthmus all desire of dominion for their state, they yet favour the dominion which their individual citizens assume the privilege to achieve. And, here, there prevails so general a misapprehension of the genuine objects to which the American policy of ‘expansion’ now directs itself, that a few words of explanation may not be out of place. The Monroe doctrine has created more alarm than it deserves. Construed variously by Americans, it is a popular theory for the Presidents elected by the Democratic party to advance, but so long as the United States are ruled on democratic principles, it will never be acknowledged by their legislature. The reason is this. Formally to incorporate the Monroe doctrine as an article of the American constitution, would be to give to the American President a perilous increase of that very part of his power which it is the essence of democracy the most narrowly to restrict, viz. the prerogative of declaring war, and the possession of the funds by which the exercise of that prerogative must be accompanied. At present the American President can, without the necessity of appeal to the Legislature, arm in defence of the country, should it be actually invaded. But if the Monroe doctrine were adopted wholesale by the legislature, it would either remain an impotent dogma unworthy the sense of so practical a people, or the President must be empowered to enforce it by arms whenever he should deem its principle invaded. And so great is the dread that money in the hands of a President may be misapplied, that even in the recent irritation against Great Britain, and on the recommendation to enlarge the naval force of the States—the sum voted for that increase shrunk into an insignificant portion of the sum desired—no wrath against England could counteract the stronger popular cry, ‘We will not trust our dollars to be used for the jobbing purposes of the Presidential election.’

Nor is direct annexation the policy that could receive countenance from the Senate, which, uniting legislative with executive functions,

functions, is the ruling power in the complex American constitution. While the Slave and the Free States are so evenly balanced in point of numbers, the proposed annexation of new states would threaten the stability of the Union itself. The Slave States would reject the admission of Free States, the Free States reject the admission of Slave States, and the internal struggle for preponderance counter-checks the external tendency to fresh dominion. But safety and aggrandizement may both be consulted when individuals may perform what the nation abstains from; and thus adventurers who can overturn the Republics in Central America, and establish governments nominally free, but in reality the submissive dependents of the Imperial Commonwealth, realize the advantages of annexation without its inconveniences and hazards. This policy we are certainly not called upon to approve, but neither on the other hand are we required to arm for opposing it. Of our perfect neutrality, so far as action is concerned, we have given the most signal proof, in the offer to resign all the power by which that policy on the Isthmus could be resisted. And when President Pierce actually threatens us with cancelling altogether the treaty of 1850, unless we accept his construction of its purport, we respectfully submit to our American kinsmen that the preservation of the treaty, even as we interpret and act on it, is of infinitely more value to them than it is to us. Let us suppose that the treaty be abrogated, either by the petulant resolve of an American government, or by the direr calamity of war. Our rights to hold and gain dominion in Central America are then restored to us in full force, so are those of the United States; but their policy, as we have just seen, forbids them to avail themselves of those rights by direct annexation, and as to annexation by Filibusters, they have it now to their hearts' content. But suppose a British government thus set free to act, and acting with vigour—suppose that vigour to be necessitated by hostile relations—away goes the dream of annexation by the proxy of Filibusters. The treaty annulled, what should forbid us to settle the question of Greytown, by purchasing from the Mosquito chief the rights we have twice offered to induce him to dispose of to Nicaragua? General Walker, or his successors, cut off from supplies and recruits by our blockade, would have no option but to starve in the mountains—or retreat from the Isthmus. Every Central American State that prized its independence, or dreaded the inroad of the mild philanthropists who, animated by the purest motives of public virtue, undertake the conquest of their neighbours upon private speculation, would rejoice to place itself under our protection.

Ruatan,

Ruatan, then released from all question, might become a formidable naval station in our hands. We should command the whole inter-oceanic communication—we should have at our control the route from the United States to California. And the Isthmus of Central America would voluntarily pass under the influence which would present the most valid security to its native governments and territorial independence, long before the American armaments could be prepared to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and vindicate the celestial mission of Manco Capac in the shape of Walkers. These contingencies we earnestly submit to the reflection of the American public. Short-sighted indeed would they be did they permit their government either to cancel the treaty which secures their access to California, or reject the overtures which would disarm us of our readiest facilities for action, in the event of a war hereafter.

Terms such as no war might wring from us, every party in Great Britain would cheerfully concede for the restoration of mutual amity and confidence. And since, in his last communication to Mr. Dallas, Lord Clarendon has rather indicated grounds of adjustment than hinted at definite proposals, we venture to suggest the outline of terms which Great Britain might willingly offer, and America as graciously accept.

With regard to Greytown and the Mosquito territory, the fairest adjustment appears to us as follows :—When Nicaragua denied the Mosquito claim to Greytown, we have seen that she based her own claim upon the royal decree of Spain, which had declared that place, under its elder name of San Juan de Nicaragua, a port of the second class for the whole of the ancient viceroyalty of Guatemala, within three hundred leagues of the capital. Let us take this decree as the basis of arrangement, and adapt its provisions to the altered circumstances of the Isthmus, the interests of its several republics, and the policy of preserving free to the commerce of both worlds the keys to inter-oceanic communication. Let Greytown, then, be declared a free port for the whole of Central America as included in that ancient viceroyalty of Guatemala. Let commissioners decide the dispute, according to evidence adduced before them, whether the place really did belong to Nicaragua, or had never been won from the Mosquitos, either by conquest or by cession. What compensation may be due either to Nicaragua for the resignation of exclusive privileges to which her right could be proved, or to the Mosquito chief for any territories he might yield for the purposes of civilization, let those commissioners be empowered to award. Let the Mosquito Indians themselves be secured from all molestation in the territory left within their occupation; and without

without raising that question as to their sovereign independence, on which England and America could never agree, and which, so long as they are unharmed or despoiled in the demesnes in which they exercise their own laws, is no material subject of dispute, let England and the United States, through the medium of their consular agents at Greytown, become the joint guarantees that the tribe shall be left secure within the landmarks allotted to it. Humanity and conscience may suggest to Great Britain other considerations for the remnant of that once warlike and gallant race to which she has many causes of grateful attachment and parental care. But such considerations appertain to herself alone, and can be acted upon without reference to the haughty creed which denies all equal rights to the aborigines of the soil. We found those Indians safe and indomitable in their wild morasses, strong in their warlike habits and their hatred of the Spanish stranger. Their numbers have wasted away, as the Red Man ever wastes when he acquires the vices without the culture of the white. We have tried to correct their ferocity, and, in doing so, we have sapped the foundations of their defence. We have taken them from the migratory habits of the fisherman and the hunter. We have taught them tillage and agriculture—harder now to drive them back to the swamp and the morass. We have laboured to convert them to Christianity, and we depart from their side, the work uncompleted. We have confirmed their chiefs in the belief of their royalty, and placed on their brows the likeness of kingly crowns. We leave them surrounded by neighbours to whom they are outcasts more despicable than the vilest white man who hangs on the outskirts of penury and crime. In thus quitting them, is there no reproach to our conscience? Can we offer them any reparation? Possibly it may be in our power. The number of these Indians is variously stated: many thousands with some, a few hundreds with others. This contradiction arises from the natural mistake which confounds the pure tribe of the Moscos with the other tribes akin to them, but distinct and subject. To the Moscos alone we must confine our care; and we have reason to believe their number is sufficiently small to permit of deportation without great cost or inconvenience. Could we not offer to the King—now in his youth, of mild and sober habits, and educated under the eye of our officials—and to such of his chiefs and people as prefer still to remain under our protection rather than dwell despised and, we fear, despite all our safeguards, far from secure, should even their most desolate swamps, as population and wealth increase, become an object coveted by the white men—could we not offer to these chosen few

few new homes under the provident eye of their old ally? Could we not locate them in Canada, upon soil less inhospitable, and there continue to rear them up to the lessons of civilization and the hopes of the Christian gospel? If in thus removing them from the land in which we had pledged the faith of our kings to hold them scatheless and sovereign, we somewhat stoop our national pride, do we not somewhat appease our national conscience? Do we not make a far more substantial provision for their safety than we could ever obtain by conventions and guarantees? And do we not thus remove for ever from the commonwealths, whether of Central America or the United States, every possible pretext for future collision between their notions of Indian degradation and our assertion of Christian justice?

So much for the settlement of the Mosquito question. With respect to British Honduras, so carefully exempted from the treaty of 1850, we think that if we permit either its bounds to be ascertained or the precise nature of the Queen's authority, therein to be questioned and restricted, it can only be on the complete and unconditional recognition, both of the United States and of the Central American republics, of the possessions and rights which, after such inquiry, arbitrament might confer upon us. We ought not to make such concessions without all the security that the faith of nations can give us, that the concessions obtain their due fruit in the permanent settlement of every disputed question; and that we are not left to the precarious tenure intimated by Mr. Buchanan, viz., that the United States are gracious enough for *the present* to waive the absolute demand for our entire abandonment of possessions which we held centuries before Central America found its name or the United States achieved their independence.

With regard to the Bay Islands, and more especially Ruatan, it would be beneath us to regard those possessions in the petty spirit of rival geographers. The British claim to Ruatan may be good. We believe it to be so. Not as a dependency of Belize, for if it once were so—according to ordinary imperial laws—that can be no longer called a dependency on a settlement which has been made a colony under the Crown. For that act, though it bears the signature of Sir John Pakington, it is sufficiently known that the previous Whig Government are in truth responsible; since it was by them that the act was framed and prepared, it only waited the signature of the new Colonial Secretary as a ministerial formality, and in affixing that signature to a deed thus actually executed by experienced and able predecessors, Sir John Pakington, suddenly coming into office, did but adopt the customary

tomary practice in a case on which Parliament had never been consulted. But when the settlers in Ruatan were thus admitted to that protection from piracy which the name of a British colony would tacitly afford, we abandoned our claim to Ruatan as the mere dependency of Belize, and we restricted that claim to the simple issue whether or not Ruatan and its associated islands were in Central America; a question not to be determined by pointing to the map and saying that *geographically* to Central America those islands ought to belong (for every extended empire holds possessions by law, which geographically would appertain to other States more contiguous), but by the evidence which the Republic of Honduras, or any other commonwealth actually established in Central America, can adduce in proof of a sounder title. Our own belief is, that our best claim to Ruatan is as a British West India island; and that Maltebrun, who is unquestionably the highest authority on such points of modern geography, has ample warrant for having so categorically placed it in the revised editions of a work famous for the minuteness of its research. Nor are we without a strong persuasion that we could, if necessary, substantiate our title to Ruatan as one of the West India Islands ceded to us by Spain in the famous treaty of 1670, not only by the records in our own public offices, but by those which are extant in the archives at Madrid. But it is one question whether a title-deed be good, it is another question whether a possession be desirable. And Ruatan is a possession the more undesirable to us, because those who dispute it have so strong an interest in driving us away. Nature has given to that island the finest harbour on those coasts. In the hands of a great maritime power, like Great Britain, Ruatan could become a formidable naval station, but for what purpose? To overawe all Central America—the very part of the world in which we are bound never to obtain dominion! Nor is this all. A fleet in that harbour would be a standing menace to the trade of the United States. Of all that we hold in those regions Ruatan is the only place from which the policy of the United States, and the independence of Central America, have an equal interest in obstinately seeking to exclude us. As long as we hold that island, did we yield all else, war with the United States is a thing probable, friendship with the United States a thing impossible. Moreover there is this danger in a possession perfectly valueless to us for peaceful purposes. The coasts of Ruatan abound with creeks and coves favourable to pirates and tempting to filibusters. If we hold it for a permanence, and make it *bonâ fide* a colony, we must provide amply for its defence—or if war be not openly waged upon us,  
war

war will be indirectly carried on by piratical deputy, with the sympathetic enthusiasm of all the Columbian democracy. But having in our hands a place which it is so great an object to America that we should yield, it is fair at least that we should have something in exchange. What is it we would have? Simply the assurance that the surrender of a station that would be invaluable to us in case of war, shall obtain for us the security of peace. To us for this purpose it is not very material whether Ruatan, and its sister islets, be given to the Republic of Honduras, or constituted into free ports. It is important, for the security of our trade, that they should not fall into the hands of any other great maritime power, and this should be stipulated; it is important that our cession of them should be accepted not in an ungracious and hostile spirit, but as an undeniable proof of the sincerity which has been so harshly aspersed. But certainly Ruatan, unless our right to it be clearly disproved, ought not to be surrendered until every other point of conflict in Central America, or our contiguous possessions, which human wisdom can foresee, be adjusted on principles that promise the durability of friendly relations. For no British statesman should forget, that to surrender what might be the great naval station of those coasts, is to deprive Great Britain of her strongest hold, should war be forced upon us.

And this consideration brings us to the concluding view of our present critical and ominous relations with the United States. Is it only with a temporary Government that we have to settle a diplomatic dispute or a territorial concession? or have we to apprehend the rooted animosity of a population which its governments of necessity obey? an animosity that must extend with the growth of a power which we would vainly seek to propitiate so long as our monarchical institutions offend republican theories, and our masts vail no flag to a new mistress of the seas? It is not without thoughtfully asking himself this question, that a true English statesman, holding the cause of his country aloof from the prejudices of party, will regard the controversies involved in the application of the Foreign Enlistment Bill to the United States, and the dismissal of Mr. Crampton. We will glance rapidly over those points in this unhappy quarrel which appear to us to stand forth the most sharp and salient amidst the mass of contradictory evidence and perplexed detail. And first as to the errors of our own Government. The Foreign Enlistment Act was in itself a melancholy mistake at the commencement of the Russian war. In England it is clear, despite the vaunting assurances to the contrary, made by the War Office, that this premature reliance on foreign hirelings, damped the military ardour of our own population

population, and diminished the number of our native recruits. Abroad, all that was said by the leaders in opposition of the danger of offending states that desired to remain neutral, of the extreme difficulty of avoiding collision with their laws, has been confirmed by the results. The promise given by the Aberdeen Administration to obtain the formal consent of foreign governments before attempting to carry the act into effect, could never have been much relied upon, unless it were intended to leave the law a dead letter. Foreign states, not in actual alliance with us, could scarcely commit themselves to a formal consent, though they might leave to their subjects such facilities to enlist as a friendly disposition might lend to the application of international law. The age when Princes sold their subjects 'to the shambles of a foreign service' had passed away. Higher ideas of political morality pervade the world now than governed the courts of a former century. All the gain in other countries to be expected from the Act was the voluntary enthusiasm of young adventurers approving our cause—eager for military action, and deciding for themselves, neither on the one hand seeking the avowed consent, nor on the other braving the avowed displeasure, of their respective sovereigns. But the Legislature passed the Act by a large majority, and the present Government cannot be blamed for using the power which the Legislature bestowed on their predecessors. But that power could not be used without the employment of agents in the countries in which recruits were sought, and such agents could scarcely fail to be over-zealous. What paid agents are in a contested election, official agents will be, wherever a national interest in a stormy crisis is sharpened by the desire to merit peculiar approval by individual energy and zeal. The unfortunate and discreditable results of the application of the Act in the German States predispose us to admit that no precautions the British Government could have taken would have rendered a similar experiment in the American Republic safe and prudent. Here too the experiment was more especially unwise, because while Lord Clarendon argues as if he were dealing in the United States with a friendly government, and a population induced by free institutions to sympathise with the cause of the Western Powers; in reality he was dealing with a government which, ever since the accession of President Pierce, augured anything but friendly dispositions; with which our Cabinet was already involved in serious disputes; and it was the height of indiscretion to afford to such a government any plausible pretext to array the passions of its people on the side of its pretensions. And what pretext could be so popular as the charge of violating that neutrality in the contests of Europe which



Washington's last admonition had recommended to the policy of his countrymen? Nor could there, alas, be a greater error than to suppose that the predispositions of the American population would be more cordial to the arms of England than those of the government were to the views of her Cabinet. In fact, besides the causes which always bias, unfavourably to England, a large portion of the American community, awelled by Irish emigrants, and guided by Irish writers in the press, our armed alliance with France was regarded with extreme bitterness in the United States. So much had it been the habit of America to look to France in any quarrel with us, and to count upon our sympathy should she ever be involved in dispute with France, that the cordial junction of the two nations, which she deemed it her political interest to keep apart, would, in itself, have inclined not only her populace, but a large number of her statesmen to the cause of our enemy. Thus America was only nominally neutral. If her hand was not against us her heart was Russian. And, while so sternly bent against our winning one bayonet from a temporary sojourner on her soil, she permitted Russian agents openly to supply our enemy with American surgeons and engineers. Still, granting to the utmost extent the preliminary indiscretion of the English Government in risking the slightest collision with the American upon ground so delicate, the indiscretion itself may have to Englishmen this excuse—that England wanted men to assist her own sons against grievous odds, and that the English Ministers would be naturally tempted to use the power the Legislature had granted to obtain those men, where-soever they appeared most disposed to volunteer. Such at the onset was the inducement held out to them to apply the Foreign Enlistment Act to America.

In the autumn of 1854, Mr. Mathew, the British consul, reported that many persons, British subjects, had expressed a wish to enlist in the army at the Crimea: in consequence of this intimation Mr. Crampton instituted an inquiry among the other consuls in the United States, whether such a desire existed to any considerable extent. Answers were received confirming that impression in the early part of 1855. Voluntary offers were pressed upon the British Minister at Washington. In March, the first active steps appear to have been taken. Mr. Joseph Howe, a member of the Canadian legislature, is sent from Sir Gaspard La Marchant (the Governor of Nova Scotia) to Mr. Crampton with strong recommendations of his ability to superintend the enlistment of volunteers. Mr. Crampton does not here exhibit any deficiency of caution, any of that predetermination to defy or evade the American laws so lavishly imputed to him. He gives to Mr. Howe the

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most earnest injunctions to avoid a trespass on the Neutrality laws in any measures he might take for the transport to Halifax of the volunteers who might offer to go there to be enrolled. He consults an American lawyer of eminence, transmits the opinion of that lawyer to Mr. Howe; and that opinion, we are bound to acknowledge, points out the extreme difficulty that lay in the way of recruiting; and intimates that, even where strictly legal, there is danger of false witnesses and the hostile interpretation of American juries.

We think it would have been wise if, on receiving this opinion, the British Government had instructed Mr. Crampton to drop the scheme altogether. Up to May 22nd, Mr. Crampton, however, affirms (and we see no testimony to countervail his word) that he abided strictly by the warning suggestions contained in the legal opinion he had obtained. But on the 22nd of May, 1855, Judge Kane, at the trial of Hertz and Strobel at Philadelphia, said—‘I do not think that the payment of the passage from this country of a man who desired to enlist in a foreign part comes within the Act of Congress, 1818.’ Mr. Crampton naturally concluded that he might take for his guide the interpretation of the law thus delivered in court by an American judge; and he may be pardoned if he did not recognise the subtle deduction upon which Mr. Gladstone, with his usual acuteness, insisted in a recent Parliamentary debate, viz., that what might be legal in an ordinary man might not be legal in a diplomatic agent. Accordingly, after Judge Kane’s construction of the law, he so far relaxed his earlier caution that he authorised the payment of passage-money. Here, in the judgment of Mr. Marcy, he commits a violation of the sovereign rights of the United States. But what State can pretend to sovereign rights which are not defined by its own laws? Is the written law to permit a certain action, and a law nowhere to be found in the statutes to make that action illegal? This is the real question raised by the affirmation of sovereign rights as distinct from legislative enactments. And we believe there is not one eminent jurist in America who has not decided against the pretension which Mr. Marcy himself, after it has served his purpose in condemning Mr. Crampton, is constrained to abandon when it serves his purpose to acquit the British Government, whose instructions Mr. Crampton obeyed. We must now notice what at first seems a confusion of dates, which has led to the charge that Mr. Crampton and the Government continued the recruiting after the engagement to abandon it had been given.

Lord Clarendon writes to Mr. Crampton, June 22, 1855, informing him that Lord Panmure wishes all further proceedings

in the matter of enlistment to be stayed, and the project to be definitively abandoned. This, be it observed, is prior to a promise made to the United States to the same effect—it is the voluntary determination of the Government after a practical experiment not actively carried on above three months. Mr. Crampton is accused of having persevered in the project despite this order. But in the next despatch to Mr. Crampton, July 2nd, Lord Clarendon states that ‘Lord Panmure has requested the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department to instruct Sir Gaspard Le Marchant to receive certain Germans should they find their way to Halifax.’ And we gather from this passage, that though ‘farther’ enlistment was forbidden by the despatch of June 22, yet persons actually on their way to British territory, or who had made sacrifices to join, were not rejected until *the despatch of July 16th, containing the first engagement to Mr. Buchanan that all proceedings for enlistment should be put an end to, reached Mr. Crampton at Washington in the commencement of August.* And the moment it did reach him, not only were all further recruits refused, as they had already been, but instructions were sent to reject recruits who had actually presented themselves on the British territory; and the utmost that can be alleged against him is that he authorised some pecuniary compensation for the mere refusal of their services. And yet when the trial of Hertz and Strobel is instituted it is in the following month—after the whole scheme had been equally abandoned by the British Government and all its diplomatic agents. Mr. Crampton is accused of concealment in his intercourse with Mr. Marcy. We should have been glad indeed if Mr. Marcy had been a Minister to whom a prudent diplomatist would have come for caution or advice in every stage of the proceeding. But was not the reserve of Mr. Marcy still more unfortunate than that of Mr. Crampton? He cannot complain that he was kept in the dark; he at least was aware of all that was going on, and collecting the evidence of Russian spies for the purpose not of prevention, but exposure. Would not a Minister desirous to prove his own open and ingenuous character, desirous not to embitter political relations, have sent at once for Mr. Crampton, and said—‘Information reaches me that you are, no doubt unintentionally, conniving and assisting in a breach of our laws. In a former interview I told you to respect our municipal law; now I tell you to beware how you evade the international, and offend what we hold to be our sovereign rights. For Heaven’s sake, don’t get the name of a British Minister into an American court of law!’ Had Mr. Marcy said this, would there ever have been a quarrel?

But whatever the previous reserve of Mr. Crampton, the moment

ment he receives Lord Clarendon's despatch of July 16, he writes to Mr. Marcy, informing him of the complete abandonment of the recruiting project, and representing the expediency of staying prosecutions against the acts which had thus ceased to operate and for which apology had been tendered by the British Government. Mr. Marcy returns no answer to this appeal, except that 'it was under consideration.' And without other word to our Minister, the prosecutions which could not fail to tend to inflame the American public against Great Britain, on account of a scheme then utterly abandoned and abortive, are instituted by the American Cabinet. It is here we think that the whole question shifts ground, and that, however just the complaint of America in the first instance, the complaint afterwards of England against the American Government is infinitely more grave. It will be observed that, at the first formal remonstrance of the United States Government, the project is abandoned, the regret expressed, the apology made. The American Government sullenly proceeds in a course no longer requisite to enforce its laws or secure its objects—receives the apology to return an indignity—and embitters, without a visible practical gain, all the relations existing between the two countries. Grant that it might be expedient to proceed with the prosecutions against Hertz and Strobel, and let justice take its course, whether or not it implicated or absolved the British Government and its agents, at least we think those most inclined to blame the latter, will allow that the American Cabinet should have loftily abstained from influencing the operations of the trial directly against the Government which had so earnestly protested the innocence of its intentions, and had summarily discontinued the offence. This was not so. The Attorney-General in America is not merely the law officer of the State, he is, by the constitution, a member of *the American Cabinet*. And thus he writes to the States' Attorney of Philadelphia charged with conducting the prosecution:—

'The Government of Great Britain, with extraordinary inattention to the grave aspect of its acts, viz., the flagrant violation of our *sovereign* rights involved in them, has supposed it a sufficient justification of what it has done to reply that it gave instructions to its agents so to proceed as not to infringe our municipal laws; and it quotes the remarks of Judge Kane in support of the idea that it has succeeded in this purpose. It may be so. Judge Kane is an upright and intelligent judge, and will pronounce the law as it is, without fear or favour. But if the *British Government* has, by *ingenious contrivances*, succeeded in *sheltering its agents from conviction as malefactors*, it has, in so doing, *doubled the magnitude of the national wrong inflicted on the United States.*'

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Here the Attorney-General, a member of the American Cabinet, instructs the States' lawyer for the prosecution to pervert the care taken by the British Government to avoid infringing the municipal laws into 'an ingenious contrivance to shelter malefactors,' and vindictively distorts both the care to respect the law and the apology for unintentional error into acts 'that double the magnitude of the national wrong.' This is not all. Five days after (September 17th), the Attorney-General makes direct use of the information he can only obtain as a member of the Cabinet to instil fresh venom into the prosecution he directs. Lord Clarendon's despatch of conciliation lay yet unpublished before the American Cabinet. It was thus the Attorney-General used the unpublished document:—'We are told by Lord Clarendon that these officers had stringent authority so to proceed as not to violate the municipal law: that is, to violate its spirit but not its letter. If so, the instructions themselves violate the sovereign rights of the United States.' Here the avoidance of infringement on the neutrality laws, which alone our diplomatic minister was told at the outset to respect, is turned into a violation of sovereign rights, against which he had never been warned, which constitute a claim unintelligible to the profoundest jurists, which has never been asserted by a single act of the American Congress, and been put aside as untenable by the highest authorities on American law. It is more than the British Government that have a right to complain of a prosecution so directed—the whole British people are wounded by proceedings against their countrymen, conducted with such a determination to aggravate the quarrel and bias the tribunal.

But it is not enough to wound our people and accuse our Government of deliberate connivance with malefactors, the prosecution must aim also at our Sovereign; and accordingly the United States' Attorney, declaring truly that he acts by the direction of the National Administration, informs the jury that in 'forcing this indictment against the defendant the President of the United States has *struck as near at the throne of her Majesty* as he is enabled to do in the shape of a criminal prosecution.' Giving the widest latitude to the privilege of an advocate in his address to a jury—making no comment on eloquent diatribes against the perfidy of England or the felonious designs of its Government—conceding such to the orthodox functions of forensic declamation, still when a lawyer, acting under the directions of the American Government, declares that its President strikes *as near at the throne of the Queen of England* as he is enabled by the laws to strike; and when such expressions are never disowned by the American Government,

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but the whole course of the prosecution is rigidly vindicated and upheld, we have a right to exclaim. 'And you, who claim such respect for the sovereign rights of your abstract policy, allow your President to strike as near as he can at the sovereign authority of England!' We shall not stoop to examine the evidences of a trial itself, which as against the British Government and its agents was the most audacious mockery of justice which modern times have recorded—a trial in which are put upon their defence men who could not appear as defendants, could not conduct their case, cross-examine witnesses, put in their countervailing testimonies—a trial in which the accusing lawyer indicts not the accused, but the absent; in which the defending lawyer does not defend those at whom the prosecution is aimed. 'Not quite so bad,' says Mr. Marcy, 'the diplomatic minister indeed could not appear in court, but the consuls might!' How? As witnesses to be cross-examined. Cross-examined in a court in which they had no counsel—in which the lawyers on both sides would be interested in putting the worst construction on the evidence they might give—the one in order to strike at the British throne, the other in order, as in duty bound, to get off Hertz and Strobel at the expense of their pretended employers—present themselves *there* as witnesses,—they the consuls of Great Britain!—it would be to acknowledge the fairness of the tribunal, which a member of the American Cabinet had instructed to condemn them. In such a trial, and upon the witness of two hireling foreigners, both of them of the lowest character—the one of them notoriously a Russian spy—were the Government, the Plenipotentiary, and the consuls of Great Britain assailed and condemned. 'Not wholly on the witness of Hertz and Strobel,' says Mr. Marcy. We beg his pardon; so far wholly on that witness—that if Hertz and Strobel had not been received as testimony—the accusation on other grounds could not have been supported for an instant, even before the most prejudiced jury; and the collateral evidence received is all distorted into corroboration of the word of these two miserable beings, and without that word would amount to nothing. For what is that collateral evidence? 'Chiefly,' says Mr. Marcy, 'the letters of Mr. Crampton and his Memorandum of instructions.' We turn to these guilty letters, this dreadful Memorandum. The letters are these:—

'SIR,—I should be happy to see you, at any time you may call, to-day or to-morrow. I am, &c.,

*Mr. Hertz.*

*"JOHN F. CRAMPTON."*

'SIR,—With reference to our late conversation, I am now enabled to

to give you some more definite information on the subject to which it related. I am, &c.,

'H. Hertz, Esq.

'JOHN F. CRAMPTON.'

What can these letters prove beyond the innocent fact, acknowledged by Mr. Crampton, that Hertz volunteered his services, and that Mr. Crampton saw and spoke to him about them? They can prove nothing, but in themselves they are held to corroborate what Hertz says passed in the conversation, and which Mr. Crampton solemnly denies on his honour as an English gentleman. But the abominable Memorandum of instructions—We hunt through it in vain for even an indiscretion. The parties who may go to British territory for security are told that they must clearly understand that they must refrain from anything which would constitute a violation of the law of the United States—must avoid any act which might bear the appearance of recruiting within the jurisdiction of the United States for a foreign service, or of hiring or retaining anybody to leave that jurisdiction, with the intent to enter into the service of a foreign power. No promises, written or verbal, on the subject of enlistment must be entered into with any person within that jurisdiction. Other instructions, in minute detail, to avoid not only an illegal act, but what may be construed into the appearance of one are given; and the parties are told that if they neglect the strict observance of these points the British Government will be compelled, by the clearest dictates of international duty, to disavow their proceedings. Where, then, is the offence of Mr. Crampton? Is it conceivable? The offence is in these very cautions. The offence is, that because he forbade all violation of the neutrality laws, therefore he counselled their evasion.

We believe that scarcely the Star-Chamber under Charles I. could have so distorted the laws on the misprision of treason. On such charges, on such evidence, produced in such a trial, the American Government demanded the recall of Mr. Crampton and the British consuls. The British Government hastened to furnish the American with proof upon affidavit of the worthless character of the witnesses, and with the solemn denial of the accused, 'that they ever did hire, or knowingly engage recruits within American jurisdiction.' The affidavits are impugned, the denial is disbelieved, the British minister and consuls are dismissed. Since the evidence on the trial is disputed new documents are added, of the validity of which the following specimen will suffice. Counter affidavits are put in, criminating Mr. Crampton, on the alleged authority of a Colonel Smolenski. Colonel Smolenski, happily in London, offers to state on oath the falsehood of them all; and whereas it was declared by these worthy witnesses,

nesses, that they knew the handwriting of the British minister from having seen the whole of Colonel Smolenski's correspondence, Colonel Smolenski deposes 'that he never received a single line from Mr. Crampton, nor ever had any of that minister's handwriting in his possession.' We need pursue such evidence no further. Five years hence, what high-minded American will not blush to recall it?

The dismissal of Mr. Crampton is accompanied by a despatch, acquitting our Government, while condemning its accredited ministers, stating that Mr. Dallas is empowered to negotiate upon the vexed questions affecting Central America, and for the first time evincing a readiness to meet in any way the views of Great Britain upon those questions. Thus, upon the ministers of England is thrown this artful responsibility. 'Submit' is the true option placed before them—'submit to the dismissal of your public servants, to our rejection of their veracity, to our ungracious return for your apology; continue our minister at your Court, and we will negotiate with you the terms upon which you may avoid the displeasure of the United States, by the surrender of the possessions or the rights which you contend that the treaty of 1850 carefully maintained. If you do not take this course, if you suspend diplomatic relations, you suspend the settlement of questions which involve the germs of war. And we know how attached your people is to ours—how great are the commercial interests involved in the maintenance of peace, while, to embarrass your situation still more, simultaneously with the dismissal of your minister and consuls, and our conciliatory proposal to negotiate, we recognize at Nicaragua the Government, of which our own citizen, by infringing our national laws, and in defiance of the usages of European nations, has become the armed head, and our countrymen, in consequence of that recognition, will flock to his standard. Our vessels will lie beside your own, collision may take place; weigh these contingencies; pocket the affront, or incur the hazard of the direst calamity which can afflict the interests and sadden the hearts of England.' Placed in such a dilemma we do not blame the British Government for adopting the milder course, as the lesser of two great evils; and that course once adopted the more gracious the acceptance the more dignified in reality the bearing. To have subscribed indeed to the charges against their agents, in whom they recognized no breach of their own instructions, would have covered them with infamy; but to concede to the United States the right to object to diplomatic ministers on purely personal grounds, and abide by their own view of their own laws, in a word to abstain from recrimination when deciding  
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to decline quarrel, was, at least, the most courtly method, by which prudence when high-bred can parry affront when coarse.

So far then the dispute itself we may hope to be concluded. We are not so sanguine as to the results which the memory of the dispute may engender. We will not disguise from the Americans that these late events have tended greatly to alienate the affection which it is the nature of Englishmen to feel towards those of a common origin and speaking the English language in a commonwealth governed by free laws. And here that question, with which we prefaced our remarks on the causes alleged for the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, is mournfully enforced upon our reflections—are we dealing with an unfriendly Government or a hostile people? For that which has most deeply stung and most effectually chilled us, is not in the actions of President Pierce's expiring Cabinet, but in the sentiments towards our country in which we are told that those actions have their originating motive. That to humble the Britisher should become a passport to popularity, and serve the purpose of an electioneering cry in a state which admits of universal suffrage; that the few who may be friendly to us dare not speak out, so intolerant is the hatred against us conceived by the many—this it is which most profoundly wounds us, and in the discourtesies of a Government bids us beware of the enmities of a nation. Wars do not arise so much from clashing interests as from national angers; from the sense of wounded pride on the one side, from the tone of arrogant dictation on the other; and what we most apprehend is, that while England may tacitly resolve that she can stoop no lower, America may be encouraged by the misconstrued impunity with which one indignity has been received to be yet haughtier in her aspect and ruder in her tone. The precedent for the retention of Mr. Dallas, founded on the retention of his American predecessor when our agent, Mr. Jackson, had been sent from Washington, is of evil omen. Were the results of English forbearance at that time, amity and peace? Two years afterwards America had declared war upon us. For the people of the United States we have an affection, not the less sincere because we cannot stoop to flatter their momentary passions. We yield to none in the ardour of our desire for peace. But the caution once addressed to our Government in negotiations with Russia is not less applicable to our People in disputes with the United States. If we want to secure peace, we must not let it be supposed that ignominy is possible and that war is not. It is for America now to prove that appearances wrong her genuine sentiments to England. Mr. Dallas has before him a noble chance of achieving a durable reputation.

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Let him cautiously forbear from pressing points we cannot concede in honour, and it is his own fault if he do not submit to his Government the basis of negotiations in which Great Britain may concede all which honour does not compel her to preserve. But we must warn our public not to exaggerate the powers which the American constitution gives to its representative. They are far more limited than those which the British monarchy concedes to a plenipotentiary of its own. The last may ratify and conclude a treaty, the former cannot; whatever the powers entrusted to him, the subsequent consent of the American Senate is necessary to all that he proposes and subscribes to.

If a settlement is to be effected during the tenure of the existing Presidency and its government, no time must be lost—in a few weeks the senators will be dispersed—not to meet again till November—the Congress then re-assembles but for a very short time, and the probability is that if the dispute be not settled at the commencement of August it will be under the consideration of President Buchanan and his government in the month of next March. Judging from ordinary motives of policy, we should deem it the interest of President Pierce and Mr. Marcy to make their retiring act that of reconciliation with Great Britain. They can thus effect a double triumph, and say to those who, while they wished to humble us, never dreamed of going to war—‘we have humbled England, we now present to you the fruits of our firm and patriotic policy.’ It should be the object of the English Government, not to deny to the American a triumph which we need not envy. Who can predicate the policy which a new Government in the United States representing the same party, inaugurated not long before the general election for the Representative Chamber, may deem it desirable to address to those who are taught by their journals from which we quote the sentence, ‘that by making a firm stand, peace or war, yea or no, the United States can secure from Great Britain the rights without the hazards of war.’

But do not let even Lancashire be terrified into the error that acquiescence in extortion is ever the preventive of war—far less is this the case with a democracy than an absolute despot—it is the inherent instinct of numbers to advance as the object which they menace recedes. Self-interest puts a check on the pride of a monarch—the public opinion of Europe acts at last on the obstinacy of a regal power, that acknowledges moral authority in its compeers. But a democracy, once whirled on by the impetus of movements unresisted, forgets its commerce in its passions; nor is there anything which less conciliates and more provokes a multitude than a paling cheek and a recreant back. Would we really

really avoid a war we must be as firm in indicating what we mean to resist, as we should be frank in announcing what we are willing to concede. Would we keep the brazen gates of war menacingly ajar, we have but to sit on the threshold as suppliants, and to confirm the American democracy in the delusion that our party divisions and our commercial interests will make us craven to threats and powerless against aggression.

We rejoice to see that in the recent debate in the House of Commons upon Mr. Moore's motion, the Conservatives, as a body—however some, in their capacity of individual members, might blame the conduct of the British Government—declined to unite in that blame as a party question.

That our Ministers were guilty of intentional and fraudulent evasion of the American law, of deliberate and wilful deceit towards the Government and people of another country, is a charge that even Mr. Marcy has withdrawn, and of which we believe no English minister can be rightfully accused so long as one spark of the spirit that is inherent in English gentlemen animates our national councils. But that they committed mistakes which laid them fairly open to the criticism of an Opposition, few of their apologists will deny: a mistake in the first experiment of recruiting in the United States, a mistake in its continuance after the earliest intimation of its risks; nor can they altogether escape blame if, though their accredited agents refrained from violating the law, those agents could only fulfil their instructions by going so close to its confines as to incur the accusation of skilfully evading what they did not openly infringe; while the admitted violations of the law by persons whom, though not accredited agents, the application of the Foreign Enlistment Act necessarily called into employment, attest the want of that prudence which should have foreseen so unavoidable a result. But the American Government had so placed the whole question at issue as not to allow the Opposition, as a party, to forget that the formal censure of our own executive, if unaccompanied by a strong expression of opinion on the course adopted by President Pierce's cabinet, would have been to ask the House of Commons to give a signal triumph to the President who had struck at the British throne, and approve the indictment against the functionaries of our civil service, in which the American Secretary of State still vindicated the testimony that would not have justified the haviest master in the dismissal of a footman. We thank Mr. Baillie, then, for the withdrawal of his motion, though he retained the conviction of its abstract justice. We approve in that self-denial the patriotism of himself and his advisers.

When Mr. Moore persisted in provoking the discussion which

Mr.

Mr. Baillie thus declined to raise, whatever the speeches or the votes of individual members, we see with satisfaction that Mr. Disraeli declined to commit himself and his friends to the false position of a party union which, however skilfully defended, would have seemed to America the justification of President Pierce, and to England the desertion of her constitutional defenders. Hence, though the distinguished member for Droitwich delivered his own opinions with the ability and frankness which always ensure to them respect, he did not pretend to utter them as the spokesman of the party he adorns, and, with his exception, the more prominent Conservative chieftains were eloquently silent in the debate, and effectively absent from the division. Never, perhaps, had the leader of an Opposition a more difficult task than has been imposed upon Mr. Disraeli during this session of Parliament. He sees before him an Administration subsisting by its deference to Conservative principles while excluding Conservatives from power by the help of Radical majorities. And we think in this state of parties—too anomalous to last long—Mr. Disraeli has strikingly manifested the great sagacity which accompanies his vivid genius, less by what he has done than by what he has refrained from doing.

A few words more and we conclude. In those yet unsettled questions which Mr. Dallas and the British Cabinet are now attempting to negotiate, we have a right to expect from our Ministers not only good intentions and conciliatory professions, but prompt action, definite policy, thorough knowledge of the case they conduct in all its bearings, and skilful tact in conquering difficulties, as Lord Malmesbury was on the point of conquering them before. There must be no further geographical errors to explain away, no further unintentional causes of offence for which it is requisite to apologise. The country grants them an unprecedented latitude in that surest groundwork of all negotiation—liberal concession. Honour alone admits of no yielding; but, where honour is to be defended, the shape it assumes must be made visibly distinct—distinct as we think we have here made the imperative obligations on our good faith to provide adequate security for our Indian ally before we retire from his loyal side; distinct as we think we have made the duty we owe to Europe, whatever possessions we may sign away, not to surrender them on that interpretation of a treaty which would leave every treaty in the world a worthless title-deed. How could we face the scorn of nations did we establish such a precedent? How allow that the declared intention of the negotiators who made—of the Governments which adopted—a treaty, may be quibbled away by a special pleader, who winds up with the Argumentum  
Baculinum,

Baculum, 'Accept my reasonings, or dread my blow.' If it be through the mismanagement of our Ministers that negotiations unhappily fail, the interests involved in the dispute are too grave to admit of indulgent criticism; every blunder will be unsparingly exposed, public opinion will unite against them formidable subdivisions of party, their own followers will desert them, and their majority will melt in a single night. But if negotiations fail by no fault of theirs—fail because the American Government dictate to us the surrender of that which is more valuable than all the territorial possessions immediately affected by the discussion, that which is the foundation of our commerce, the column of our empire—that which we become bankrupts indeed if we retain not as an estate so entailed on our descendants, that it admits of no mortgage—our English character and name—then the Queen's Ministers will not rely in vain upon the support of Parliament and the people: nor least, we feel convinced, upon the loyal aid of that party now excluded from power, but not insensible to the noble responsibilities it accepts with its political creed. For surely the tendency to conserve the grand institutions which have made us what we are would be but a dull superstition, were it not united with the pride of country and the ancestral loftiness of spirit to which England may look with confidence whenever the sacrifice of personal ambition or the suspense of party differences be necessary to the maintenance of national honour. Let England be actually threatened from without; no matter the quarter or what the pretext, and Conservatives would abandon the true genius of Conservatism, dissolve the bond of their party, scatter their strength to the winds, if they were not found, as one man, by her side:

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Bacon's Essays : with Annotations* by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1856.

OF all the productions in the English language Bacon's *Essays* contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be 'as grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety;' and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally 'current' in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favour with posterity, and 'last as long as books and letters endured.' Thus far his proud anticipation has been verified. They have been held to be oracles of subtle wisdom by the profoundest intellects which have flourished since, and few in any department have risen to the rank of authorities with mankind who had not themselves been accustomed to sit at the feet of Bacon. His own account of the scope of his *Essays* is, that 'they handled those things wherein both men's lives and persons are most conversant,' while in the selection of his materials he 'endeavoured to make them not vulgar but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience, and little in books; so as they should be neither repetitions nor fancies.' This is the cause of their great success. They treat of subjects which, in his well-known phrase, 'come home to men's business and bosoms;' and the reflections which he offers upon these topics of universal concern are not obvious truisms, nor hacknied maxims, nor airy speculations, but acute and novel deductions drawn from actual life by a vast and penetrating genius, intimately conversant with the court, the council-table, the parliament, the bar—with all ranks and classes of persons; with the multitudinous forms of human nature and pursuits. The larger part of the *Essays* on Building, Gardens, and Masques set aside, there is only here and there a sentence of his lessons which has grown out of date. The progress of events has not rendered them obsolete; their continuous currency through two centuries and a half has not rendered them common-place. In this they differ from his system of inductive philosophy, to which he justly owes so much of his fame. The triumph of his principles

principles of scientific investigation has made it unnecessary to revert to the reasoning by which they were established; and he might have adopted, says Archbishop Whately, the exclamation of some writer engaged in a similar task, 'I have been labouring to render myself useless.' The application of the remark is happy, but the origin of it was different. On the admission of the Cardinal Dubois into the French Academy, Fontenelle, referring to his constant intercourse with the young king, Louis XV., observed, with more gracefulness than truth, 'It is known that in your daily conversation with him you left nothing untried to render yourself useless.' The pearls of cultivated minds are cast in vain before dull understandings. A Dutch publisher imagined that *useless* must be an error of the press, and substituted *useful*.

Dr. Johnson approved the conciseness of Bacon's *Essays*, and thought the time might come when all knowledge would be reduced to the same condensed form. To this there are strong objections. Circumstances are like the boughs and leaves of a tree which give life and ornament to the stem; nay more, though single aphorisms may cling to the mind, few things are so quickly forgotten as a series of them. Details always assist the memory, and are often essential to it: they also help the understanding. Archbishop Whately truly observes of Bacon's maxims, that repeated meditation discloses applications of them which had been previously overlooked. Few persons are capable of the continuous reflection required for this purpose, or reflecting would have the acumen to discriminate the bearings of a comprehensive proposition. Examples to illustrate the principles are a necessary aid to ordinary minds, and may afford assistance to the greatest. Diderot used to allege of himself that he had not sufficient understanding to apply subtle remarks which were unaccompanied by instances. The pregnant meaning of Bacon's *Essays* has been lost upon thousands for want of a commentary; and we have long been of opinion, that to elucidate them would be one of the most useful tasks that could be undertaken. The republication of the choice productions of an old writer by a modern editor of note, has the advantage, in addition to the intrinsic value of the annotations, of attracting readers. The newest books, however brief their day, are usually more in vogue than the best works of past generations, which, unless they are introduced afresh to the world, remain to the majority little more than a name. Notwithstanding Mr. Hallam's assertion that it would be derogatory to any one of the slightest claim to polite letters, were he unacquainted with the *Essays* of Bacon, we believe that they are much less studied than formerly. No one was likely to have greater

greater weight in calling back to them the attention of the public than Archbishop Whately, who is universally known to be a sagacious observer, an acute thinker, and a man of independent mind, who, if his own judgment were not convinced, would not swear by the words of any master. Even after the tributes of Burke and Johnson, and the inferior authority of Dugald Stewart, his testimony to the depth and wisdom of Bacon's maxims and his habit of appending to them the illustrative observations suggested by his experience or which he met with in his reading, must add to our faith in their superlative excellence. His edition is not precisely of the kind which was required. The notes are too lengthy and discursive, and should have been framed a little more upon the model of the text. That they sometimes seem superfluous, is an objection of less force, since it is nearly inseparable from the nature of the task. All men have not an equal degree of familiarity with the same truths; and what is novel to one is hacknied to another. It is here as with jests, which each person calls new or old according as they are new or old to him. Pascal conceived that every possible maxim of conduct existed in the world, though no individual can be conversant with the entire series; and we are apt to imagine that those rules must be the tritest with which we ourselves have been longest acquainted, and those most momentous which we have chanced to see exemplified in our own experience. Whoever reads the comment of Archbishop Whately must expect to come upon truths which were known to him before, but he will certainly meet with more which are attractive both by their novelty and their intrinsic importance. Many shrewd observations are made, many fallacies exposed, and many interesting circumstances related. The notes alone have the value of a distinct work, and have afforded us too much pleasure and instruction to permit us to quarrel with the digressive amplitude which occasionally characterises them. They may well entice those who are familiar with the *Essays of Bacon* to ponder them again, and induce the persons who are ignorant of this treasury of wisdom to draw upon its stores.

Archbishop Whately censures the tendency to mysticism which prevails at present, and draws attention to the circumstance that the writings of Bacon are as clear as they are profound. His reflections may permit of numerous ramifications beyond what common eyes can trace, but the principles themselves are perfectly plain. If an author is obscure, it is either because his ideas are undefined, or because he lacks the power to express them. He is a confused thinker or a bad writer, and commonly both. Nor is the case altered if he is wandering beyond



beyond the limits set to human inquiry. A great intelligence recognises its ignorance and refuses to confound the dim and unsubstantial dreams of the mind with the true knowledge permitted to man. In general, however, it will be found that the mystic has been employed in troubling waters which were before translucent, and that the whole of their muddiness is contracted in the dull understanding through which they flow. The sham philosopher is commonly a person, who has the ambition to be original without the capacity, and hopes to gain the credit of soaring to the clouds by shrouding familiar objects in mist. To the frequent remark, 'It is a pity such an author does not express matter so admirable in intelligible English,' Archbishop Whately replies, that, except for the strangeness of the style, the matter would be seen to be common-place. A writer with a little talent and a great deal of eccentricity is sure of followers, since foolish scholars are still more numerous than foolish masters. The quack philosopher can always meet with a M. Jourdain, who will fly into ecstasies when he is told in pompous jargon how to pronounce those letters of the alphabet which he has been speaking from infancy. 'Nothing,' said Cardinal de Retz, 'imposes so much upon people of weak understanding as what they do not comprehend.' This mental defect, by the nature of the case, is common to all the partizans of the shallow-profound school, and the majority are probably striving to compensate for their inferiority by affecting to be at home in pathless regions which wiser and honester men confess their inability to tread. In poetry, in politics, in art, in science, nay even in history and biography, we have delusive mystics who are applauded by pretentious admirers. But it is a fashion which passes away. The next generation of worshippers set up their own idols, and the true judges who are the ultimate arbiters of fame are not wont to construct pedestals for rejected and misshapen gods.

The *Essays* of Bacon open appropriately with an essay on 'Truth,' the foundation of all excellence and all knowledge. He starts with one of his pregnant propositions, which in this instance he derived from antiquity, that there is often among men 'a corrupt love of a lie for its own sake,' and he assigns as the reason for it, 'that truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights.' Unless the lie looked more attractive than the truth no one would prefer it, but, we believe, in every case, it is embraced less for its own sake than for some supposed personal advantage to be derived from it. Bacon seems to confess as much when he asks, in proof of his position, whether 'it can be doubted

doubted that it would leave numbers of minds poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and unpleasing to themselves, if vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, and the like, were taken away?' These, in the milder language of our day, would be termed self-deceptions. They are the lies told by a man to himself. The inducement to them is manifestly the self-esteem and visionary prospects which they foster, and not strictly 'the love of the lies for their own sake.' Whatever be the motive, the importance of Bacon's assertion is the same—that in framing opinions, it is common to give the preference to falsehood. Of the deliberate deviation from 'theological and philosophical truth,' which he places first, Rousseau was a flagrant example. 'He perceived,' as he told Hume, 'that to strike and interest the public the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the heathen mythology had long since lost its effect; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance which succeeded, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; and that now nothing was left to a writer but the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations, giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals.\*' Upon this principle he framed his paradoxical creed, the offspring of a morbid passion for notoriety. In the language of La Rochefoucauld he found the first places on the right side forestalled, and was not content to occupy the last. 'Truth,' said Dr. Johnson of the sceptics who went astray from the same motive, 'will not afford sufficient food to their vanity, so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull.'

Party feeling has a still larger influence in perverting the judgments of mankind, in causing them to substitute bigoted belief for honest inquiry, misrepresentations for facts, transparent fallacies for solid conclusions. Religion, above all subjects, has given rise to a spirit which it rebukes and disowns. The satirical portrait which Le Clerc has drawn of the ecclesiastical historian has had innumerable originals. 'He must adhere inviolably to the maxim that whatever can be favourable to heretics is false, and whatever can be said against them is true; while, on the other hand, all that does honour to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is a lie. He must suppress with care, or at least extenuate as far as possible, the errors of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, and must exaggerate the faults of the

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\* Burke's 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.'

heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox writer is a competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word; while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honour enough done him in allowing him to speak against his own side or in behalf of ours. It is thus that Cardinal Baronius and the authors of the *Centuries of Magdeburg* have written, each of their works having by this means acquired an immortal glory with its own party. But it must be owned that in the plan they adopted they have only imitated most of their predecessors. For many ages men had sought in ecclesiastical antiquity not what was to be found there, but what they conceived ought to be there for the good of their sect.' The faculty of seeing not what is, but solely what makes for the advantage of the sect, has in no way declined since the days of Le Clerc. M. Guizot has lately quoted, as a curious example of the illusions into which men may be betrayed by passion, that the greater part of the Popish journals on the Continent are incessantly repeating that Protestantism is in a state of rapid decline; that it is cold and decaying like the dead, and has hardly any adherents who are not either totally indifferent or eager to return to the Roman Catholic Church. The process is easy by which the papal zealot, without avowing his disingenuousness to his own mind, contrives to dupe himself. He overlooks the secessions from his own persuasion, the scepticism and the lukewarmness, and concentrates his attention on the few Protestants who have lapsed into Romanism or infidelity. These exceptions he assumes to be a fair specimen of the whole anti-Papal community, and he has the weakness to believe, without further inquiry, that the reformed religion is tottering to its fall.

Archbishop Whately gives some forcible illustrations of this propensity of mankind to close their eyes to all evidence which does not support their antecedent conclusions. Tourists in Ireland have shown themselves particularly subject to the infirmity. They are typified, the Archbishop says, in the jaunting-car of the country in which the passengers sit back to back. Each can only take in the view on his own side of the road; one sees the *green* prospect, the other the *orange*. The report brought back by the English travellers who visited France after the first abdication of Napoleon is a striking instance of the tendency. A nephew of one of our ministers wrote a letter in which he stated that every one from the Continent with whom he had conversed agreed that Louis XVIII. was firmly fixed on his throne, and was steadily gaining strength. The letter was dated on the identical day that Napoleon sailed from Elba!

Archbishop

Archbishop Whately, who relates this singular anecdote, ascribes many of the partial views of the tourist to the circumstance of his falling into the company of a faction who pass him on to others of the same persuasion, just, he says, as in the old days of posting the bad inn of one town was connected with the bad inn of the next, and the person who started wrong was pretty sure to have bad dinners, bad beds, and bad horses to his journey's end. The case is common; but frequently the traveller deliberately chooses his companions for the similarity of their views, and carefully avoids all contact with people whose sentiments he dislikes. In the same way vehement partisans will only read the arguments on their own side of the question, and hold it a sort of treason to truth to examine the opinions of an adversary. Some will not hesitate to avow that they fear to be infected, which is only saying in other words that they fear to be convinced. 'I know some of them,' relates Lord Bacon of certain religious zealots of Queen Elizabeth's time, 'that would think it a tempting of God to hear or read what may be said against them, as if there could be a "hold fast that which is good" without a "prove all things" going before.'\* Strange as is the inconsistency, it is by no means unusual for men to have the fullest confidence in a cause, and very little in its being able to endure the test of examination. The Roman Catholic priesthood prohibit the Bible wherever they can venture, and by the interdict confess their dread that the Bible will make against them.

The followers of a party being regarded through the party medium there is the same preference of falsehood to truth in the judgment of persons that is frequently found in the judgment of things. Among the many weighty and beautiful observations which Hume has dispersed through his History there is nothing more admirable than his reflection on this frailty. 'It is no wonder that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds, for besides that it inflames the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honour and shame, when men find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure them against the calumnies of the opposite.' Those who have been foremost in the aspersion of a political adversary while he is living, often acknowledge the injustice of it by their eulogies when he is dead. Bolingbroke, who had been one of the principal detractors of the famous Duke of Marlborough, was called upon in a private company to confirm some anecdotes of his parsimony: 'He was so great a man,' he

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\* An Advertisement touching the controversies of the Church of England.—*Bacon's Works*, vol. vii. p. 53.

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replied, 'that I have forgotten his vices.' The answer has been much commended, and it is undoubtedly better to be just late than never, but we agree with Archbishop Whately that the tardy reparation in these cases is less deserving of applause than the previous calumnies of reproach. The detractions were addressed to a sentient being, and whether they effect their purpose or not, were designed to wound or discredit him, but the laudatory recantation is spoken over ashes and cannot 'soothe the dull, cold, ear of death.'

Archbishop Whately dwells on the necessity of allowing the question, 'What is the truth?' to anticipate every other consideration. If it is only asked in the second place, the mind, he justly urges, will have been drawn by a law as sure as that of gravitation towards the belief to which it is predisposed, and will employ its ingenuity in discovering arguments for a conclusion which it has adopted independently of them. 'Rely upon it,' it was said of a dexterous and not over-scrupulous person in power, 'he will never take any step that is bad without having a very good reason to give for it.' The Archbishop adds the comment, that we are ready enough to be warned against the sophistry of another, but need no less to be warned against our own. The confidence which a barrister will sometimes have in the cause of his client when it is palpable to every unbiassed mind that it is utterly bad, is a wonderful example of the belief into which men can reason themselves by ingenious fallacies. A false conviction once introduced, and assumed as an axiom, is an erroneous element which must vitiate all the after processes of the understanding. The most bigotted writers constantly make the most emphatic protestations of their impartiality, because the points in which they are prejudiced have attained in their apprehensions to the rank of indisputable truths. Hume repeatedly boasted that his History of the Stuarts was free from all bias, and that he had kept the balance between Whig and Tory nicely true. Ten years afterwards, on revising the work, he thus confesses his delusion to a friend. 'As I began the History with these two reigns [James I. and Charles I.] I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with Whig rancour, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the honour to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to Whiggism.' Whether even in the second instance he had attained to the vaunted judicial equanimity is somewhat doubtful. He had been irritated by the outcry which was raised  
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against him 'for presuming,' as he said, 'to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford;' and the abuse had some share in producing a re-action against the party which had chiefly attacked him. So subtle are the workings of personal feeling, and so incessantly do we need to stand upon our guard against it. The readers of books are upon their trial as well as the writers. An impartial history would be pronounced partial by those who were partial themselves.

In former times there were historians who avowedly wrote as they were bribed. Paulus Jovius was said to keep a bank of lies. To those who gave handsomely he assigned illustrious ancestors, and praiseworthy deeds, and those who gave nothing he traduced. He told the Cardinal of Lorraine that unless his pension was paid he would assert that his Eminence did not belong to the great Lorraine line of Godefroi, and when there was a suspension of his works, he boldly declared it was because no man had hired him. Once being warned that his representations were extravagant, he replied that it was immaterial since the next generation would receive them for facts. He maintained that it was the privilege of the historian to aggravate and extenuate faults, and to elevate or depreciate virtues; to dress the liberal paymaster in rich brocade, and the austere niggard in coarse cloth. There have been many later historians who would have flung the fees of Jovius in the faces of the donors, and who have not the less copied his practices, correcting the features, and heightening the colours in the portraits of some, and smearing the faces of others, as the Duchess of Marlborough, in a fit of rage, did the picture of her daughter, exclaiming that she was now as black without as within. Upon the party-spirit which often dictates these misrepresentations we have touched already, but there is another cause which is equally powerful,—the desire to be brilliant. Historic truth is usually too complex, too full of half-lights and faint shadows to admit of startling contrasts. The world is not peopled with angels and demons but with men. Thus when the first consideration is to produce an effect, accuracy is inevitably sacrificed; and instead of attempting to give a faithful representation of the object, the author considers how he can make it look well in his picture. From the same motive the historian may adopt the incidents which are most romantic, regardless of their intrinsic improbability, or undoubted falsity. This failing is common in Hume. Some sin through the passion for an antithetical style, than which none is so dazzling, or lends itself less readily, when used in excess, to the exact expression of circumstances. Events do not any more than the characters of the actors in them present a continuous series of pointed contrasts, and

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to sustain the artifice the incidents must be softened in one half of the antithesis or exaggerated in the other. The facts in short must be fitted to the sentence instead of the sentence to the facts. Such persons are not of the opinion of St. Jerome that truth told inelegantly is better than eloquent falsehood. They all come under Bacon's censure, and the chief difference between them and Paulus Jovius is that they do for literary popularity what he did for money.

The newsmongers are described by Theophrastus as people who lied for lying's sake. He could not conceive what benefit they derived from the practice, especially as the clothes of some of them were stolen at the baths while they were declaiming their fables to wondering auditors. The benefit was clearly the pleasure of being listened to by an eager crowd, and afforded abundant inducement in a city, where the inhabitants 'spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.' The daily papers have nearly destroyed the trade of the fabricator of public intelligence. His fictions are refuted by not appearing there, without the necessity for contradiction, and to amuse the credulous with success, he must mostly keep to the domain of private affairs. But there is another class of gossips—the tellers of 'good stories'—who continue to obtain a ready and undeserved confidence. Narrator and listener in these cases are alike prone to prefer falsehood to truth, for amusing exaggerations are to such an extent the favourite staple of conversation that Montesquieu having once had the curiosity to count how often an incident was repeated, which, to his sounder judgment, was not worth telling at all, found in the three weeks, during which it was current in the fashionable world, that it was related in his presence two hundred and twenty-five times. The immense majority of pungent anecdotes have received their point in the manufactory of the wit. The man who aims at the frivolous reputation of being always provided with a stock of ludicrous tales would soon become a bankrupt if he had not recourse to forgery to maintain the supply. He is always on the look-out for circumstances which he can mould to his purpose, distorts them without compunction, and thinks it a far finer thing to be sprightly than to be veracious. Horace Walpole was great in this line. 'I am so put to it for something to say,' he writes on one occasion, 'that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess-dowager, as the old Duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty,—“Lucy child, step into the next room and set that down.” “Madam,” says Lady Lucy, “it can't be true!” “Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post.”’ Sarcas-

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castically as this is related, it falls short of the practice of Walpole himself. He had the ambition to keep up a continuous succession of lively letters, and he not only set down 'improbable lies,' but was certainly guilty of embroidering his intelligence, though he may not have absolutely fabricated it. His very story in ridicule of the inventions of dower ladies is probably in part an instance of his own. Biography has been incurably adulterated by manufactured tales. Lord Orvery related, as an unquestionable occurrence, that Swift once commenced the service when nobody, except the clerk, attended his church, with, 'Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places.' The trait was long believed, but Mr. Theophilus Swift afterwards discovered the anecdote in a jest-book which was published before his great kinsman was born, and the Dean, whose beast it was 'that he had never been known to steal a hint,' was not the man to borrow a jocosity as paltry as it was profane. A host of stories, centuries old, have in the same manner been re-told of the celebrities of each succeeding generation, and were probably no more true of the first person to whom they were applied than they are of the last. The readiness with which incidents of the kind are received should be exchanged for an equal measure of mistrust, since where they admit of investigation they are usually found, if not entirely fictitious, to be false in the identical circumstances which make their entertainment. A recent work—the 'Memorials of his Time,' by Lord Cockburn—is a glaring instance of it. It is described by a contemporary,\* who shows himself intimately acquainted with the period and persons of which it treats, as entirely originating in the propensity for retailing anecdotes, and several passages are specified 'which manifestly owe their interest to the colouring and exaggeration,' habitual to those who are resolved to be amusing at all hazards. Some of the incidents which are more specious prove on investigation to be not a whit more true, and we borrow from the 'Law Review' one example out of many. Lord Melville died suddenly the night before the Lord President Blair was buried. He had written to Mr. Perceval to solicit a provision for the family of the deceased judge, who was one of his oldest friends, and intending to post the letter after the funeral, he commenced by saying that he had just returned from it. A circumstance so trivial and so natural would not have been worth relating, and to suit the purpose of the teller of anecdotes it was necessary to adorn it.

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\* In the 'Law Magazine and Law Review' for August 1855. The article contains among other important statements a defence of the Scotch judges whom Lord Cockburn has maligned.



Accordingly Lord Cockburn, who, as his nephew might be supposed to be well informed, states that it had always been asserted without contradiction, and he was inclined to believe it, 'that Lord Melville gave a feeling account in his letter of his emotions at the ceremony.' This prospective description of his grief at a funeral which had not taken place, is called by the author of the *Memorials* 'a fancy piece,' but it turns out that 'the fancy piece is Lord Cockburn's,' and the particular, which constitutes the sole point of the narrative, a pure invention. Dr. Johnson relates of a friend that he used to think a story, a story, till he showed him that truth was essential to it, for it must either, he said, be a picture of an individual, or of human nature in general, and if false was a picture of nothing. He might have subjoined that being believed to be a picture of something, it was usually a calumny on its ostensible subject.\* Johnson himself scorned to embellish. He maintained that the least deviation from exactness was reprehensible, and insisted, that if a child looked out of one window, and said it looked out of another, it ought to be corrected. Less scrupulosity will not secure substantial

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\* 'The man,' Johnson said on another occasion, 'who uses his talent of ridicule in creating or grossly exaggerating the instances he gives, who imputes absurdities that did not happen, or when a man was a little ridiculous describes him as having been very much so, abuses his talents greatly.' Lord Cockburn is open to this censure in nearly all the characters he has drawn. His descriptions of bygone usages are equally over-charged. To the examples given in the 'Law Review' we may add that he asserts, in speaking of the abuses of former days, that Mr. Laing the clerk to the town-council of Edinburgh, had six or eight baker lads apprehended about the year 1795 'for being a little jolly one night,' and shipped them off 'by his own authority, without a conviction, or a charge, or an offence.' Mr. Laing boldly avowed his proceedings, so that Lord Cockburn had positively the credibility to believe that this functionary was quietly permitted, as recently as 1795, to transport the good citizens of Edinburgh at his private pleasure. The simple fact was that the lads were *pressed*! In some cases his statements have not even this slender foundation of truth, but are altogether the work of fancy. He tells an anecdote to the honour of Lord Brougham which might easily be believed of a person so singularly gifted, and which has indeed been several times quoted already as a forcible illustration of the saying that the child is father of the man, to the effect that when he was at the High School at Edinburgh he worsted the master in an obstinately contested argument on a question of Latinity. It is stated in an able notice of Lord Cockburn's work in the 'Times,' that Lord Brougham is understood to have denied the story, and it is suggested, as the only mode of accounting for the error, that the circumstance may have occurred with some other boy. But we know from an eminent individual who was contemporary with Lord Brougham at the High School, that no such incident took place at all; at least he never heard a whisper of it, though Lord Cockburn represents it as a noted event which had made its hero famous. If the occurrence was of older date the tradition must still have passed downwards through the seniors, and as not one syllable of it reached the ears either of the alleged actor in the scene, or of the venerable schoolfellow to whom we have referred, the entire tale is undoubtedly apocryphal. Books like Lord Cockburn's are the bane of history, for the circumstances which are not contradicted are sure to be believed, although the credit of the entire narrative has been destroyed.

accuracy.

accuracy. The statement which passes in a single day through thousands of mouths attains before night to monstrous proportions if each retailer of it makes an addition, however separately trivial.

Among the cases in which 'lies are loved for their own sake,' Bacon, we have seen, enumerates the 'false valuations' in which individuals indulge. This they extend to the things connected with them, or of which they form a part. It is here that national vanity has its root. When the Canadian, from the banks of the Huron, is asked, in Voltaire's tale, 'L'Ingénu,' which language he thought the best, the Huron, the English, or the French, he answers, the Huron beyond all dispute. A lady, a native of Lower Brittany, is astonished at the reply, for she had always imagined that, *next* to the Low-Breton, there was no language to be compared to the French. The rest of the company begin to talk upon the multiplicity of tongues, and they agree that but for the tower of Babel French alone would have been spoken throughout the world. This is a pleasant satire upon the general disposition of every people to believe itself unrivalled, notwithstanding that, as all cannot be the first, each nation might learn to mistrust a conclusion which is shared by the rest. Lord Chesterfield maintained that such prejudices had their use, and mentions, as an instance, that the popular delusion of one Englishman being able to beat three Frenchmen had often enabled him to beat two. He overlooked the greater mischief which prejudices produced—the contests which have arisen between countries out of the overweening notion they entertained of their prowess, and which, perhaps, created the occasion for beating Frenchmen at all; the evil to the individual of his arrogance and conceit; the bar which vanity puts to improvement. What is false in itself can never be politic. Prejudices are regarded with more lenity than they deserve; for to prejudge a question at least shows a carelessness about truth, though it may not imply the same depravity of nature as a wilful departure from it. One caution is yet required. In the attempt to rise superior to a common prejudice it is possible to become prejudiced in the opposite direction. Dryden affirms of some of the judges of his day that, right or wrong, they always decided for the poor against the rich; and he quotes a saying of Charles II., that the crown was uniformly worsted in every case which was heard before Sir Matthew Hale, from his over-jealousy of falling into the more usual error of favouring the sovereign to the injury of the subject.

Bacon might have embodied in his 'Essay on Truth' the principal part of his observations on 'Simulation and Dissimulation.' The difference between these and falsehood, according to South, is that the last applies to deception by words, the former

to deception by actions, gestures or behaviour. Neither Bacon, nor writers in general, have kept strictly to the distinction. Archbishop Whately regrets that the term 'dissimulation' should have been extended to include 'simulation,' and that the second of these words should have fallen into desuetude. Lord Chesterfield in the middle of the eighteenth century, and Hume in 1764, in his private correspondence, employed both expressions in their proper sense, as if they were then in familiar use. Yet Steele, in a paper in the 'Tatler' in 1710, supposes his readers to be ignorant of their meaning, and says 'it will be necessary to observe that the learned call simulation a pretence of what is not, and dissimulation a concealment of what is.' It is simulation which Fielding describes when he relates the conduct of Mrs. Blifil in feigning grief on the death of a husband whom she hated, and of whom she was glad to be rid. 'She continued a whole month with all the decorations of sickness,—visited by physicians, attended by nurses, and receiving constant messages from her acquaintance to inquire after her health. At length the decent time for sickness, and immoderate grief having expired, the doctors were discharged and the lady began to see company; being altered only from what she was before, by that colour of sadness in which she had dressed her person and countenance.' It was dissimulation when Black George, after picking up the pocket-book containing the 500*l.* note, assisted Tom Jones to search every tuft of grass in the meadow where it was dropped, 'and exerted as much diligence in quest of the lost goods as if he had hoped to find them.' It was both simulation and dissimulation when Sophia Western, to conceal from her aunt her passion for Tom Jones, treated him with a studied neglect, and paid a marked attention to Blifil whom she abhorred. She dissembled the regard she felt for the one, and simulated for the other a partiality she did not entertain. When the action is not, as in this case, directly double, each of these vices still carries with it, as a consequence, some tincture of its fellow. Mrs. Blifil in pretending sorrow dissembled her satisfaction, and Black George, in affecting ignorance of what had become of the pocket-book, might be said to be simulating innocence. But the acts are named according as the predominant design is to pretend to that which is not, or to masquerade that which is, and either may be practised without the other being present to the thoughts. The greatest imperfection of language is that the same term is used for dissimilar ideas, and where a rigorous phraseology has once been established, corresponding to the differences existing in things, it is a step backwards towards barbarism to blend separate notions under a common appellation. The evil requires to be constantly checked, because precision of thought being rare, there

there is a perpetual tendency to confound ideas which are closely allied, and, as a consequence, to convert the words which distinguish them into synonyms, or else to allow the neighbouring expression to drop out of use. It is on this account that it has seemed to us worth while to illustrate a distinction which was formerly observed, and which, by the latitude given to the term 'dissimulation,' is now frequently overlooked.

Bacon sometimes speaks in lofty language of the homage due to truth. 'There is no vice,' he says, 'that doth so cover us with shame as to be found false and perfidious;' he quotes with approbation the fine observation of Montaigne that the liar is daring towards God and a coward towards man; he remarks that 'the ablest persons that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity;' he calls 'dissimulation a faint kind of policy,' and holds simulation to be still 'less politic and more culpable.' Nevertheless, he estimates crafty acts rather by their worldly prudence than by their moral nature, and approves or tolerates practices which ought to be condemned. In his 'Advancement of Learning' he recommends if men have a foible that they should call it after the virtue which has the closest resemblance to it, and pretend that dullness is gravity, and cowardice mildness. He advises that they should affect to despise everything which is beyond the compass of their powers, or better still, that they should pride themselves on the qualities in which they are deficient, and seem to underrate themselves in the points in which they are strongest. These and such like devices he calls 'good arts,' in opposition to the 'evil arts' which are taught by Machiavelli. To the conscientious part of mankind such 'good arts' can only be regarded as illustrations of the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, 'that there are few defects which are not more pardonable than the means we adopt to conceal them.' Archbishop Whately enforces the true view, that insincerity can never be expedient, but well remarks that those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake will never perceive that it is the wisest course as well as the most virtuous. 'The maxim that "honesty is the best policy" is one which, perhaps, no one is ever habitually guided by in practice. An honest man is always *before* it, and a knave is generally *behind* it.' This is admirably said.

Bacon states, as a case which will justify dissimulation, that there are people 'who will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick his secret out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech.' A common instance of this species of inquisitiveness is to tax persons

persons with the authorship of anonymous writings. Archbishop Whately quotes the reply of Dean Swift in a conjuncture of the kind. He had published some insulting lines upon Mr. Bettesworth, a barrister, who called upon the satirist. 'Sir,' said he, on Swift inquiring his business, 'I am Serjeant Bettesworth.' 'Of what regiment?' replied Swift. 'Oh, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of railery; you know me well enough, that I am one of His Majesty's Serjeants at Law.' 'What then, Sir?' 'Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem, and these villainous lines on me.' 'Sir,' answered Swift, 'it was a piece of advice given me in my early days, by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge, because if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown would infallibly be imputed to me. Now I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and have followed it ever since, and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule.'\* This reply in the mouth of any man, who, like Swift, had acted consistently upon the sagacious counsel of Lord Somers, would baffle the interrogator; but as most people negative the suspicion when it is mistaken, the refusal to answer, when it is well founded, amounts to confession. Dr. Johnson decided that to escape the dilemma a direct denial was allowable, and Walter Scott carried the principle into practice, and repeatedly assured inquisitive friends that he was not the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Yet he usually, he says, took care to qualify the contradiction by the remark, that, had he been the writer, he should have felt entitled to protect his secret by a false disclaimer. This was to betray a consciousness that the assertion, unaccompanied by a warning that it was worthless, would have been inconsistent with rectitude. The proposition reduced to its simple state is, whether impertinence in one person will justify falsehood in another. To propound the question is, to our thinking, to answer it. Lord Somers must have considered the latitude improper or his advice to Swift would have been useless, and Swift, no stringent moralist, would not have needed to adopt it if

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\* The account we have adopted is from the *Life of Swift* by Mr. Thomas Sheridan, to whose father the Dean related the conversation immediately after it occurred. Archbishop Whately gives the reply of Swift, as it is recorded by Dr. Johnson in the *Lives of the Poets*:—"Mr. Bettesworth, I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who, knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, "Are you the author of this paper?" I should tell him that I was not the author, and therefore I tell you Mr. Bettesworth that I am not the author of these lines." Dr. Johnson does not quote his authority, and we have no hesitation in preferring the well authenticated and milder version of Sheridan.

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he had supposed, to use the expression of his own Houyhnhnms, that he might 'speak the thing which was not.' When it is once admitted that we may say what is convenient, instead of what is true, every man will have a different standard of veracity, and no one can tell any longer what to believe. In the same breath in which Dr. Johnson maintained the right of an author to disavow his productions, he indignantly denounced, what numbers would consider the more venial doctrine, that it was lawful to withhold from a patient a knowledge of his danger. 'Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practised upon myself. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth.' Thus the lying which Johnson abhorred the most, was a deception which multitudes imagine to be a duty; and he was not more at variance with them than inconsistent with himself. Truth, an instant before, was to yield to consequences; the scene shifts, the consequences become disagreeable, and truth is to be paramount to every consideration. So surely does the moralist revert to the rigid rule, and exact it of others, the moment the exceptions are to his own disadvantage. The evil of departing from it is shown on a large scale in the disgraceful maxims of the Jesuits which Pascal held up to odium and reproach. Casuistry has too often been employed in vitiating morality,—in devising specious reasons for multiplying exceptions to irksome principles. Then arise a labyrinth of fine distinctions, of complicated conditions, of subtle evasions which blunt the conscience, perplex the notions of right and wrong, and convert the simple laws which are understood and acknowledged by him who speaks, and him who hears, into a maze of metaphysical deceit and confusion in which no one can be sure what is permitted to himself or arrogated by his neighbour. Nor if men may break precepts to avoid presumed inconveniences, can they be forbidden the liberty where the design is to accomplish a fancied good. The whole monstrous machinery of pious frauds becomes morally defensible; the motive, where it was honest, justified the means. The wood of the true cross, which Fuller says at the time of the Reformation, would have loaded a ship, was rightly multiplied by those who believed that it would encourage devotion, and the priests who furnished the false teeth of St. Apollonia, which were a reputed charm for the tooth-ache, and filled a barrel when they were collected in the reign of Edward VI., were engaged in a commendable work 'for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate.'

Bacon's *Essays* on 'Cunning' and 'Seeming Wise' are chiefly occupied with the artifices of mankind which are akin to falsehood.

hood. He knew well the devices of intrigue, for he had lived in the midst of them, and had not disdained to employ them. He enumerates several of the deceptive practices he had witnessed, but breaks off with the observation, that they 'are infinite, and that it would be a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.' He thought meanly of their talents, and pronounced them to be as inferior to the truly great in ability as in uprightness. Churchill, the poet, had the same opinion of them, and in some lines, quoted by Archbishop Whately, describes their faculty as one—

‘Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave  
To qualify the blockhead for a knave.’

There is indeed as much difference between the cunning man and the wise as between him who wins a game by trickery and the player who wins it by honest skill. An invariable characteristic of the whole tribe of schemers is, that they pass for wise in their own estimation, whatever they may do with the rest of the world, mistaking the lower kinds of craft for the higher order of sagacity. Success frequently attends their manœuvres, inso-much that Lord Bacon avers, ‘there be not two more fortunate properties’—by which he means two properties more conducive to fortune—‘than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest.’ Archbishop Whately, who has added to Bacon’s list of ‘petty points of cunning,’ shares the conviction that their proficient are ‘the most likely to rise to high office,’ and laments that ‘the art of *gaining* power and that of *using* it well should too often be found in different persons.’ Paul Louis Courier speaks of the then most celebrated Grecian in France as a man ‘who had made himself a scholar, and capable of filling all the appointments destined for scholars, but not of obtaining them,’ while his successful rival—Greek professor, Greek librarian, Greek academician—‘saw that study led to nothing, and preferred having ten scholars’ situations to qualifying himself for one that he had not.’ Herein lies the whole secret. Those energies which the student devoted to his books the other employed in making interest with the dispensers of patronage, and in rendering them good offices which had no connexion with the Greek tongue. Thus, with some exceptions, it has always been and is always likely to be. Where the two characters are kept separate, which is often not the case, the scholar will have learning and the place-hunter promotion. By family connexions, by assiduity, by political or personal services, he will so thrust his name and claims before those who can advance him, that the Minister who should set out with the resolution of rewarding merit

merit would not be likely long to adhere to his intention. 'I have known a prince,' says Swift, 'choose an able Minister more than once; but I never observed that Minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties and the unreasonableness of friends.' Lord Eldon urged the same plea. There were often, he said, many circumstances unknown to the public, who ought to be cautious in their censure—a position which he illustrated by the history of his appointment of Mr. Jekyll to be a master in Chancery. Wit, conviviality, and good humour had rendered him a general favourite; and the Prince Regent, who enjoyed his enlivening companionship, earnestly solicited his advancement. As he belonged, however, to the Common Law Bar, was far from a proficient in his own department, and was totally ignorant of Chancery practice, Lord Eldon resolutely refused to promote him. Before the office was filled up, the Chancellor was seized with a fit of the goat. The Regent called, and desired to be shown at once into his room. The servants replied that their master was much too ill to be seen. The Regent continued to press for admission, and, finding them inexorable, he bid them conduct him to the staircase, which he ascended, and, pointing to each door in succession, asked if Lord Eldon was there. Having by this method ascertained the right chamber, he entered unannounced, and, seating himself at the bedside, said, that the object of his visit was to beg again the appointment of Mr. Jekyll to the Mastership in Chancery. Lord Eldon declared his inability to comply; the Regent renewed his request; the Chancellor reiterated his refusal. There seemed no likelihood of a termination of the contest, when the Prince suddenly threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, 'How I do pity Lady Eldon!' 'Bless me!' exclaimed the Chancellor in his turn, 'what is the matter?' 'Nothing,' said the Prince, 'except that she will never see you again; for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery.' The Chancellor succumbed, and Jekyll had the post. A stronger example of royal importunity could not easily be imagined, but the moral we should deduce from it is the direct reverse of that of Lord Eldon. Nobody could have had a deeper sense of the impropriety of the step or been personally more averse to it; for he foresaw what was abundantly verified in the result, that yielding would increase his future embarrassment, by exposing him to harassing applications from the Common Law Bar, which had hitherto not aspired to Equity offices. Yet, in spite of his motives to stand firm, he was compelled to give way, and there



was but one circumstance which would have empowered him to triumph—the certainty that the clamour of the public against him for making a blameable appointment would be more difficult to face than the displeasure of the Regent at his refusing to make it. To hold a patron responsible for the discharge of his trust is by his own showing essential to the conscientious fulfilment of it; and, instead of demonstrating that the censure was undeserved, he merely proved that it was insufficient. Jekyll himself was so satisfied of his incompetence, that, on being asked how he came to be picked out for the post, he answered, ‘Because he was the most unfit man in the country.’ Lord Eldon adds that his extreme ignorance of his duties was the cause of his getting through them with discretion, for it drove him to consult his brother Masters in difficult cases. This was a result which could not have been reckoned on, and amounts to nothing more at best than that an incapable officer who is willing to be prompted may do very well, provided he is joined with capable persons who are able to prompt him.

True as was the remark of Swift, the application which he chiefly intended it to have, was not a confirmation of it, for he was undoubtedly thinking of himself—of his own vast abilities, of the immense services he had rendered to Oxford and Bolingbroke, and their neglect to force the Queen to confer upon him the coveted bishopric. A disclaimer on the neglect of merit is seldom worthy of much attention when the merit to which he inwardly refers is his own. Swift did not perceive, what the world, like him, is too apt to forget, that brilliant talents do not alone constitute fitness. If invention, if wit, if satire, if extensive learning, if singular knowledge of human nature were the sole endowments proper to the bench, no man living had an equal claim, but if a preference of theology to politics, if reverence, decency, language not foul, and sentiments not misanthropic, were at all indispensable, he was effectually disqualified. If the profoundest scholarship, if extraordinary gladiatorial skill, if forcible reasoning upon natural and revealed religion, expressed in pure and nervous language, could entitle their possessor to be ranked among the heads of the Church, then Swift's great contemporary, Dr. Bentley, should have been preferred before all others; but if to be quarrelsome, litigious, and arrogant, to have his hand against every man submitted to his rule till he drove every man to have his hand against him—if these were not episcopal virtues no one could be named who was more properly excluded. Far from being a disgrace to the age of Queen Anne that two such intellects as Swift and Bentley should not have been advanced to the highest honours of their profession, they are signal examples

examples of the unfitness which may co-exist with the rarest faculties. Even the deepest divine and the most eloquent preacher might be far from being a proper person for a bishop. He might be absorbed in his books and compositions, and the duties of the station demand both bodily activity and a steady application to business. He might be a hot partisan, and, as the head of a church comprising men of many shades of opinion, it is requisite that he should be tolerant. He might be of a domineering disposition and of insolent manners, and it is necessary that he should be conciliatory and courteous. He might be deficient in tact and judgment, and his office is of a nature which calls for their hourly exercise. He might be avaricious, and he must be liberal; he might be lukewarm, and he must be earnest; he might be bitter, and he must be a Christian. To these disqualifications it may be added, that he might have solicited the office—a proceeding which Archbishop Whately states has not always proved a bar to the elevation, though he evidently considers it ought to be. 'It is a sad sight,' said Baxter, 'when pride gets up into the pulpit to preach a sermon on humility,' and just such another sad sight is an ambitious clergyman.

There are many other cases in which men may make their way to station by a greater or less degree of merit, and in which the art of gaining power is still an imperfect guarantee of the faculty to use it well. A skilful debater in either House of Parliament is secure of high office, though a flow of language and a facility in raising or repelling objections is not much more evidence of a capacity for governing a kingdom, than dexterity in fencing is a proof of the ability to command an army. True political science is not merely needless in popular assemblies, it is positively distasteful, and those who are masters of it can rarely obtain it a hearing. The gorgeous imagery and lofty eloquence of Burke could not atone for the repulsiveness of his legislative wisdom, and few men spoke to thinner benches. The account which Lord Chesterfield has left of the House of Commons of his time is that, having entered it with awe, he discovered upon a brief acquaintance that of the five hundred and sixty members, not above thirty could understand reason. These thirty required plain sense in harmonious periods; the rest he calls a mob, who were only to be moved by an appeal to their passions, their sentiments, their seeming interests, and their senses. Graceful utterance and action pleased their eyes, elegant diction tickled their ears, but they could neither penetrate below the surface nor follow those who did. Though the senators of our day are probably on the whole a more educated assembly than in the reign of George I., the description of Lord Chesterfield

field is curiously confirmed by that which is given by Sir Robert Peel a century later. No man had taken a more exact measure of the House of Commons, or was more entirely devoted to it, and arguments to have weight with the representatives of the nation, must, he said, be such as were adapted to 'people who know very little of the matter, care not much about it, half of whom have dined or are going to dine, and are only forcibly struck by that which they instantly comprehend without trouble.'\* The success of a speaker depends in great measure upon his keeping to this low level, or in other words upon his being in unison with his hearers, which is the characteristic that Burke particularly noted in Charles Townshend as the cause of his singular influence over his audience. If the matter is set off by luminous exposition, eloquence, wit, sarcasm, argument, which rarely happens, it is a proof of extraordinary intellectual endowments, but not of the qualities of a statesman; and when office is conferred for oratory which in style and substance rises little, and often not at all, above mediocrity, or even for a few sarcastic jests unredeemed by solid acquirements of any description, it ceases to be a wonder that the members of a government are not the least fallible of men. Great debaters have frequently been great ministers as well as the reverse, and where there is free discussion the power of words cannot be neglected. The error is habitually to prefer those who can talk before those who can counsel and act,—a superficial glibness of tongue to the more sterling accomplishments of thought, knowledge, foresight, and promptitude.

Brilliant success again at the bar leads naturally to the bench, and in the majority of instances no better test of

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\* *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel: Part I., The Roman Catholic Question, p. 66.* Mr. Macanlay has expressed similar opinions. 'It is not,' he says, 'by accuracy or profundity that men become the masters of great assemblies. And why be at the charge of providing logic of the best quality, when a very inferior article will be equally acceptable? Why go as deep into a question as Burke, only in order to be, like Burke, coughed down, or left speaking to green benches and red boxes? The tendency of institutions like those of England is to encourage readiness in public men at the expense both of fullness and exactness. The keenest and most vigorous minds of every generation, minds often admirably fitted for the investigation of truth, are habitually employed in producing arguments such as no man of sense would ever put into a treatise intended for publication; arguments which are just good enough to be used once, when aided by fluent delivery and pointed language. The talent for *Actus* is developed in such men to a degree which, to the multitude, seems as marvellous as the performances of an Italian improvisatore. But they are fortunate indeed if they retain unimpaired the faculties which are required for close reasoning or for enlarged speculation. Indeed we should sooner expect a great original work on political science, such a work, for example, as the '*Wealth of Nations*,' from an apothecary in a country town, or from a minister in the Hebrides, than from a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons.'

fitness could be adopted. Nevertheless it is a test extremely uncertain, for the habit of mind which is acquired in espousing one side is widely different from that which arbitrates between both. Very distinguished lawyers who have worn the ermine in the memory of the present generation could never throw off the propensities of the advocate. If he succeeds in bringing his faculties into the requisite equilibrium, the qualities which made him an able counsel may be quite distinct from the functions of the judge. Garrow had a masterly skill in examining witnesses, which amounted to a genius for that department of his profession, and which, conjoined with other resources of a lower calibre, secured him for a long term of years the largest business of any man of his time. But his knowledge of law was nothing, and the talent in which he is supposed never to have been rivalled became nearly useless by his promotion to the bench. That confident and courageous warmth on behalf of clients, such as Lord Brougham describes in Mr. James Allan Park, and which Lord Cockburn says is a common characteristic of favourite counsel who are not of the highest class, the artful and impassioned addresses to juries, the tact, and the trickery, though peculiarly effective in gaining verdicts, must all be left behind on ascending the judgment-seat. Hence the leader at the bar has often proved an inferior magistrate, while many who were less conspicuous in the lower arena have earned themselves lasting renown among the administrators of justice. The deficiency is sometimes palpable beforehand, and improper appointments are wilfully made, but those who seem to promise best not unfrequently belie the expectations which were formed of them. Lord Brougham remarks of Lord Abinger that he was possessed of every endowment for the constitution of a consummate judge—'quickness, sagacity, learning, integrity, legal habits, great knowledge of men, practice at the bar of vast extent, and infinite variety, good nature withal and patience.' He failed, however, from not 'considering that it was a perfectly new duty which he had to perform,' from an overweening opinion that he arrived a finished master at a position where it was necessary that he should first be a learner, and from refusing to employ the industry and to accept the assistance which were required to adapt his ample attainments to his altered functions.

There is one cause which, if no other were in operation, would constantly prevent men from being advanced in proportion to their merit. The public must be the arbiters, and they are often incompetent to judge. In the case of speakers we have seen that the showy qualities prevail over the solid, and Lord Bacon states the cause in uncompromising language when commenting upon

upon the assertion of Demosthenes that 'action' was the first, second, and third requisite of an orator. 'A strange thing,' says Bacon, 'that that part which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest—nay, almost alone—as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent.' It is the same with readers as with hearers. Bishop Butler was taught by experience that of the multitudes who turned over books for amusement, for the sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, very few cared to examine into the accuracy of assertions or the truth of principles. This, he said, 'was to the generality of people a circumstance of no consideration at all'—a phenomenon which to his earnest and inquiring mind appeared nothing less than 'prodigious.' The majority must, therefore, judge of books as of speeches—by their superficial characteristics. Nay, even as to these, the larger part of mankind will prefer false glitter to higher excellencies. Verbiage, bombast, and flowery images will impose upon them in an infinitely greater degree than those quiet graces which are the last perfection of style. So, too, a broad jest would be relished by persons who would be nearly insensible to the delicate and far more exquisite humour of Addison. In all departments of knowledge a just estimation and a correct taste can only be attained by an amount of study which is exceedingly rare. Sir Joshua Reynolds, on first visiting the Vatican, was mortified to discover that he could not appreciate the pictures of Raphael. He felt his ignorance and was abashed. Day by day he gazed at them and copied them; by degrees a new perception dawned upon him, and he recognised how unenlightened was his former opinion, and how incomparable were the works of the great master. He afterwards learnt that every student who examined them had passed through the same process, and that none were seized with instantaneous raptures, except those who were incapable of ever understanding them at all. The truth, he says, was, that if they had been what he had expected, they would have contained beauties which were merely superficial, and would not have deserved their reputation. Experience and reflection convinced him that genuine excellence lay deep, that the florid style which captivated at once was as false as it was alluring, and that no man ever attained to a right discernment in art without long labour and close attention. In everything, he remarks, it was the same. A nice ear for music and a just poetical taste were equally the work of time, and untutored nature

nature formed conclusions which were repudiated by an educated judgment.

The observation is not only true of intellectual things, but is equally applicable to moral. 'Praise,' says Lord Bacon, 'if it be from the common people, is commonly false and naught, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all, but shows and *species virtutibus similes* serve best with them.'

'What a pregnant remark is this!' adds Archbishop Whately. 'By the lowest of the virtues he means probably such as hospitality, liberality, good-humoured courtesy, and the like; and these, he says, the common run of mankind are accustomed to *praise*. Those which they *admire*, such as daring courage and firm fidelity to friends, or to the cause or party one has espoused, are what he ranks in the next highest place. But the most elevated virtues of all, such as disinterestedness and devoted public spirit, thorough-going even-handed justice, and disregard of unpopularity when duty requires, of these he says the vulgar have usually no notion. And he might have gone further, for it often happens that a large portion of mankind not only do not praise or admire the highest qualities, but even censure and despise them.'—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 469.

Bacon in other parts of his Essays has specified qualities as calculated to win unenlightened approbation, which rather belong to the list of vices than even to the lowest of the virtues. 'Vainglorious men,' he says, for example, 'are the scorn of the wise but the admiration of fools.' Boldness, again, in state matters, he likens in the extent of its effects to action in oratory. 'Yet boldness,' he continues, 'is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. Nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevail with wise men at weak times.' Upon every point it appears, whether of head or heart, the capable judges are the minority; and though their decrees may ultimately prevail before the calm tribunal of posterity, when the crowd are content to receive the law from their superiors, it must often be otherwise in those decisions of the hour, in which the multitude claim their right to be heard. As long, in a word, as 'there is more of the fool than of the wise in human nature,' so long must wisdom be frequently subordinate to folly, and the lowest virtues be preferred to the highest. The possessor of the great and good gifts is not the sufferer. The main advantage to the individual

individual is in the deserts themselves, and not in the recognition of them by others; as Bacon has it, we should 'rather seek merit than fame.' John Hunter was accustomed to say that 'no great man ever desired to be great,'—meaning that his delight and his reward were in the qualities which constituted his greatness, and not in the tributes which would make him appear great in the eyes of the world. The excellencies are the privilege; ambition is none.

Though Lord Bacon condescended to climb by crooked paths, he had far too extensive an acquaintance with the human heart, and, in spite of his deviations in practice, too many godlike aspirations of his own, to fall into an error which Archbishop Whately mentions as common among evil men:—

'It was remarked by an intelligent Roman Catholic that the confessional trains the priest to a knowledge not of human nature but of mental nosology. "It may, therefore, qualify them," he said, "for the treatment of a depraved, but not of a pure mind." Now, what the confessional is to the priest, that a knave's own heart is to him. He can form no notion of a nobler nature than his own. Miss Edgeworth describes such a person as one who divides all mankind into rogues and fools, and when he meets with an honest man of good sense does not know what to make of him. Nothing, it is said, more puzzled Buonaparte. He would offer a man money; if that failed, he would talk of glory, or promise him rank and power; but if all these temptations failed, he set him down for an idiot, or a half-mad dreamer. Conscience was a thing he could not understand.'—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 202.

An English Ambassador who visited Rome was asked by Queen Caroline why he did not endeavour to convert the Pope. 'Because,' he replied, 'I had nothing better to offer his Holiness than what he already possesses.' This we may presume was a jest; but Buonaparte himself was not a more avowed example of Archbishop Whately's observation than thousands of persons at home and abroad in the corrupt society of the eighteenth century. Rulhière, who was at St. Petersburg in 1762, when Catherine caused her husband, Peter III., to be murdered, wrote a history of the transaction on his return to France, which was handed about in manuscript. The Empress was informed of it, and endeavoured to procure the destruction of the work. Madame Geoffrin was sent to Rulhière to offer him a considerable bribe to throw it into the fire. He eloquently demonstrated that it would be a base and cowardly action, which honour and virtue forbade. She heard him patiently to the end, and then calmly replied, 'What! isn't it enough?' Archbishop Whately relates of a contemporary who long occupied an elevated position, that he imputed motives to all the world which a lofty nature would have considered base;

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but, having no notion of anything better, he entertained, says the Archbishop, no contempt for his kind, 'was good-humoured and far from a misanthrope, and no more despised men for not being superior to what he thought them than we despise horses and dogs for being no more than brutes.' There is some excuse for the sweeping judgments of persons in high place, for they are condemned to see human nature under its basest aspects. Lord Brougham has put upon record his own official experience, and a darker picture could not well be drawn. 'Cold calculations upon the death of those who stop the way, unfeeling acrimony towards competitors, unblushing falsehood in both its branches, boasting and detraction, the fury of disappointment when that has not been done which it was impossible to do, swift oblivion of all that has been granted, unreasonable expectation of more only because much has been given, not seldom favours repaid with hatred, as if by this unnatural course the account might be settled between gratitude and pride—such are the secrets of the heart which power soon discloses to its possessor.' La Rochefoucauld has said that self-interest speaks all sorts of languages and personates all kinds of parts, even that of disinterestedness. There is none which the greedy petitioners for place personate so often. The transparent and disgusting hypocrisy of desiring preferment purely for the good of the country and from a sense of public duty, is stated by Lord Brougham to be incessant. Once, on his remarking to Lord Melbourne that nobody could tell till he came into office how base men were, the latter humorously replied, 'On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue, for I now find that self-denial is the sole motive in seeking advancement, and personal gain the only thing that is never dreamt of.' Lord Brougham brought away from his sorrowful experience a benevolence unchilled and a faith in goodness undiminished, because he had the two grand correctives to a universal condemnation—a generous nature and an extended observation. He who is above the vices he witnesses knows, as Archbishop Whately well remarks, that there is, at least, one person superior to them, and he would conclude there must be more, even if he had none of the actual examples before his eyes which a large acquaintance with the world infallibly supplies. Indeed, the worst minister, and the most contracted in his view, might be expected to reflect that the worthy part of mankind would be the last to thrust themselves under his notice. People of nice honour and sensitive feelings, those who are truly disinterested and philanthropic,

'Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire,'

never approach him. It is the bird of prey which gathers where the



the carcase is. The kinds which are not rapacious maintain their flight in a higher region and a less tainted atmosphere. If Sir Robert Walpole, according to the version of his biographer which we believe to be the correct one, declared of his corrupt opponents, 'all *these* men have their price,' he uttered a truth as undoubted as his alleged maxim, 'all men have their price,' would have been false. Those patriots of whom he said 'that they were easily raised, for it was but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up sprung a patriot,' were not the world, however convenient they might find it for their selfish ends to speak in its name.

Of all the dark representations which have been given of the motives and dispositions of mankind, the most plausible and acute is embodied in the 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld. 'Fundamental truths,' says Locke, 'like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light to other things that without them could not be seen. Our Saviour's great rule that "we should love our neighbour as ourselves" is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that I think by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality.' La Rochefoucauld, on his part, has his fundamental truth, and every one is familiar with the famous motto which he put as a text to his work—'Our virtues are generally vices in disguise.' The five hundred and four pithy sentences which follow are mostly illustrations of this pervading principle. He says, for example, that 'Virtue would not go so far if Vanity did not keep her company;' that 'What we cut off from our other defects we frequently add to our pride;' that 'Self-interest, which we accuse of all our crimes, ought often to be praised for our good actions;' that 'We sometimes imagine we hate flattery, but only hate the manner of flattering;' that 'Women weep to get the reputation of being tender-hearted, weep that they may be pitied, weep to be wept, weep to avoid the discredit of not weeping.' Wherever there is an appearance of good, he traces it up to evil motives, and these, again, he resolves into self-love. His creed is thus directly opposed to the precept of our Saviour, so beautifully set forth by Locke, and, if the latter is ever observed, the principle of La Rochefoucauld must in all such cases be untrue. Taken in its extremest latitude it involves complete infidelity as a consequence, for to believe that the rule of our Lord is habitually violated by the whole of mankind is to assume that his Gospel is a nullity and that his entire mission on earth has been in vain. La Rochefoucauld himself limits his assertion, and the same qualifying phrase which he introduces into the summary of his system is repeated in many of the succeeding maxims.

maxims. In fact, his celebrated saying, 'Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue,' supposes the virtue to be real, or it would otherwise come under the denomination of hypocrisy, and there would be nothing left to which to do homage. His profligate followers have outstripped their master, and have often written of his delineation of human nature as though there were no exceptions to the hideous picture. They have especially delighted to quote one detestable proposition, to which he gives a universal application,—'In the misfortunes of our best friends there is *always* something which is not displeasing to us;' but they appear unconscious, or omit to state, that La Rochefoucauld rejected it upon maturer consideration, and excluded it from the later editions of his work. Nor must it be forgotten, in extenuation of his cynical view, that the circle of each man's acquaintances is the world to him, and that the author of the 'Maxims' derived his notions of his kind from the vitiated society of the upper classes during the regency of Anne of Austria and the reign of Louis XIV. However false as a general principle might be his assertion 'that there is no one who believes himself in any quality inferior to the person whom he esteems the most,' it might be truer than we should suspect of multitudes of his countrymen when Courier could say 'that, with many faults, he must claim one great merit—he was the single person in France who did not imagine himself fit to be king.' The definition of friendship, 'that it is only a traffic in which self-love always expects to be a gainer,' with other remarks of the same kind, imputing what ought to be the attachments of the heart to sordid interest, may easily be supposed a correct representation of the alliances he witnessed among the fawning courtiers, who, lost to manliness and independence, were engaged in a miserable rivalry for paltry distinctions and preferments. It must have been another sort of friendship of which he spoke later in life, when he said that 'a true friend was the greatest of all blessings, and the one which we least thought of acquiring.' The observation shows that he, at any rate, believed in the possibility of ties which are formed by esteem for personal qualities, without regard to grosser advantages; that he was at last convinced that man was capable of ennobling affections as well as of lower desires, and could love his neighbour without coveting his goods. By his own confession he was himself an example of it, for he professed 'to entertain such an attachment to his friends that he would not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice his interests to theirs.' After all allowances, however, his picture of mankind remains partial and bitter. Even Cardinal de Retz, who had been a leader in the same scenes, who had been accustomed to look at the world upon its blackest side, and belonged to that side

himself, complained that La Rochefoucauld had too little faith in virtue. Few books could be more pernicious than his, if it is received for the entire truth, and either teaches the reader misanthropy from the belief that all are bad, or profligacy from the notion that it is equally needless and vain to attempt to be better; few books are more useful, if it is employed as a manual for self-examination by which to probe our motives and to learn the deceitfulness of the heart. The false pretences which La Rochefoucauld has specified are defects to which everybody is, in some respects, originally prone, which numbers continue to practise habitually, and which are apt to intermingle with the higher impulses that ordinarily govern those who are labouring to be upright.

Two maxims of La Rochefoucauld—one, 'that before we wish eagerly for anything we should inquire into the happiness of him who possesses it;' the other, 'that there is little we should desire ardently if we knew perfectly what we desired'—find their commentary in Bacon's Essay on 'Great Place.' Dr. Johnson maintained that all the arguments to show the misery of men in high station were deceptive, since everybody wished for it notwithstanding. This proves that the majority imagine that it produces happiness in spite of the reasons which are urged to the contrary, but does not prove that the happiness is real. 'They desire it ardently because they do not know perfectly what they desire.' Nobody was a greater dupe to the common opinion than Bacon himself, or in the excessive anxiety to attain his end had been less deterred from verifying his own observation, that 'there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and evil arts.' How little the eagerness of anticipation was a just evidence of the enjoyments of possession, which on Johnson's theory ought to have followed, may be seen in the impressive after-testimony of the illustrious Chancellor:—

'The rising into place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it, but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults.'—*Essay XI.* Whately's edition, p. 87.

A caliph of Cordova is reported to have said when he was dying—'I have passed a reign of more than fifty years in peace or victory, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, respected

respected by my allies. In this apparent prosperity I have kept count of the days that were really happy, and they amount to fourteen.' The speech may have been invented to point a moral, but the history of kings has assuredly not been the history of human felicity, and their ministers, who have put their experience upon record, have seldom had a more flattering tale to tell than Chancellor Bacon. His contemporary and cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, who was principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth and James I., and ultimately Lord High Treasurer, may speak for the major part of them in the letter in which he poured out his feelings to a friend in 1604, when he was acknowledged to be the ablest, as he appeared the most enviable, statesman of his time. 'Give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court and gone heavily over the best seeming fair ground. It is a great task to prove one's honesty, and yet not spoil one's fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed queen's time, who was more than a man, and in truth sometimes less than a woman. I wish I waited now in her presence-chamber with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man that looketh this way to heaven.' There is a deep pathos in the words to those who weigh them, and not the least touching part of the confession is the avowed struggle between virtue and ambition, and the undisguised consciousness that ambition would triumph. 'This is one of the misfortunes of power, that those who have tasted it can neither be happy with it nor without it; they are uneasy upon their eminence, and yet are mortified to come down from it, tenaciously clinging to the dignity while they are oppressed by its troubles. In every stage, as Lord Bacon found, the distress predominates—the upward course toilsome, the standing-place painful, the descent melancholy. In the conflict of such feelings Cecil had never the courage to resign, and yet was thankful when a king more absolute than the monarch he served gave him his dismissal. 'Ease and pleasure,' he said, 'quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved.' The downfall from power, which Cecil escaped, is the more usual fate of ministers; and though the tenure of kings is in theory permanent, and their overthrow as much rarer as it is more disastrous when it occurs, yet the contemporaneous examples of dethroned sovereigns, when Voltaire wrote his 'Candide,' were sufficiently numerous to suggest one of the most striking passages in the work. Candide, at Venice, sits down to supper with six strangers who are staying at the same hotel with himself; and

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as the servants, to his astonishment, address each of them by the title of 'Your Majesty,' he asks for an explanation of the pleasantries:—

'I am not jesting, said the first; I am Achmet III.; I was Sultan several years; I dethroned my brother, and my nephew has dethroned me. They have cut off the heads of my viziers; I shall pass the remainder of my days in the old Seraglio; my nephew, the Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes permits me to travel for my health, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

'A young man who was close to Achmet spoke next, and said, My name is Ivan; I have been Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned when I was in my cradle; my father and my mother have been incarcerated; I was brought up in prison; I have sometimes permission to travel attended by my keepers, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

'The third said, I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has surrendered his rights to me; I have fought to sustain them; my vanquishers have torn out the hearts of eight hundred of my partisans; I have been put into prison; I am going to Rome to pay a visit to my father, dethroned like my grandfather and myself, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

'The fourth then spoke, and said, I am King of Poland; the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary states;\* my father experienced the same reverses; I resign myself to the will of Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and the king Charles Edward, to whom God grant a long life, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

'The fifth said, I am also King of Poland;† I have lost my kingdom twice, but Providence has given me another state in which I have done more good than all the kings of Sarmatia put together have ever done on the banks of the Vistula. I also resign myself to the will of Providence, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

'There remained a sixth monarch to speak. Gentlemen, he said, I am not so great a sovereign as the rest, but I, too, have been a king. I am Theodore, who was elected King of Corsica; I was called "your Majesty," and at present am hardly called "Sir;" I have caused money to be coined, and do not now possess a penny; I have had two secretaries of state, and have now scarcely a servant; I have sat upon a throne and was long in a prison in London upon straw, and am afraid

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\* Augustus III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. The electorate, from which he was twice driven by Frederick the Great, was the hereditary state of which Voltaire speaks. His father, Augustus II., became King of Poland in 1697, was deposed in 1704, recovered the crown in 1709, and retained it till his death in 1733. His electorate of Saxony was overrun in 1706 by Charles XII. of Sweden.

† Stanislaus Leszczyński. He was elected King of Poland in 1704, through the influence of Charles XII., and was dethroned in 1709, after the battle of Pultowa. He was re-elected in 1733, on the death of Augustus II., and was soon after dispossessed of his kingdom by Augustus III. In 1736 he was invested for life with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, and it was here, by public works and the patronage of literature, that he earned the eulogy of Voltaire.

of being treated in the same manner here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to pass the Carnival at Venice.

'The five other Kings heard this confession with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy some clothes and shirts. Candide presented him with a diamond worth two thousand sequins. Who, said the five Kings, is this man who can afford to give a hundred times as much as any of us? Are you, Sir, also a king?—No, your Majesties, and I have no desire to be.'

The last stroke is an instance of Voltaire's consummate art, very common with him, in conveying his moral by a single phrase, which tells with electric rapidity and force. These reflections upon the vanity of human wishes are usually numbered among the commonplaces of moralists, and are supposed to be dismissed with formal acquiescence and secret dissent. There is nothing, nevertheless, more deserving of attention. There are thousands upon thousands who, as far as the inevitable trials of life will permit, possess all the elements of happiness except the belief that they possess them. The sum of felicity would be multiplied to an extent beyond calculation if men would make the most of what they have instead of craving what they have not, and the practical testimony of the Bacons and Cecils to the worse than worthlessness of the things which are rated highest is surely a lesson to teach genuine contentment, and turn ambition into thankfulness. 'I thank God,' said Montesquieu, 'that, having bestowed upon me a mean in all things, he has also put a little moderation in my soul.' There will always be plenty to struggle for pre-eminence; but religion, philosophy, and experience are more efficacious than they seem, because by reconciling men to obscurity the result attracts less attention in proportion as it is complete.

With all his worldly shrewdness the passion for wealth is not more countenanced by Bacon than the passion for place. 'The ways to enrich,' he says, 'are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity.' He remarks that a large fortune is of no solid use to the owner, except to increase his means of giving. 'The rest is but conceit; the personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches.' This is a profound observation, and goes to the root of the common fallacy that happiness will increase with money. To a casual glance the circle of enjoyments appears to be enlarged, but in reality it is only changed, and the extraordinary gratification ceases with novelty. Gray had arrived at the same conclusion as Bacon. 'There is but one real evil in poverty (take

my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them.' Dr. Johnson, indeed, argued that wealth would buy respect, and respect pleasure. 'If six hundred pounds a year,' he said, 'procure a man more consequence, and of course more happiness, than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried.' The theory is not confirmed by experience. The consequence of the rich does *not* increase with this steady progression, but quickly finds its limits, nor is the consequence which money purchases of a nature to confer substantial satisfaction. Montesquieu says he had found that most people only slaved to make a large fortune to be in despair when they had made it because they were not high-born. The separation of ranks was maintained in France with far greater rigour than with us, and money did less in breaking down the barrier which divided the aristocrat from the *millionnaire*. Yet as even in England the consideration obtainable by wealth alone is incomplete, no one can fail to have remarked that the effect upon the owner is rather to render him restless than contented. The desire for social distinction has been kindled in his mind, and he is far more irritated by what is denied him than soothed by what he can get. Whatever may be the particular advantages of wealth, the application of La Rochefoucauld's rule to observe how far the possessor is happy before desiring the possessions, must at least satisfy competent inquirers that the balance of true enjoyment is not in his favour. One reason for desiring riches is peculiarly specious, which is to be above the necessity of a rigid economy or the pressure of debt; but a striking and instructive note of Archbishop Whately shows that even this plausible expectation is deceptive :—

'It is worth remarking, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes are greater in proportion than those of persons with slenderer means; and that consequently a larger proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances than of the poorer. This is often overlooked, because the *absolute number* of those with large incomes is so much less, that, of course, the absolute number of persons under pecuniary difficulties in the poorer classes must form a very great majority. But if you look to the *proportions*, it is quite the reverse. Take the number of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes from 100*l.* per annum up to 100,000*l.* per annum, and you will find the *per-centage* of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned

reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt! So that it would appear the larger the income the harder it is to live within it.—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 270.

In other words, the temptation to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth. An accession of fortune would at first afford relief, but in a short time it would, to the majority of persons, be more difficult to keep within the bounds of the larger sum than of the less. This common tendency of mankind to go beyond their means has occasioned competence to be defined as three hundred a year more than you possess. With the very rich, for three hundred it would often be necessary to read thirty thousand: since not only is the proportion of involved people greatest among those who have the amplest incomes, but their embarrassments bear a larger proportion to their resources and the demands which are made upon them. As Cowley says, 'The poor rich man's emphatically poor.' The remedy for debt, after the absolute essentials of each station are supplied, is therefore plainly to be sought in increased economy, and not in increased wealth. It was to ensure the necessary thrift that Swift said 'a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart'—should look after it both in the making and the spending to escape the miseries which the want of it produces, but should beware of loving it. He prided himself much upon a maxim which hit the true medium between imprudence and covetousness, and declared it ought to be written in letters of diamond. Lord Bolingbroke, who knew his propensity, replied that 'a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions.' There, accordingly, it did descend as he advanced in years. Each must watch against his predominant tendency—the profuse learn to be frugal, the parsimonious to be liberal.

A gentleman in narrow circumstances quoted the common saying, 'Poverty is no crime,' and was answered, 'Yes, but it is worse.' Many prove that they are seriously of this opinion by the dishonest arts which they practise to get money. Others look down upon the indigent as though the things external to a man, and not the man himself, were the proper objects of regard. All such people earn the stern rebuke of Gray that their poverty is in their mind. Archbishop Whately, however, dwells upon the just distinction that though poverty is not disgraceful, the exhibition of it is felt to be indecent. 'A man of sense is not ashamed of confessing it; but he keeps the marks of it out of sight.' He mentions that a person, who disputed the assertion, observed in refutation of it, 'Why this coat that I now have on I have had turned because I could not well afford a new one, and I



care not who knows it.' His instance, as the Archbishop acutely remarks, proved the point he was controverting, or he would have worn the coat *without* turning. 'He might have had it scoured if needful; but though clean, it would still have looked threadbare; and he did not like to make this display of poverty.' If his principle had been correct he would have been content in weather, when he did not require it for warmth, to walk the streets, or call upon his friends, without any coat at all, and might have alleged the same reason, that he could not well afford to wear one every day. Ignorance of this difference between shame of poverty itself, and shame of being compelled to expose it in ways which are a violation of the established proprieties of life, has given rise to many erroneous judgments. Among the companions of Reynolds, when he was studying his art at Rome, was a fellow-pupil of the name of Astley. They made an excursion, with some others, on a sultry day, and all except Astley took off their coats. After several taunts he was persuaded to do the same, and displayed on the back of his waistcoat a foaming waterfall. Distress had compelled him to patch his clothes with one of his own landscapes. His reluctance to exhibit his expedient is imputed by one biographer to 'a proud heart.' It was more likely to be due to a sense of decorum.

Archbishop Whately points out that there are other things which are no discredit, but which delicacy keeps in the background because they are offensive when obtruded, and among these he names self-love, or the deliberate desire for our own happiness. Persons not accustomed to reflect are sometimes confounded when a sophist, who is culpably selfish, maintains that they, in their way, are selfish like himself. But it is not the desire for happiness which is criminal, but the attempt to obtain it through pernicious objects and by forbidden means. It makes all the difference whether it is sought through doing good or injury to others, through virtue or vice, through obeying or disobeying the commands of God. Not that those who act from principle have habitually or even usually before their minds the blessing to themselves which is the ultimate consequence of their conduct, for the precepts by which they are guided are intrinsically beautiful, and when once they are justly appreciated are loved on their own account. It is the essential characteristic of the moral regulations of Omnipotence that being contrived in infinite wisdom they carry with them in the long run every advantage. They are delightful in themselves, and the very same act which is best for each is for the benefit of all. 'It is curious to observe,' says Archbishop Whately, 'how people who are always thinking of their own pleasure or interest, will often, if possessing considerable

siderable ability, make others give way to them, and obtain everything they seek, *except happiness*. For like a spoiled child, who at length cries for the moon, they are always dissatisfied. And the benevolent, who are always thinking of others, and sacrificing their own personal gratifications, are usually the happiest of mankind.'

In treating of the difference between the 'disgraceful' and the 'indecent,' Archbishop Whately mentions that the Greeks and the Romans unfortunately had not, like ourselves, a separate word for each; *turpe* and *αισχρον* served to express both. 'Some of the ancient philosophers,' he adds, 'especially the Cynics, founded paradoxes on this ambiguity, and thus bewildered themselves and their hearers.' It is a peculiar excellence of the writings of the Archbishop that he is careful to weigh the signification of words, and examine whether they give a true representation of things. Upon the observation of Lord Bacon that 'time is the greatest innovator,' he makes the useful remark, that though this is an allowable and convenient mode of speaking, effects are produced not *by* time but *in* time. 'In reality,' he continues, quoting from Bishop Copleston, 'time *does* nothing and *is* nothing. We use it as a compendious expression for all those causes which operate slowly and imperceptibly, but unless some positive cause is in action no change takes place in the lapse of a thousand years.' Bishop Copleston probably borrowed the reflection from Hooker, who says 'that time doth but measure other things, and neither worketh in them any real effect nor is itself ever capable of any.'\* Our sense of the importance and responsibility of human actions is extremely increased by the consideration. Out of the physical laws of nature, and the operations of the brute creation, there is no other agent but man. In laws, in government, in arts, in sciences, in every pos-

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\* 'And, therefore,' proceeds this great and exact thinker, 'when commonly we use to say that time doth eat or fret out all things, that some men see prosperous and happy days, and that some men's days are miserable, in all these and the like speeches that which is uttered of the time is not verified of time itself, but agreeth unto those things which are in time, and do by means of so near conjunction either lay their burden upon the back, or set their crown upon the head of time. Yea, the very opportunities which we ascribe to time, do, in truth, cleave to the things themselves wherewith time is joined; as for time, it neither causeth things nor opportunities of things, although it comprise and contain both.'—*Hooker's Works*, vol. ii. p. 383, ed. Keble. It is not very likely that the Cardinal Imperiali had ever read Shakspeare, but he expressed under a different metaphor that same 'opportunity of time,' of which the poet speaks in his famous passage,—

'There is a tide in the affairs of men.'

'There is nobody,' said the Cardinal, 'whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she finds he is not ready to receive her, she goes in at the door, and out through the window.'

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sible institution, all evil and all good are the direct result of his proceedings.

While we are on the subject of language it may be well to mention that both Archbishop Whately and Bishop Copleston appear to us to be mistaken in their derivation of 'toad-eater.' The Bishop supposes it to come from the 'Spanish *todito*, a familiar diminutive of *todo* (*toto*), one who does everything for you—a *fac-totum*—a frequent member of the Spanish household.' He seems to have overlooked the objection that the transformation of words of foreign origin into English terms of a similar sound and of an entirely different meaning, can only take place through the ignorant; and when it is remembered that 'toad-eater' did not come into use till the early part of the last century, and was a phrase of the educated classes, which has hardly even now descended to the lower, it is almost impossible that it should uniformly have been written and printed in its corrupted form, without leaving in any author the slightest trace of its source. Archbishop Whately thinks that 'toad' is an equally improbable origin, and derives the term from a cognate expression which he sufficiently indicates by the remark, that one element in etymology is the tendency to alter the pronunciation of any word which is in itself unbecoming. Toad, however, is right. In the 'Adventures of David Simple,' a novel by Miss Fielding, which appeared in 1744, the word is used by one of the characters, and was then so uncommon, that an explanation is asked by another, who says 'it is a term he had never heard before.' 'I don't wonder, sir,' is the reply, 'you never heard of it; I wish I had spent my life without knowing the meaning of it. It is a metaphor taken from a mountebank's boy eating toads in order to show his master's skill in expelling poison. It is built on a supposition, which I am afraid is too generally true, that people who are so unhappy as to be in a state of dependence, are forced to do the most nauseous things that can be thought on, to please and humour their patrons.' Conjectural etymology is little better than jugglery. Where we have the opportunity to compare the guess with the fact the former has almost always proved to be wrong, and the known origin of many words is sufficient to show that no ingenuity could divine the circumstances from which they were derived if once their history was lost.

In the annotations upon Bacon's Essay on 'Custom and Education' Archbishop Whately has again to observe upon a confusion of terms which were formerly kept distinct. 'At the present day it is common to use the words "custom" and "habit" as synonymous, and often to employ the latter where Bacon would have used the former. But, strictly speaking, they denote

denote respectively the *cause* and the *effect*. Repeated acts constitute the "custom," and the "habit" is the condition of mind or body thence resulting.' It was thus that Addison applied the terms when he spoke of 'habits being contracted by long custom.'

'Many examples,' says Lord Bacon, 'may be put of the force of custom both upon mind and body;' and, though there is no truth more familiar, the enumeration of examples never fails to strengthen our sense of its importance. Addison dwells upon one grand feature,—that it renders things pleasant which at the commencement were painful. He quotes an observation of Bacon that the palate acquires a peculiar relish for liquors, such as coffee and claret, which at the first taste are disagreeable; and the assertion holds of a thousand particulars. Numerous hardships are the comforts of those who have been long inured to them. The Highlanders could with difficulty be persuaded to occupy the tents they took from the English at the battle of Preston-pans, and at the end of a Scottish autumn preferred to lie in the open air. Even a short apprenticeship produces the effect in a lesser degree. When Benjamin Franklin was employed in superintending the erection of some forts as a defence against the Indians on the frontier, he passed his nights wrapped up in a blanket on the hard floor of a hut, and on his first return to civilized life could scarcely sleep in a bed. The same sensations were experienced by Captain Ross and his crew when they were taken on board the *Isabella* after their Polar wanderings. Accustomed to lie on the frozen snow or the bare rock, the accommodations of a whaler were too luxurious for them, and Captain Ross was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair. His comrades, he says, could rest little better than himself, and it required time to reconcile them to their primitive comforts. This beneficent law of our nature equalises to a degree beyond what most persons imagine the happiness of the different classes of mankind. The ruder habitations, the coarser fare, the bodily toil of the poor are not ungrateful to them, and it is only when they drop below their average condition that their sufferings commence. They may, like richer men, be troubled by the cravings of discontent, but their senses are not afflicted by circumstances which custom has rendered natural. As it is with the body, so with the mind. Lord Somers told Addison that, having been obliged to search among old records, the task which at the outset was excessively irksome became so exceedingly pleasant that he preferred it to reading Virgil or Cicero, although classical literature had been his constant delight. It is a frequent remark that those who have risen to the highest eminence in the law conceived

conceived in the beginning a disgust of the study. There is, indeed, here a second principle at work. All appreciation depends upon knowledge, and a minuter acquaintance with subjects which to the eye of ignorance present a barren and repulsive prospect, discloses unexpected attractions to the mind. There is no profession which by the combined force of custom and its own inherent interest, will not prove agreeable if once its elements are mastered. Those who retire in disgust have rarely applied with vigour to the task, and a lazy or sullen routine neither communicates knowledge, nor forms habits, unless it be the habit of laziness and sullenness.

The influence of use in subduing painful sensations is conspicuous in the medical profession. The horror of dissections, the sickening faintness produced by the sight of wounds and operations, would incapacitate men from lending to nature the resources of art unless the feelings were blunted by the repetition of the spectacle. But here the gain seems upon a superficial view to be attended with a loss. If the oftener we witness suffering the less we are moved by it, there appears a risk that our desire to alleviate it will be proportionably diminished. Bishop Butler, the profoundest and most practical of metaphysicians, who applied his intimate knowledge of the subtle laws of the mind to show the wisdom which contrived it, and to correct the evils which beset it, has cleared away the difficulty in one of the most luminous and important passages of his incomparable work. What he calls the passive impression, the mere involuntary sentiment of pity, is weakened by familiarity with distress; but as the original compassion is an incentive to render relief, those who obey the call have their habits of benevolence strengthened in the same degree that their mental uneasiness is decreased. Every time the exhibition of misery hardens our feelings, the effort to remove it invigorates our charity. Pity begets beneficence, and the practice of beneficence dispenses with the necessity for the painful instigation of heartrending pity. No one can contemplate these effects of custom—the deadening of a sensation which, if it was continuous, would render philanthropy torture, and the contemporaneous impulse given to the active exertions which are to carry relief—and not admire the wonderful work of the Creator in the moral constitution of man. Paley was so impressed with the necessity of fostering the habit of beneficence, because it is a quality cherished by indulgence and soon obliterated by neglect, that he advised the bestowing alms upon beggars of dubious credit on the ground that a wise man will do for his own sake what he would hesitate to do for the sake of the petitioner.

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As, however, there are always abundance of deserving objects, there can be no occasion to have recourse to doubtful or pernicious modes of maintaining the principle. 'If,' says Archbishop Whately, 'you give freely to ragged and filthy street-beggars, you are in fact *hiring* people to dress themselves in filthy rags, and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress.' Thus imposture is encouraged and the virtue of him who gives would be kept alive by stimulating vice in him who receives.

It would be superfluous to quote examples of the tyranny of *bad* habits, for the evil is everywhere. The deeper the chain cuts the more impotent is the galled victim to shake it off; the more it becomes his curse the more surely does he make it his choice. The practice even survives the motives which produced it. 'Though the Count,' says Fielding, describing the social intercourse between the fraudulent gamester and the thief, 'knew if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.' The bootless habit will sometimes predominate over death itself. Contades, a sycophant of Richelieu, wrote in his last moments to the Cardinal that he was happy to die before him, that he might not witness the end of so illustrious a statesman. Fawning and flattery could avail him no longer, but he was the slave of a past which was more potent with him than the tremendous future upon which he was entering.

The persevering cultivation of our faculties is a form of custom, and the repetition of an act, with the addition of aiming in each repetition at increasing excellence, is productive both of facility and improvement. The process is exemplified in a hundred familiar circumstances, but it strikes us most when the acquirement is out of the usual routine, though not, perhaps, in itself at all more extraordinary than what we hourly witness. The eye, when perfect, might be supposed to reveal to one person what it does to another, and by no means to require a special education for each set of objects. In nothing, on the contrary, are the effects of training more conspicuous, or to the uninitiated more surprising. Gainsborough says, that an artist knows an original from a copy by observing the touch of the pencil, for there will be the same individuality in the strokes of the brush as in the strokes of a pen. Those who can at once distinguish between different sorts of handwriting are yet often astonished at the possession of the faculty when it is exercised upon pictures. No engraver, in like manner, can counterfeit the style of another. His brethren of the craft would not only immediately detect the forgery, but would

would recognise the distinctive strokes of the forger.\* Sir Joshua Reynolds states that a jeweller will be amazed when an inexperienced person is incapable of seeing the difference between a couple of diamonds of unequal brilliancy, 'not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the more perfect.' A shepherd can tell every sheep in his flock by its countenance, which nevertheless seems strange to many who discriminate instantly in human beings between face and face. There is no other difficulty in the case than that they are not accustomed to observe sheep in the same degree as men. Sovereigns receive a multitude of persons at their courts who are flattered by being remembered and by any allusion to past conversations and circumstances. The impression left is that there must be a peculiar regard when the recollection has survived the public events which have intervened, and the unceasing excitement, pomp, and dignity which encompass a throne. The presumed exception is the rule. The importance attached to such complimentary notices causes princes to cultivate the power, and Gibbon had noticed that all the royal families in Europe were remarkable for the faculty of recognising individuals and of recalling proper names. The Marquis de Bouillé said it was like a sixth sense bestowed upon them by nature. 'Are you the relation of the Abbé de Montesquieu that I saw here in company with the Abbé d'Estrades?' inquired Victor II. of Montesquieu when he visited Piedmont. 'Your Majesty,' he answered, 'is like Cæsar, who never forgot any name.' Montesquieu himself records his reply, for he thought it was happy, and that he had delicately compared his Sardinian Majesty to Cæsar. He was not aware that all monarchs were Cæsars in this particular, and the possession of the same faculty in an unusual degree by an entire order of persons of different sexes, nations, and lineage, and of very unequal and often inferior capacities, is a plain proof of the skill which practice begets. Henderson, the actor, after a single reading of a newspaper repeated such an enormous portion of it as seemed utterly marvellous. 'If you had been obliged like me,' he said in reply to the surprise expressed by his auditors, 'to depend during many years for your daily bread on getting words by heart, you would not be so much astonished at habit having produced the facility.' Euler in consequence of his almost total blindness was obliged to work those calculations in his mind which others put upon paper, and to retain those *formule* in his

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\* We are indebted for this remark to an interesting treatise on 'The Security and Manufacture of Bank Notes,' by Mr. Henry Bradbury.

head for which others trust chiefly to books. The extent, the readiness, and accuracy of his mathematical memory grew by this means to be prodigious, and D'Alembert declared that it was barely credible to those who had not witnessed it. The instances in which there is a strong motive to attain an end shows the unsuspected triumphs of which the understanding is capable. The reason why they are so rare is, that men ordinarily relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. There would hardly be any limit to improvement if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he acquired the reputation of being the most polished man in England, is a strong example in a comparatively trivial, but not unimportant matter, of the efficacy of practice. His appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterwards distinguished him. 'I had a strong desire,' he says, 'to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, though *de très mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming.' Lord Bacon says, that 'to attain good manners it almost sufficeth not to despise them, and that if a man labour too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected.' To this we may add the observation of La Rochefoucauld, that in manners there are no good copies, for besides that the copy is almost always clumsy or exaggerated, the air which is suited to one person sits ill upon another. The greater must have been the perseverance of Lord Chesterfield to enable him to acquire the art by which art is concealed, and to assimilate borrowed graces to himself without their degenerating into the stiffness and incongruity of servile imitation. He was equally resolved to be an orator, and until he had attained his aim he neglected nothing which could conduce to it. He determined not to speak  
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one word in conversation which was not the fittest he could recall, and he impressed upon his son that he should never deliver the commonest order to a servant, 'but in the best language he could find, and with the best utterance.' For many years he wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. Lord Bolingbroke, who could talk all day just as perfectly as he wrote, told him that he owed the power to the same cause—an early and constant attention to his style. After Pope had undertaken to translate the *Iliad* he was terrified at the difficulty of the task, had his rest broken by dreams of long journeys, through unknown ways, and wished that somebody would hang him. The harassing occupation became so easy by practice, that he often dispatched forty or fifty lines in a morning before leaving his bed, and could at last compose more readily in verse than in prose. In short the instances are endless. The truth is not less clearly manifested in the inferiority of the greatest intellects, in the matters which they have neglected, to the average run of mankind. The want of power which Sir Isaac Newton exhibited on the ordinary topics which most engage the attention of the world, has often been noticed, and persons ignorant of mathematics and science can hardly credit, when they read his letters, that he was the prodigy of genius which his admirers pretend. Yet certain it is that he overtopped every mortal, ancient or modern, and the little talent which he displayed in lesser things is only an evidence that the sublimest understanding cannot dispense with the practice which makes perfect. Absorbed by his lofty and abstruse speculations, he was abstracted from the pursuits which engaged his fellow-men, and when he turned to new departments of knowledge his mind had become fixed by the exclusive addiction to his peculiar studies, and had lost its pliancy.

It is a comprehensive observation of Bacon upon this subject, which can never be too carefully treasured up, that we think according to our inclinations, speak according to the opinions we have been taught, and act according as we have been accustomed. Thus it is common for a man upon the same point to think one thing, say another, and do a third. The native disposition, and the infused precepts are overborne by his habits, and after theorising like a sage he may not improbably act like a knave or a fool. There is no more pre-eminent merit both in the text of Bacon, and the Notes of his commentator, than that their reflections

reflections carry with them a practical sense and a force of conviction which is a powerful antidote to this usual error. They not only teach wisdom, but they instil the desire to be wise. There cannot be a stronger inducement to study them. In the few topics upon which we have treated, we are conscious that we have neither done justice to the great variety of the truths which Archbishop Whately has put forth, nor to his mode of enforcing them. The cogency of his arguments, as well as the larger part of the valuable lessons he inculcates, must be sought in his book. Nor will the benefit stop with the direct information which he delivers. He is one of those thoughtful writers who set others thinking, and it is impossible to accompany him to the end without desiring to push on further in that grand track of truth in which he is so original and distinguished a pioneer.

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IN the Mediterranean there are certain meeting-places of the East and West which startle the traveller when he first beholds them, and leave an impression on his memory which is never effaced. By the East we do not mean precisely the geographical east, but we use the word conventionally for those regions which wear the characteristics of Mohamedanism or Greek Christianity; as by the West we denote those civilised countries of modern Europe where the costume, the architecture, and all the outward expressions of human life, though differing among themselves, are yet uniform when contrasted with the countries of the Koran or with Oriental Christendom. Thus while that which we call the West must be extended to the very eastern shore of the Baltic, and along the Danube to Belgrade, our East reaches continuously through the whole of Northern Africa to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Of these meeting-places few are more remarkable than Gibraltar itself. The measured tread of its red-coated sentinels, its shops for beer and porter, the 'coaling' of the English steam-vessels, the gathering of young officers for the 'Calpe Hunt,' make up one side of the picture; its African fruits and wares, the crouching slipshod Jew from Mogador, the turbaned Moor on the esplanade, where cannon-balls are piled among tufts of green palmetto, form the other side; while the Andalusian smuggler, and the muleteer with *sombrero* and *cigarito*, are intermediate links, which might be connected almost indifferently with the East or the West. Malta is another place where oriental characteristics are brought into startling juxtaposition with their opposites; Greek sailors, with red caps and blue petticoat-trowsers, are about the landing-places; the language spoken at the *Nix Mangiare* stairs is a corrupt Arabic; the roofs of the houses are flat; but the streets are thronged with a varied European population, our own countrymen being predominant.

dominant. A third is Venice, as any one that never left home can perceive, who is told of the music of an Austrian military band filling that square of which the Byzantine arches and bright mosaics of St. Mark's are the distinguishing features, or who imagines the far less harmonious combination of a bustling railway-station and an island-convent of Armenian monks. We might add a few more places to our list, such as Athens and Corfu, and of course Constantinople. But of all scenes where the East and West are brought face to face, none is so startling as Algiers. It would be saying far too little to describe Algiers as a French Malta or a French Gibraltar, and this not merely because it is larger and more populous than the city of 'the Rock,' or because its beautiful green suburbs are entirely wanting to Valetta: no contrast at either of those places, is so great as that between the most lively of the European nations and the unbending, savage Mohamedanism which is still predominant through more than half of Northern Africa: and if to the Moor and the Frenchman, whose contrasted figures give the characteristic expression to the picture, we add all the other varieties of man who may be seen every day in the streets and vicinity of Algiers—Kabyles, Arabs, here and there perhaps a Turk, with Jews, negroes, boatmen from Malta, labourers from Minorca, adventurers from Italy and Germany—we have a scene before us the curious composition of which has hardly received the attention it deserves.

If anything else were required to excite our interest in Algiers, we find it in the picturesque connexion which associates this colony with the most remarkable events of recent history, and with the stirring incidents of the lately concluded war. The dress of the Zouaves indicates the scenes in the midst of which they were originally organised. Long before the battle of the Alma, narratives were published describing the extraordinary activity and endurance of these fearless and serviceable troops. In the accounts of Marshal Bugeaud's Campaign in Kabylia, we may read of the gay *vivandière*, 'seated on her horse, with her laughing face overshadowed by a little hat adorned with feathers, and jesting light-heartedly with those around her,' while a storm of bullets is causing the twigs of the olive-trees to fly in every direction.\* All the French generals, who were conspicuous in Paris in 1848, or during the *coup d'état*, received their training in Algerian campaigns: Bedeau, who was wounded in the terrible conflict of June, two days before the death of the Archbishop of Paris; Cavaignac, who gave six months' comparative

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\* Mr. Borrer's Campaign in Kabylia.

quiet to Europe; Oudinot, who besieged Mazzini and Garibaldi and took Rome with no little difficulty; Lamoricière and Changarnier, who were called early from their beds on the 2nd of December, 1851, and compelled to share the exile of their African companions in war. And the same may be said of others, whose names are now household words in every English village; Baraguay d'Hilliers, Saint-Arnaud, Canrobert, Bosquet, and Pélissier.

Let us take a glance at the outward appearance of Algiers and Algeria, before we proceed to give a rapid sketch of the earlier and later history of this part of the African coast, and speculate on the probable destinies of this French settlement on a Mohamedan shore. When the poet Campbell, the first of our countrymen who described the place after the French occupation, was roused from his morning sleep in Algiers, the sound which disturbed him was the muezzin's monotonous cry from a neighbouring minaret; when we were there in 1848, the sound which made sleep in the morning impossible was the irritating rattle of the regimental drums. And the Mussulman is still retreating before the Frenchman. Algiers is becoming more and more like a town in Provence or Languedoc.

When approached from the north, or when seen from the deck of an Alexandrian steamer, Algiers the Warlike, 'the Pirate's Daughter,' appears like a triangular town of chalk on the slope of a green range of hills, with the high and distant ridges of Atlas rising darkly behind. On a nearer view, the flat roofs, with a few low minarets, a few cupolas, and here and there a palm-tree, would give the impression of a thorough Mohamedan city, were it not that the activity of Europe is clearly revealed in the various shipping in the port, the steamers, the elaborately constructed mole, the lighthouse, the large French barracks, and at least one tall narrow structure which is not a minaret, and reminds us of Manchester rather than of Morocco. Immediately on landing, all the elements of the contrast to which we have alluded strike in rapid succession on the eye, and multiply as we pass through the streets. The general plan and distribution of the city is easily described. The main thoroughfares must in all ages have followed the narrow space of level ground which lies between the hill and the harbour; and that which was formerly the Roman forum, then the Arabian and subsequently the Turkish bazaar, is probably coincident with the fine square, which was the *Place Royale*, and (after being for a short time *Place Nationale*) is now *Place Impériale*. The level region of the city is almost as French in its architecture as the Boulevard des Italiens; while the other or ascending region is as Moorish as Fez or Morocco. Yet even

even without leaving the modernised part of Algiers, we encounter the most curious varieties of population. On our road from the mole, we have fought our way through a motley crowd of French soldiers, miscellaneous tradesmen, negro women, and half-naked Arabs. We have received our English letters at a window, whose slender marble shafts recall a state of society which is utterly at variance with all associations of the Post-office; we have looked at the unfinished Cathedral, which is so ugly that it deserves nothing more than a look; we have entered another church, which was formerly a mosque, and there a priest was saying mass with a congregation of Maltese, and the *suisse*, walking about with his hat on, made us feel that we were in the atmosphere of the Romanism of Paris. Other mosques remain what they were under the Turks, except that they may now be visited by Christians with impunity. As the traveller enters, he hears in French from the Mohamedan worshippers the laconic admonition '*sans souliers*,' and, on taking off his boots, he may sit down, if he pleases, cross-legged on the mats, and read his translation of the Koran without fear of interruption, while the monotonous perspective of pillars and arches in all directions invites him to dream over the great days of the Arabian power, when it extended unbroken from Mecca to Cordova. From the mosque we go to present our introduction to the governor, and we find Cavaignac engaged with military and political business in a palace of the Deys, which retains unaltered its cool staircases and porcelain pavement, its large open court in the centre, and its horseshoe arches supported on wreathed marble columns. As we saunter up the street, a young Mohamedan *gamin* runs up to us, all eagerness to clean our boots. We look into a shop, and there a dark-eyed girl with long ringlets is selling gloves to a young officer of dragoons. We turn into a bazaar, and watch a Moor and a Jew playing chess. The relative positions of these two elements of population are now strangely altered; the Jew has fairly checkmated the Moor in Algiers. If we inquire about education, we are directed to a college which was formerly a barrack of Janissaries. We pass another large building, which is a noble hospital, and there we see Sisters of Charity calmly moving on their errands of mercy. At the next turn our eye is arrested by an omnibus full of closely-veiled Mohamedan females, on the point of starting for the Moustapha suburb. What a crowd of thoughts are immediately suggested by such an antithesis between woman raised to the highest place by becoming a servant unto all, and woman in her lowest state of slavery and degradation! But how varied, when evening comes on, are the groups which fill the great square

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round Marochetti's statue of the Duke of Orleans! Jewish dandies, with blue turbans and gay embroidered coats, and rings covering half the fingers of both hands; Jewesses, whose head-dress, however tempting to the pencil, is too singular to be described by the pen; the red sashes and dark contented faces of Minorcan labourers, coming in after their day's work from the gardens round the city; here a negro and a Kabyle, carrying a barrel on a pole between them; there, the clean white apron and the handkerchief round the head, which none but a French woman knows how to wear; *Zouaves*, with wide red pantaloons and blue jackets; *Indigènes*, distinguished from the former only by wearing black instead of yellow gaiters; *Spahis*, with red jackets, and boots over blue pantaloons; *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, *Chasseurs de Vincennes*,\* and representatives of other parts of the army which keeps Algeria in subjection to France: this is only an imperfect analysis of the lively masquerade which surrounds us. We might add some circumstances peculiar to the year 1848—such as the magic words 'Propriété Nationale, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,' inscribed in large letters even on the mosques—and squads of National Guards, in singular varieties of dress, some with shoes, some with yellow slippers, drawn up on parade near the trees of liberty. But these scenes were temporary.

While the lower part of the town is as full of busy life as any European city, the upper part of it, as we have already stated, reposes in the calm and impassive state of its former Oriental existence. This broad contrast of light and shade must be recognised in the picture, besides the chequered alternations in that half of it, which we have hitherto been considering. If we examine the other half, if we climb up the hill and enter the old town, we come upon a scene as Moorish as Tetuan, and far more picturesque. The streets are all narrow and steep, more like staircases than roads, winding this way and that without any purpose or plan. The houses are very high, their upper and projecting parts being supported by beams slanting outwards. All is delightfully cool. The few turbaned men whom you meet seem engaged rather in contemplation than in work. The few women are like living bales of flannel, with only one eye visible. Here you may wander long and lose yourself in a silent labyrinth, till at last you emerge unexpectedly on the Casbah at the summit. This is the site of the principal palace of the Turkish Deys; and here is preserved (like the windmill at Potsdam, or like the house of Peter the Great at Saardam) the kiosk where that insult

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\* The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are cavalry. The *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, an infantry force, bore the name of *Chasseurs d'Orléans* after the death of the Duke of Orleans till 1848.

was offered to the French Consul, which has led to the subjugation of the whole Turkish territory between Morocco and Tunis.

If now we wish to obtain a general view of the tract of country which acknowledges French Algiers as its capital, let us ascend the steep winding road constructed by the Duc de Rovigo, till we stand on one of the higher ridges of the range of hills on which the city is partly built, and which extend several miles along the seaboard in each direction. This range is called the Sahel; and it is the first feature of the physical geography of the neighbourhood which demands our attention. However bare and hot the aspect of the city may be when we approach it from the water, we should be much mistaken if we were to imagine that its immediate vicinity is of that torrid and tawny character which we are apt to suppose characteristic of Africa. The Sahel, or *Massif d'Alger*, exhibits as pleasant and luxuriant a vegetation as the district round any European capital. Not only are country-houses and gardens numerous in every direction, but the ground is charmingly diversified with all the elements of picturesque beauty. There is strict truth in what Campbell says in his 'Letters from the South,' of the wild-flowers and sea-coast views, and 'streams worthy of a Scottish glen.' Here, too, the same combinations which we have observed in the streets of the city are reproduced, and attended with no painful feelings. The vegetation of the East and West—or rather, if we are to write correctly, the vegetation of the North and South—meet together. The banana and the English hawthorn are seen side by side, the olive grows with the elm, and you may gather honeysuckle in a thicket of fig-trees, brambles, and aloes.

The depth of the Sahel range towards the interior reaches only a few miles, and then succeeds the extensive plain of the Metidja, about ninety miles in length, and fifteen miles in breadth, which, sweeping round along the base of the Lesser Atlas, and opening on the sea at each extremity, is the second great feature of the neighbourhood of Algiers. Its first aspect, as seen from the Sahel, is very impressive. Like the Roman Campagna, it stretches in an unbroken level, while the mountain-wall, rising high and abrupt on the further side, may fitly be compared to the line of the Sabine hills. Now, unhappily the Metidja resembles the Campagna in desolation as well as in impressiveness. But it was not always so. Shaw says that in his time (about a hundred and thirty years ago) it was 'a rich and delightful plain, watered in every part by a number of springs and rivulets;' that it was full of the country-seats and farms of the principal inhabitants of Algiers; that it supplied the city with provisions, and produced 'flax and *al henna*, roots and pot-herbs,



herbs, rice, fruit, and grain of all kinds.' And this was after the bad government of the Turks had cast a blight on what had flourished under the Arabs, and begun the decay which the French war turned into utter desolation. General Daumas acknowledges that it is now a pestilential desert; that men go there, not to live, but to die; and that a generation must be sacrificed before it can become what it was. It is, indeed, true that as we quit the Sahel we leave all efficient and prosperous vegetation behind. On reaching the level ground we travel at first through the same kind of low shrubby vegetation which is seen near Civita Vecchia, except that the palmetto grows among the broom and dwarf ilex, and flowering rush. But all the central portion of the plain is a reach of uncultivated desolation, with here and there a Moorish village, and here and there a fortified camp. The only other signs of human life, in their European and Mohamedan aspects, are such as these: long rows of labourers engaged in making the hopeless government drains; a long string of mules endeavouring to drag a load of corn imported for the use of the army; a solitary marabout, with a few green shrubs; and Bedouins with flocks of sheep and tents of black camels' hair. Across the breadth of this waste you have probably travelled the five leagues by an indifferent road, in a diligence so clumsy that you can hardly help believing that the old vehicles of the *Messageries Impériales* in France have been sent over in their decrepitude to serve for the *Messageries Africaines*.

And now we are at the base of Mount Atlas, about thirty miles south of Algiers. The town of Blidah, which is immediately under the mountain-range, used formerly to be famous for its charming orange-groves; and Abd-el-Kader remembers its appearance when its beauty was a proverb, like that of Broussa, his own later residence, or of Damascus, his present home. But the traveller will be disappointed now, if he expects to find at Blidah an African Damascus or Broussa, with Atlas for Lebanon or the Mysian Olympus. It is true that some scanty orange-groves on the further edge of the Metidja are still fragrant; but Blidah is sadly changed, partly by an earthquake, but still more in consequence of the dreadful fighting which took place here in 1830, and the following years, when the French were making their way, with smoke and bloodshed, through the first passes of Mount Atlas. Through these passes we must now penetrate, that we may reach a higher point, from whence to take a general survey of the whole country included under the name of French Algeria.

It must be remembered that the true Atlas of the poets, 'with his head in the clouds, and his feet in the sand,' is not

in French Algeria at all, but far to the west, within the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco. But connected with those celebrated heights, a vast mountain-system extends continuously, in a direction on the whole parallel to the Mediterranean, eastwards through Algeria to the regency of Tunis. The range of what is called the Lesser Atlas, running W.S.W. towards the ocean, divides the whole country between the Greater Atlas and the Mediterranean into two long halves. The southernmost of these halves is the *Sahara*, a region of rugged defiles and broad upland pastures; the other is the *Tell*, or cultivated district near the coast, intersected more or less by spurs projecting irregularly from the mountains. The fortified camp of Boghar is a convenient point of geographical reference, not only for the Tell and the Sahara, but for the whole country, eastwards and westwards, which is now reduced to the condition of a French province. Two marked physical features may be the guides of our survey in these opposite directions. Towards the east we follow a mountain region called Kabylia, which extends continuously from the point where we stand to the sea and along its shore, and which has been the scene of the greatest difficulties yet encountered by the French. Towards the west we follow the river Scheliff, a stream famous in Arabic legends, which rises under the heights where the fort of Boghar stands, and flows through many windings towards Tlemcen, the early home of Abd-el-Kader.

When we make use of the term Kabylia, it must not be supposed that this is the only district of Algeria which is inhabited by those who are called Kabyles as opposed to the Arabs. But this is the region in which these fierce and sturdy mountaineers have maintained the most determined resistance to successive occupants of Northern Africa. The Turks never subdued them. The French have not been perfectly successful.\* From this circumstance and also because of the formidable physical peculiarities of the country it is emphatically called *Great Kabylia*. It is difficult to determine the exact boundaries of Great Kabylia. But we should not be much in error if we were to give 150 miles for the length of its whole coast line, reckoning eastwards from Algiers. The same distance of 150 miles again repeated would bring us to the extreme limit of Algeria in that direction. In the interior of this eastern part of the French possessions, is the city of Cirta or Constantina, remarkable alike

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\* In 1848 the inhabitants of Great Kabylia paid a tribute, and were responsible for the safe conduct of travellers, but otherwise they were independent. On the excellent map in the *Itinéraire de l'Algérie* (1855), the words 'Kabilie Indépendante' are marked across the Jurjura Mountains, and the words 'Sahel Insoumis' follow in the direction of Bona.

for its extraordinary position and for its connexion with the most exciting incidents of African history. Here Jugurtha besieged and murdered his cousin Adherbal. Here Marius quartered his victorious legions. Here, the puppet-king Juba I. held his court. Julius Caesar erected great works here and called the place Julia. Constantine rebuilt the city and left the name which has been permanent, and which is associated with Christian martyrdoms and Christian schisms, and within the last few years with some of the most courageous efforts of the modern French army against the Arabs and Moors. Situated on a pedestal of rock above a terrific ravine in the midst of a wild and tawny landscape, and isolated on three sides by precipices which are said to rise in some places a hundred fathoms above the bed where the river Rummel flows deep in green foliage, Constantina seems a fit scene for the strange events which have made it memorable again and again since the days of the republic and empire of Rome. Nor are the monuments of its earlier fortunes wanting in our own days. When the French took the place in 1837, they found grand Roman arches rising above the poisonous dwellings and even the mosques of the Mohamedans (to use the comparison of a soldier who was present) like oaks above brushwood. In fact, Roman remains form a characteristic feature of all this part of Algeria. Cirta was itself the centre of the great roads of Numidia. Lambesa was long the head quarters of the second legion; and here it is that the greater part of the four thousand Latin inscriptions have been found, which have been diligently collected in Algeria by M. Léon Renier and Commandant de la Mare, and which are now in course of publication in Paris.

Reverting now to our station at Boghar, turning our faces westward towards Morocco, and following the line of the Scheliff, we find that the mouth of this river is about 150 miles distant from Algiers. Measuring again 150 miles, we reach the other frontier of Algeria, nearly in the meridian of Cape de Gat, or that point where the sudden turn in the Spanish coast takes place from an easterly to a northerly direction. The volume of the Scheliff seems to vary according to the seasons between violent extremes. When the Oxford Professor Shaw crossed it in autumn, he found it 'nearly of the bigness of the Isis united with the Charwell.' Saint-Arnaud writes with impatience of the floods which checked his military movements in December; and, in another letter he says that, while for six months of the year the Scheliff is nearly without water, it flows at other times 'like the Rhone or the Loire.' Its banks are steep, and the winding bed of the stream is invisible in the dry season until the brink is reached. Sidi-el-Arhibi, Agha of Mostaganem, so runs the legend, was a chief illustrious

illustrious for his wealth, courage, and piety. His daughter once went to draw water from the only well in this region, when she was received by the Arabs with jeers and insults, and driven away with her pitcher empty. Sidi-el-Arhibi was enraged and thought at first of revenge, but he controlled his passion and meditated in silence, and then, turning towards Mecca and calling on the Prophet, he cursed the well, which immediately became dry. Yet unwilling that the curse should be without remedy, and knowing that he had power to do good as well as harm, the holy man sprang on his favourite mare and galloped furiously towards the sea. A river rose behind as he galloped. The day was hot, and the mare, tormented by the flies, whisked her tail to and fro. Hence come the windings of the Scheliff. Its steep banks, which add to the toil of fetching water, are a punishment to the descendants of the inhospitable men who insulted the daughter of Sidi-el-Arhibi.\* This Arabian myth, which we have used to serve a geographical purpose, is not without its use, as giving us some notion of the characteristic course of the river. Within the Scheliff (*i. e.* nearer to Algiers) the two points of greatest interest on the coast are Tenez and Cherchell—the former nearly on the site of Cartenna, which was a Roman colony built by Augustus for the second legion,—the latter built by king Juba in honour of the same emperor, as *Cæsarea* was built by king Herod in Palestine, and still retaining its name, like *Saragossa*, a faint trace of the patronage under which it rose.† If we cross to the western side of the bed of the Scheliff, the historical interest changes at once from what is ancient to what is modern. Our thoughts travel no longer to Jugurtha and the Roman empire, to Constantine and St. Augustine—but rather to the time of the Reformation and the recent history of Italy and Spain. The ecclesiastic whose name is most closely associated with this part of the coast is Cardinal Ximenes, who forsook for a time his dear university of Alcalá and the preparation of his Polyglott that he might give life and success to the siege of Oran. It was the settlement here of the refugees from Granada that was the chief incitement to the crusade of 1503. The form of Ximenes was said to hover afterwards in all times of danger above the battlements of the city which he had won in Africa from the Infidel. The Spaniards held the place continuously for a long period, though with a gradually loosening grasp. They were still in possession of it in Shaw's time: and it was not finally given up till 1790, in which year an earthquake made it untenable. Thus when

\* *Algeria and Tunis* in 1845. By Captain Kennedy and Lord Fielding. Pp. 116-118.

† Cherchell is a corruption of *Cæsarea* Iol, *Saragossa* of *Cæsarea Augusta*.

the French came they found here, not Roman baths and mosaics, but modern Latin churches, and fortifications erected under Charles V. Now it contains 10,000 European inhabitants; it is the second city in Algeria, and is the capital of the western province, as Constantina is of the eastern.

From this survey, it appears that the length of French Algeria along the Mediterranean is about 600 miles. Its breadth, towards Central Africa, is so irregular that it would be foolish to attempt to define it; and there is little doubt that the Arabs and their invaders would take very different views of the subject. Perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that it varies from 50 to 250 miles. In both respects the French possessions are nearly coincident with those of Imperial Rome. The early history of Algeria, both classical and ecclesiastical, is indeed peculiarly Roman; for the commercial empire of the Tyrians and Carthaginians was evanescent, and has left no memorial. The Latin synonym for Algiers, until lately, was quite uncertain. Dapper, and Forbiger after him, made it coincident with Iol. Mannert fixed upon Iomnium, a town further to the east. The materials for the solution of the problem have always been in the hands of European scholars, but an inveterate error caused them for many years to throw all the ancient places on this part of the African coast too far to the west. The French invasion, which has drawn a closer attention to this subject, has been the means of recovering what had long been lost to antiquarian science. One by one the true sites of Roman cities have been ascertained, partly by a more exact comparison of distances, but still more by the permanence of names in close connexion with existing ruins, and Algiers has now been identified with the ancient *Icosium*. The last appearances of the word *Icosium* in historical annals are in relation with the fall of the Western Empire and the Vandal war; and this brings us to the noblest name that has ever been associated with the Algerian coast. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration if we were to say that the name of Augustine is the noblest of all the names in the Christian Church since the death of St. John. Not far from the further limit of Algeria is the large modern city of Bona; and two miles to the south are the moss-clad ruins of Hippo. Here it was that during an episcopate of four-and-thirty years the Great Doctor not only lived a life of extraordinary piety, charity, and humility, not only maintained with every form of heresy a conflict so unbending that he was recognised and felt throughout the Church of the fifth century as the foremost man of his time, but composed, year by year, those sermons, treatises, and commentaries, which have exercised an unparalleled influence on all subsequent ages. On such

such a site as this the Protestant traveller may well share the enthusiasm of the Roman Catholic Poujoulat, and join him, not indeed in worshipping the relic of the saint's right arm, which has been sent from Pavia to consecrate the recovery of Hippo to Christendom, but in imagining the basilica where the son of Monica may have preached; in pressing the pavement of the Roman road, and the arches of the Roman bridge, over which his footsteps must have passed; in touching the crumbling city-walls, within which he wrote the '*Confessions*' in the early days of his episcopate, and stored up for us the wisdom of his old age in the '*City of God*;' in gazing over the sea from which he saw the sun rise, and the hills behind which he watched it set, during the long Vandal siege; in standing on the quay, still unbroken along the river's brink, and looking down into the water, still deep enough for small merchant-ships, whence those precious manuscripts were conveyed that have for centuries instructed Christians, and contributed more than any other writings towards the solution of the most anxious problems of modern thought.

Augustine prayed during the Vandal siege for one of three things,—either that God would free His servants from the enemy, or endue them with patience, or take him from the world unto Himself. The last of these three petitions was granted. Augustine, who felt so deeply the crash of the falling Western Empire, was spared the sight of that desolation of his city and his flock, which would have affected him most closely. The Vandal war was a dreadful episode in the history of Northern Africa; and the Vandal reign was a gloomy inauguration of the cruelty, piracy, and slavery which afterwards were the inheritance of these shores for so many ages. The corsairs of Genseric and his followers sacked Rome and desolated Naples, destroyed the western imperial fleet at Carthage, and the eastern at Bona; and thousands of captives pined in misery, which was alleviated only by that charity and courage of the Bishop of Carthage and other prelates, which anticipated the Christian exertions of later times in behalf of similar wrongs. At length Belisarius came, and was victorious; but the link which bound Africa to Rome was broken for ever; nor was the link with which it was hastily joined to Constantinople destined to endure. It is true that the Byzantine sway was substituted for the Vandal; but by thus becoming dependencies of a distant centre of government, preparation was really made in Numidia and Mauritania for the Mohamedan conquest.

The great chasm between the ancient and modern history of Northern Africa was rent, not by the torrent of Vandal invaders from

from the Straits of Gibraltar, but by another torrent which flowed in the opposite direction. The process of disintegration had, indeed, begun before the entry of the Mohamedans. The Byzantine soldiers revolted. The Vandals had been almost exterminated. The native population reappeared; and the country which used to be rich with Roman harvests, and strong with military colonies and roads, was overrun by hordes from Mount Atlas. Then it was that the Arab conquerors poured in from Egypt, and in the course of the latter half of the seventh century impressed their religion on the whole southern coast of the Mediterranean sea. The churches were converted into mosques. The Arabic language spread with the Koran. The East gained rapidly and unceasingly on the West. To this period it seems that we must assign the introduction of the familiar use of the camel in North-western Africa. This one circumstance is enough to indicate the progress of the Oriental element, and the entire decay of the civilisation of the Western Empire. The very phraseology by which the inhabitants of these regions were designated, underwent a total change at this time. Those who used to be called *Numidians* (a Greek name, as it would appear, originally given to designate the characteristics of a *nomad* life) were now called *Berbers* (and this term also is probably to be traced to the same source, being a contemptuous epithet bestowed by the degenerate Greeks of Constantinople), whence *Barbary* has continued even in our own day to be the expressive appellation of Northern and North-western Africa. The word *Moors* (*Mauri*) still retained its place, though it was destined to undergo some modifications of meaning. To give any comprehensive view of the ethnological and political changes of that time—to classify the tribes which fought against the *Arabs*, or were united with them in the Tell and the Sahara—to arrange in order the fragments of shattered caliphates,—would be a difficult, and perhaps an impossible task.

The true history of that Algiers which was familiar to the last generation does not begin till after 1500. Our attention is now called to two Moslem races, the Moors and the Turks, who have a far closer connexion than the Arabs with our usual notion of Algiers. By the *Moors*, in the modern sense of the word, we are to understand the descendants of those Spanish Arabians, who in a long and glorious residence on the northern side of the Straits had acquired a distinct nationality.\* By their expulsion a strong

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\* This is a narrow definition, but it is difficult to give any other. The word 'Moor' is very commonly used to denote any Mohamedan of Northern Africa. Probably the 'Mauri' were originally so called, simply because they were the most swarthy of the Numidians.

reinforcement was given to the African Mohamedans both in numbers and in zeal against Christianity. The last years of Ferdinand and Isabella raised up, within the distance of a short sail of their own coasts, a vindictive and implacable enemy of their faith. We have already spoken of the taking of Oran by Ximenes, and of the occupation and retention of certain points in Africa by the Spaniards. The reign of Charles V. presents us with a continuance of the same history under a new phase. The *Turks* were connected by no ethnological affinities with the African or Spanish Arabs, though united to them by the bond of a common religion, and destined, through greater energy and cruelty, to become their rulers. The steps by which a handful of Turks became masters of the Barbary States form one of the most curious passages in the early troubles of the sixteenth century. It was in the very year when Charles succeeded Ferdinand on the throne of Aragón and Castile that two brothers, Baba-Haroudj and Khair-el-din, the sons of a potter in the island of Lesbos, reaped the reward of their audacious and successful piracy by receiving an invitation from the king of Algiers to aid them against the Christians. The elder brother, named Barbarossa from the redness of his beard, promptly made himself master of the place which he came to assist, and proclaimed himself king. His destructive expeditions against the European coasts induced Charles to send reinforcements to Oran; and in a conflict near Tlemcen, the famous buccaneer was killed by a Spanish sergeant. His brother (often called Barbarossa II.) was either more fortunate or more politic. He wisely placed the Algerine territory under the protection of the Grand Signor, from whom he received a garrison of Turkish soldiers. He himself was made Capitan-Pasha, and, while he exercised all the influence of a successful courtier at Constantinople, as a corsair he swept the Mediterranean with his fleets. Tunis was the point where his power was brought into conflict with that of Charles V. This city had been seized by shameful treachery for the Sultan. With its fortifications strengthened it became a new point of departure for incessant outrages against the Emperor's subjects. At last the evil became intolerable. Charles gathered together a fleet from the Low Countries, and placed on board Germans and Spaniards, and the Italian veterans who had fought against the French. Doria was made High-Admiral, and the expedition was animated with burning zeal for the chastisement of an infidel and barbarous foe. The resistance was desperate; but a timely insurrection of the Christian captives co-operated with the energy of the assailants, and Tunis was surrendered. The Turks being driven out, the rightful Moorish monarch was reinstated under the condition of being a vassal of Spain,



Spain, while 20,000 liberated slaves proclaimed the fame of their deliverer through all the countries of Christendom. This was in 1535. In 1541 Charles V. undertook another enterprize, with the same ends in view, but with very different results. Barbarossa II., deprived of Tunis, continued to be Capitan-Pasha, and one of his followers, established in Algiers, prosecuted the old course of cruelties and depredations. The Emperor, against the advice of Doria and the Pope, resolved to inflict on this city the same punishment which had fallen on Tunis. Never was an armada more thoroughly defeated and destroyed, except the armada from which our own coasts were rescued a few years later. And both armadas were ruined by the same causes. It is one of the strange coincidences of history, that a violent storm of wind and waves protected the rising liberties of England, and encouraged the growing crime of Barbary. The shattered remnants of the fleet, which had been equipped for the destruction of Algiers, were brought together with difficulty at Cape Matifoux, and sailed back to Spain in disgrace. Nothing in the career of Charles V. had been more distinguished than the expedition against Tunis; nothing was more disastrous than the expedition against Algiers.

Thus it came to pass that the fall of Tunis was the means of strengthening Algiers and helped to constitute it the metropolis of piracy. The city now assumed the form which it retained through three centuries of misery. The materials of the old Roman Icosium had indeed been used by the Arabs of the Middle Ages in the construction of their dwellings on the same site. But the Turks proceeded with more vigour in constructing fortifications and improving the port. Some small rocky islands (*el Djezair*) in the bay of Icosium, had given the Arabic name to the place. A large mole was formed by uniting these islands with the mainland; from the forts along the front of the two harbours thus created, the walls were carried over the first slope of the Sahel, till they converged to the point where the Casbah crowns the whole, the houses within rising so gradually up the hill, that the roof of each commanded a full prospect of the sea; and the city became in appearance what Lord Exmouth saw it when he anchored before it in 1816. During the whole period of the Turkish rule it was emphatically the city of Algiers which held the country, nominally for the Sultan, but really for the Deys and their crews of pirates. On the edge of this port and within these walls a very small number of the ruling race overawed the Arabs of the Metidja plain—kept in check the Kabyles of the mountains—used as instruments of their government the Moors of the cities—plundered and oppressed the Jews—and systematically insulted the few Christian residents

residents who were free. It does not appear that the Levantine Turkish soldiers, who constituted the efficient garrison of Algiers, were much more than 5000 in number. The inhabitants of the city were estimated by Shaw at 100,000 Mohamedans and 15,000 Jews, with 2000 Christian slaves. The country (excluding the territory immediately round the city) was divided into three provinces, which have afforded the basis for the existing French subdivision. The Beys of the provinces of Tlemcen on the west,\* Tittery on the south, and Constantine on the East, were appointed by the Deys, for whom their duty was to collect the taxes, and by whom they were assisted; in case of insurrection, with forces from Algiers. The relative importance of the three provinces may be gathered from the estimate that Tlemcen produced 45,000 dollars, Tittery 12,000, and Constantine 90,000. We are destitute of materials for a complete chronology of the Deys; nor, indeed, is history in need of so despicable a catalogue. The succession was very rapid; for the government was not hereditary as in Tunis and Tripoli. Each Dey was elected by the Janissaries; thus hardly one in ten died in his bed. Every bold and aspiring soldier might regard himself as heir-apparent to the throne, 'with this further advantage, that he lay under no necessity to wait till sickness or old age might have removed the present ruler.' Corruption and insolence and unscrupulous robbery were the gentler characteristics of this ferocious and contemptible government. 'Give a Turk money with one hand, and he will let you pull his beard with the other,' was a common proverb. The true spirit of the Algerine court is well illustrated by what Mahemet Pasha, who was Dey in 1720, said to a French Consul: 'My mother sold sheep's feet, and my father sold neats' tongues; but they would have been ashamed to expose for sale so worthless a tongue as thine.' Another Dey frankly said to an English Consul, when he complained of injuries inflicted on British cruizers, 'The Algerines are a company of rogues, and I am their captain.'

Such anecdotes as these illustrate the vast amount of injury and suffering which this power was permitted to inflict for three centuries. The sufferers were mostly Christians. Many were the true martyrs called to follow the example of Raymond Lulli, who in the thirteenth century laid down his life on these coasts for his religion. *Christian slavery* is the one black stain which was never removed from Algiers between the beginning of the sixteenth century and the earlier part of our own, and which must for ever make the memory of its Turkish period hateful. It is

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\* Corresponding to the French province of Oran.

hardly possible now to believe that these marauders used once to carry off British subjects into captivity from the cliffs of Kent and from the Western coasts of Ireland, and that even when the Channel was made secure, English prisoners for the Mohamadan markets were taken through France to Marseilles. But throughout the seventeenth century the evil was so pressing that it seems interwoven with all the history of the time. It was the subject of sermons preached and published on behalf of captives. It was a topic of much interest in the correspondence of Laud and Strafford. We might quote Waller, both as poet in 'The Taking of Salée,' and as politician in his place in Parliament. We find even George Fox writing a book to the Grand Sultan and the King at Algiers, 'wherein he laid before them their indecent behaviour and unreasonable dealings.' In 1620 the first English fleet which had sailed in the Mediterranean since the time of the Crusades, was sent, but without any important results, under Admiral Mansel against Algiers. In 1655 Blake was more successful; all the English captives were set at liberty, and Cromwell opened Parliament in the following year with the announcement that peace had been concluded with the 'profane' nations. Other expeditions, however, were necessary, and four or five treaties were made between the Restoration and the Revolution. Nor was England the only nation involved in this inveterate conflict. Algiers was twice bombarded by the French in the reign of Louis XIV., and with so much success, that Voltaire says of his countrymen that they now began to be respected on that African coast, where previously they had been known only as slaves. As to the relations between Barbary and Spain, they were characterised by the same hostility and by incessant mutual reprisals. Here the names of two illustrious men, the one a Frenchman, the other a Spaniard—two of the greatest names of the seventeenth century—demand our particular notice. They represent the two currents of feeling which kept the sympathy and indignation of Europe in reference to Algerine slavery perpetually fresh. Religion and charity in St. Vincent de Paul and the institutions which he founded—poetry and literature in Cervantes and the writers who followed him—were agencies quite as powerful as treaties or bombardments. St. Vincent, when a young deacon, was taken by Barbary pirates within sight of the French coast, while he was going from Marseilles towards Narbonne, on his way to revisit the home of his childhood. The sufferings which he witnessed made an indelible impression, and he became the founder of those Sisterhoods of Mercy, which have been a true honour to the modern Church of Rome. Thus the horrors of slavery gave the impulse

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to organised efforts for the alleviation of sorrow; and so we hope that the miseries of our recent war will be remembered hereafter as the fruitful beginning of wider opportunities for woman's mission in scenes of sickness and pain. Cervantes, after his own captivity, laboured in another field on behalf of the Christian slave. The scenes in his dramas, *El Trato de Argel* (or 'Life in Algiers') and *Los Baños de Argel* (or 'The Galleys of Algiers') were, as he says himself, 'not drawn from the imagination, but born far from the regions of fiction, in the very heart of truth.' He was followed by Lope de Vega in *Los Cautivos de Argel* (or 'The Captives of Algiers'), and by Hædo in *Los Martires de Argel* (or 'The Martyrs of Algiers'). The French, too, and Italians took the plots of a large number of their stories at that period from the same source. The 'Sallee Rover' of Robinson Crusoe is, in fact, only a specimen of a widely-spread characteristic of contemporary European literature. Nor, indeed, can we limit ourselves to Europe. The story of 'The Algerine Captive' was one of the earliest literary works of the United States reprinted in London. America, as well as Europe, was afflicted by the Barbary pirate both before and after the Declaration of Independence. In 1793 there were 115 American slaves in Algiers; and Franklin, on his death-bed, gave his last word for emancipation by making a parody of a speech delivered in the American Congress, 'transferring the scene to Algiers, and putting the speech in the mouth of a corsair slave-dealer in the Divan at that place.'

Even Algerine slavery had its alleviations. The Koran enjoins kindness to the captive, the Christian bondmen in Algiers were frequently raised to places of honour and trust, or encouraged by the prospect of earning their redemption; above all, Christian ecclesiastics were allowed to preach and to administer the sacraments among them. Campbell tells us of an Algerine Turk, who bequeathed a legacy for the distribution of alms among the most necessitous of the 'infidel dogs;' and in Arago's curious autobiography, which contains a representation of Algiers as it was at the beginning of this century, we have a pleasing picture of an old Lazarist priest, who in a residence of half a century had so won the respect and affections of all the Mussulmans that he was able to shelter his fellow-Christians from insult and violence. Nevertheless slavery is still slavery. 'Thanks be to God,' says the captive in *Don Quixote*, 'for the great mercies bestowed upon me; for, in my opinion, there is no happiness on earth equal to that of liberty regained.' Putting aside the horrors of a perpetual exile, cut off from relations, friends, and countrymen, the kindness bore a slight proportion to

to the sufferings. Whatever might be true of domestic servitude, the condition of those who were engaged in the day on public works, and shut up at night in the bagnios, was perfectly frightful. Pananti, whose narrative is one of the latest, says, 'Of all human sufferers, I have been taught to believe the Christian slaves of Barbary are the greatest.' It is no wonder that the indignation of Europe, irritated still further by the insolent treatment of consuls and free Christian residents, gradually ripened, and that the general feeling at length reached its crisis in the English expedition of 1816.

Though Tangier is not within the limits of the French colony, we can hardly in passing avoid mentioning a possession which, as part of the dowry of the queen of Charles II., is connected with the history of England. A tribute of respect is due to Lord Dartmouth, who, when commissioned in 1683 to go and destroy the fortifications and the harbour of the expensive and useless African settlement, invited Ken to accompany the expedition, 'thinking it of the highest importance to have the ablest and best man he could possibly obtain to go with him, both for the service of God, and the good government of the clergy that are chaplains to the fleet.' Such was the language of the invitation; and great is the sacrifice of feeling which the author of the Morning and Evening Hymns must have made in yielding to the call. Tangier seems to have been a sink of iniquity. In the Diary of Mr. Pepys, after an amusing account of the incidents of the voyage, especially the hot disputes, on deck and in the cabin, 'about spirits,—Dr. Ken asserting there were such, and Pepys with the rest denying it,'—we find the following:—

'*Sunday, Sept. 30.*—To church (in Tangier). A very fine and seasonable, but most unsuccessful, argument from Dr. Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town.' And again, 'Had a great deal of good discourse on the viciousness of this place, and its being high time for Almighty God to destroy it . . . . Very high discourse between Dr. Ken and me on one side, and the governor (Kirke) on the other, about the excessive liberty of swearing we observe here.'

The works of the African colony were blown up and abandoned; Ken returned to his English home; and while the Asiatic colony of Bombay, the other part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, grew daily into greater importance, Tangier disappeared from our national history, except, indeed, that the battalions which bore its name fought under King William at the Boyne, as the Zouaves of Algiers fought at the Alma.

The last great passage of Algerine history previous to the French occupation is the expedition of 1816. Lord Exmouth's  
interpreter

interpreter Salamé narrates with a charming oriental *naïveté* his experiences and feelings during this bombardment by the English and Dutch. The twenty-five ships with which Lord Exmouth sailed from Plymouth had been joined at Gibraltar by five gun-boats, and by six Dutch ships under Admiral Van Cappellan, whom Salamé describes as 'a very mild and good-tempered old officer, about sixty-five years of age, rather thin, and of the middle size.' Meanwhile the Dey of Algiers had heard something of the expedition through the French newspapers, not by reading them himself, for he was unable to read or write even his own language, but by the information of a European consul who spoke Turkish. The news of the coming of the English was confirmed by the captain of a Danish merchant-ship, which happened to touch at Algiers about that time.

'The Dey replied, "Let them come." The Danish captain said, "Very likely they will come with a great quantity of shells." The Dey in reply said, "When they send me their shells I shall hang them in my rooms like these melons" (alluding to the water-melons which are preserved in Algiers by being hung from the roofs). Then the Dane told him, "Now you say so because you do not know what the English shells are, but I was at Copenhagen when they came there, and I know what their shells are."'

On the 27th of August the fleet lay off Algiers, and Salamé with the flag-lieutenant was sent with a letter containing the admiral's demands for the immediate abolition of Christian slavery, and reparation of the wrongs inflicted on the European powers. As the interpreter left the Queen Charlotte, the officers called out to him, 'Salamé, if you return with an answer from the Dey that he accepts our demands without fighting, we will kill you instead.' He was 'much delighted' with this sign of the bravery and determination of the English nation, but his alarm was considerable during two hours, while he waited in the boat near the mole for the Dey's answer, 'within pistol-shot of thousands of those barbarous people, and hearing their imperinences.' But he consoled himself with reflecting that 'no one in this world can obtain the end of his wishes without exposing himself to perils.' The time expired, and no answer was returned. Then the admiral led the way, followed in succession by the rest of the squadron. Each ship anchored by the stern, the Queen Charlotte abreast of the mole-head, within 100 yards' distance. The Algerine gun-boats, with their red silk flags, lay crowded close under the batteries. Thousands of Turks and Moors looked on in astonishment; and during this movement of the English fleet, not a gun was fired from the city. Indeed, it appeared afterwards that the guns were not

loaded. Lord Exmouth's bravery is thus described by Salamé, who honestly tells us that he had reached the Queen Charlotte 'more dead than alive.'

'I was quite surprised to see how his Lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild, and now he seemed to me *all-fightful*, as a fierce lion which had been chained in its cage and was set at liberty.'

The first Algerine gun was fired a few minutes before three. About six the enemy's fire began to slacken, and their fleet was set on fire. At ten, the works being nearly silenced, the squadron moved out to sea, though the bomb-ships continued the action till midnight. Salamé's own part in this engagement was not very distinguished. He describes his sensations as follows:—

'After the attack took place on both sides, immediately the sky was darkened by the smoke, the sun completely eclipsed, and the horizon became dreary. Being exhausted by the heat of that powerful sun, to which I was exposed the whole day, and my ears being deafened by the roar of the guns, and finding myself in the dreadful danger of such a terrible engagement, in which I had never been before, I was quite at a loss, and like an astonished or stupid man, and did not know myself where I was. At last, his Lordship having perceived my situation, said, "You have done your duty: now go below." Upon which I began to descend from the quarter-deck, quite confounded and terrified, and not sure that I should reach the cockpit alive.'

When he joined the surgeon and the wounded men in the cockpit he was somewhat reassured, on learning that they were two or three feet below the water-mark, though, he adds, that he thinks the taking off of arms and legs is the most shocking sight in the world, 'in preference to which, if I was a military man, I should certainly prefer to be on deck than being with the doctor in the cockpit.' His general conclusion is summed up in a note, which we find in a later part of the book.

'When very young, in Alexandria, my native country, I heard the report of the guns of the famous battle of Aboukir, and saw the light of the explosion of the ship *L'Orient*, since which time I always had a great desire to see, from a distance, a naval action; but having now been in such a tremendous one as this, I have got very full satisfaction, and do not wish to see any more.'

When the ships had hauled out at night, he ventured on the poop to behold the destruction of the enemy's navy, the blaze of which illuminated all the bay and made it almost as clear as in the day-time. 'It was astonishing,' he adds, 'to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by musket-balls and  
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by grape : it was behind as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces.'

On the 28th, a second letter having been sent by Lord Exmouth with the same demands, the captain of the port came on board to signify the Dey's submission. Then followed a series of interviews with the Dey himself. A number of evasions were attempted in reference to the liberation of the slaves, the payment of the money, and the apology due for the brutal treatment of the English consul M'Donnell. At length the Dey was overheard to say in an under tone, '*The foot of the red-haired man is on my neck ; what shall I do ?*'\* He complied with the conditions which he could not escape, saying that all had happened according to the Divine decree, and that it would be better to forget the past. The slaves came on board shouting with so much exultation, that Salamé says, 'Even I, who had hardly done anything in the battle, when I heard the exclamation of these poor people, was quite delighted, and forgot every danger and labour that we had passed, in the happiness of seeing them released.' The dollars were piled up in the court-yard of the palace, and brought down in sacks to the mole. On the 3rd of September, all the accounts being finally adjusted, the fleet sailed away to Gibraltar at midnight. The discouragement given to slavery and piracy is not the only result of the battle of Algiers. Some of the consequences of this memorable expedition are still in the future ; for it was the first of those blows on the Mohamedan power in the Mediterranean, of which the second was inflicted by the English, Russians, and French at Navarino, and the third again at Algiers in 1830 by the French.

Just a quarter of a century has elapsed since the French invaded Northern Africa, and yet this short period carries us through three dynasties. The expedition sailed and Algiers capitulated in the reign of Charles X. ; the conquest was continued and perfected, so as to embrace the whole Turkish Algerine territory, under Louis Philippe ; the results have been secured by the generals of Napoleon III., and are peacefully incorporated with the Empire. It forms no part of our plan to give an *exposé* of all the motives which led the Government of Charles X. to equip the African armada. M. Duval, the consul, had been struck on the face by the Dey with a fan. The ship *Provence* also had been fired upon. Polignac was irritated. Perhaps he thought that a *coup d'état* might more easily

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\* This part of the story is told rather differently by Salamé. We give it as we received it from an officer engaged in the action.



be accomplished under the shelter of a military success.\* He resolved not simply to bombard Algiers, as it had been bombarded under Louis XIV. and by Lord Exmouth, but to conquer it. In some minds the thought of renewing the *prestige* of Bonaparte and Egypt was very active. Others felt with some pride that France was taking up the cause of civilization, of Europe, of Christianity. More practical spirits thought of colonisation and rivalry with England. In the midst of this excitement of politics and romance, the great expedition, consisting of 11 line-of-battle ships, 19 frigates, and 274 transports, under the superintendence of Admiral Duperré, sailed at the end of May from Toulon. On the 13th of June they arrived in front of Algiers. On the 14th a landing was effected at Sidi-Ferruch, a few miles to the west. The three divisions of Berthezène, Loverdo, and the Duc d'Escar contained 37,000 men, the whole being under the command of Marshal Bourmont. Ten days of hard fighting brought them to the height which rises over the town and commands a view of the Metidja plain. It was found (as Tacitus says in his account of the affair of Tacfarinas) that African cavalry are no match for disciplined European infantry. During the night of the 29th the first parallel was begun at a distance of 250 metres from the *Château de l'Empereur*, so called because it was built where the German Emperor had been encamped before his disastrous retreat. The fire opened at daybreak on the 4th of July. The bombardment was short. At half-past nine the Turks were in despair. At ten they blew up the castle with a terrible explosion, and the French monarch was king of Algiers. At the end of the month he had ceased to be king of Paris.

If we pursue the history of Algeria during the few years which succeeded the French occupation of the city, we find it characterized by energetic military advances, which, however, were seriously hindered by hesitating counsels and a fluctuating policy at home. The revolution in Paris and the siege of Antwerp threw the interests of Algiers into the shade. The government of July were embarrassed by the legacy of the Absolutists. The national feeling, however, compelled them to accept it; and the first success of the African enterprise was promptly seconded. Marshal Bourmont, whose going over to the Allies on the eve of the battle of Waterloo was probably not forgotten, was succeeded by Marshal Clausel, another old

\* On avait pensé qu'un coup d'état passerait plus facilement à l'ombre d'un succès militaire. Les Français, disait-on, oublient facilement la liberté en présence de la gloire.—Lacretelle, *Histoire de France depuis la Restauration*, iv. p. 419.

soldier of the Empire, whose gallant bearing at Salamanca after Marmont's disaster is well known to all students of the battles of the Peninsula. Bourmont had advanced into the interior only so far as to make a *reconnaissance* to Blidah. Clausel laid Blidah waste, massacred its inhabitants, penetrated into the Atlas through the *Col de Mouzäia*, and established a new bey at Medéah, the capital of the Turkish province of Tittery. This was the first military expedition of the Zouaves,\* who were a creation of Marshal Clausel, and who in their original organisation consisted partly of indigenous Arab soldiers and partly of *enfants de Paris* and other reckless Europeans. And certainly no more curious meeting-point of the East and West can be pointed out than that which is presented by this scene, when the swarthy children of Africa, wearing the turban and shouting the Bedouin war-cry, and the *Volontaires de la Charte*, singing *La Marseillaise*, and still wearing their blouses, pressed on side by side through the gorges of Mount Atlas under the command of a Peninsular general. A vigorous step seemed to have been taken towards securing the country to the south of Algiers. About the same time Oran on the west was occupied; and though at first it was made over to Tunis, with the view of forming a counterpoise to the power of Morocco, it was presently found necessary to garrison it with French troops. Bona on the east had been seized when Algiers itself was taken; but it could hardly be said to be a source of strength to the French, unless it could be used as a point of departure for the assault and capture of Constantinople. So Clausel would probably have used it; but just at the critical time he was succeeded by Berthezène, and with him came a change of policy. Clausel is said to have called Algeria a paradise; Berthezène to have spoken of it as an accursed place, of which it would be impossible to be rid too soon. For a time it seemed as if nothing was to be attempted beyond a colonial establishment limited to the very neighbourhood of Algiers. The views of the government at home were hesitating and uncertain. When Algeria was visited by Campbell in 1836 he found the retention of the colony treated almost as an open question, and on his return through Paris, where he had a conversation with Louis Philippe on the subject, still saw reason to regard the problem as awaiting its solution. Nevertheless, the French power made progress on the whole. Fighting was neces-

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\* M. V. de Mars refers the origin of the word 'Zouave' to the name of a confederation of tribes called Zouaoua, and seems to imply that the French were the first to use it. But we find Pananti giving the name *Zouavi* to the native soldiers under the Turks. He describes them as Moorish soldiers commanded by Turkish officers, and compares their organization to that of the Bengal sepoy.

sary ;

sary ; and this fighting commonly ended in victory. In Paris a decided step was taken by the *ordonnances* of July 23, 1834, which made formal mention of the 'French possessions in Northern Africa.' Meanwhile that remarkable man, whose name has been connected with all the subsequent annals of Algerian warfare, began to make his influence felt throughout the whole region which lies to the south of Oran. At first it was thought safe and prudent to make treaties with Abd-el-Kader ; and for a time it seemed that mutual concessions would secure what was desirable on both sides. But the prophet-chief was too wily to be really held by these agreements, and too fanatical to be content with a compromise between the Crescent and the Cross. His movements on the Scheliff became presently so formidable, that it was determined to send Marshal Clausel once more, and the Duke of Orleans with him. Still there was difference of opinion at Paris as to the course which should be followed. The saying attributed to the Duc de Broglie, '*Alger n'est qu'une loge à l'opéra,*' may be regarded as an indication that there were many who would willingly have seen the undertaking given up. In truth, it was evident that France had done either too much or too little. An army of 10,000 men was not enough to secure the conquest of Algeria ; but it was far too great to make it possible for the Moors and Arabs to remain quiet. Of those who were decidedly bent on the vigorous prosecution of the war, the most energetic were Thiers—who was in office in 1836, and who saw that Africa might be made a nursery of soldiers worthy of the Empire—and Clausel himself, who urged in the strongest language that an expedition against Constantina was essential for the purpose of striking a blow that would be felt in Eastern Algeria. The change of ministry, when Molé succeeded Thiers, appears to have been attended with some diminution of enthusiasm. But the expedition was determined on ; and 30,000 men were placed under the command of Marshal Clausel, who was accompanied by the king's second son, the Duc de Nemours. It was in this expedition that Changarnier, on one occasion, said to those who were following him into action—'Come on, my men ; they are 6000, we are 300: you see we are equal!' There can be no doubt of the gallantry with which the campaign was conducted. But it was altogether unsuccessful. The French army received a very serious check, and then it was that the warlike spirit of the nation was thoroughly kindled. It was said of Constantina, as formerly of Carthage, '*Delenda est.*'

Constantina was now about to become the scene of the most conspicuous victory of the French arms in the course of their conquest

quest of Algeria. General Damrémont was placed at the head of the new expedition, and the first division was commanded by the Duc de Nemours. The siege-train was disembarked at Bona. The march was laborious. But in due time the army took position on the plateaux, which, on one side (and on one side only), give the means of opening a cannonade on the city. The reception was one of fierce defiance. The hated Mussulman flags waved in scorn over the battlements, and discordant cries and yells of women filled the hot air. When an officer was sent, proposing terms of surrender, a proud answer was given worthy of Numantia or Londonderry—‘If you want powder we will give you some; if you want biscuit we will share ours with you.’ One of the first events of the siege was a disaster to the French. The Commander-in-Chief, standing incautiously and against the advice of his staff, within range of the enemy’s guns, was struck by a ball and died almost immediately. General Vallée, who had seen much service in the wars of the Empire, took the command, and after a severe struggle he brought the siege to a successful issue.

Constantina was taken on Friday the 13th of October, 1837. An old Moorish prophecy had said that the city should be captured on a Friday. The doom of the Mahomedan supremacy on this coast was really come. Though much remained to be done among the Arabs and Kabyles, the last Turkish stronghold had fallen. After several days of anxious suspense the news was brought by telegraph to Paris on the 23rd of October. The satisfaction with which it was received was extreme. The ministry of the day was consolidated by the success, as an earlier ministry had been consolidated by the taking of Antwerp. ‘*Il faut garder Constantine*,’ was the immediate language of the Government. Even the *doctrinaires* now accepted the policy of continuing and completing the subjugation of Algeria. It was well said by M. Blanqui—‘The taking of Constantina made us conquerors; till then we only ruled from the sea.’ The history of the next ten years (1837-1847) is the history of continued progress. They may be divided into two nearly equal periods, Marshal Vallée being governor during the first of them, Marshal Bugeaud during the second.

In the same year during which Constantina was taken, Bugeaud, who then held a command at the other extremity of Algeria, made a treaty with Abd-el-Kader, which in some quarters was severely censured. It is hardly possible, however, to believe that any want of energy was shown by the French general, if the anecdote is true, which represents him as seizing the Emir by the hand, while venturing to be seated in his presence,

sence, and raising him up with the rude exclamation, '*Mais relevez vous donc.*' The conditions of the treaty itself imposed very narrow restrictions on the Emir. In other parts of Algeria great activity was displayed during Marshal Vallée's tenure of office. Bugeaud himself became governor in 1841, and the war was prosecuted with unceasing energy. Abd-el-Kader fled into Morocco, and brought a new power into antagonism with France. Then followed the battle of Isly on the frontier, and the bombardment of Mogador on the same day (August 14, 1844), by the Prince de Joinville on the coast. During all this period we encounter at every step those generals whose experience and promptitude became so valuable in the streets of Paris during the February and June of 1848. Bedeau was in command in the East, Cavaignac in the West. The activity of Changarnier and Lamoricière was unceasing. A new group of generals soon came into view. A lively picture of the last three years of Bugeaud's administration is presented to us in the recently-published Letters of Marshal Saint-Arnaud; and the names which we find there are those of Bosquet, Canrobert, and Pélissier. Separated in some degree from this group is Baraguay d'Hilliers; but his work in Africa was contemporary, as it has been in Europe since. In following the history of Algiers we are gradually leaving those who were destined to play a great part in 1848, and those who were reserved for 1851 begin to take their places—*les Numides contre les Africains*, to adopt a *bon mot* of the *coup d'état*.

It is impossible not to read with extreme interest what Saint-Arnaud (who in 1845 was only a colonel) said of those who were destined to be his comrades and successors in the Crimean campaign. First comes Pélissier, in co-operation with whom he adopted the terrible measures for the extirpation of the Arabs of the Dahra, which became notorious throughout Europe.

'*Au bivouac de Sidi-Yacoub, Juin 27, 1845.*—Colonel Pélissier and I were ordered to conquer the Dahra and the Dahra is conquered. The journals will give you the sad details of the extremities to which Pélissier was obliged to have recourse in order to subdue the Oued-Riah, who had fled into their caverns. If I had been in his place I should have done the same. . . . If people have said that I marched sword, axe, and torch in hand, what will they say of Pélissier—a brave and excellent officer, but with a rough rind?'

Again he says in the course of the next month (July 19):—

'I must destroy the Sbéhas and lay siege to their caves like Pélissier.'

And again (July 26):—

'Well, brother, what do you say of our French press? I should have done and shall do what Pélissier did. In eight days I shall perhaps find myself in an identical position, and if I lay siege to the caverns of the Sbéhas,

Sbéhas, I shall act as a soldier, and shall inflict the greatest possible loss upon the enemy to escape loss myself.'

We leave these passages to speak for themselves; for we have no wish to dwell either on the general cruelties of this long Algerian war, or on the particular proceedings of these two unscrupulous soldiers. The mention of Canrobert is more pleasing. He went to Paris in 1846, and promised to visit Saint-Arnaud's son at school, and, in a letter of introduction which he carried to the boy's uncle, is thus described:—

'He is one of the officers of the African army that I love and esteem the most—an old friendship of ten years which dates from the breach of Constantine.'

Of the third distinguished Crimean general he says:—

'Bosquet, whom you don't know, is very well known and well appreciated in Africa; a man of merit, mind, and sense, who began his career when captain of artillery, as orderly officer to General Lamoricière, and who, pushed forward by him, and his own services in the *bureaux Arabes*, has risen rapidly to the rank of colonel.'\*

A vigorous description of him is given by Castellane, in his *Souvenirs of the African War*:—

'Colonel Bosquet was one of those men whom one rarely meets. With an iron will, with strong sense and exact judgment equal to the breadth of his mind and the vivacity of his intelligence, he had succeeded in every enterprise entrusted to him. All esteemed him; but his kindly disposition earned for him also the affection of all who came near him. He was evidently a man made for great commands, evidently a man capable of rescuing from a great danger when all are despairing. If ever a great occasion should arise, no one who knows him fears that he will ever be wanting to the occasion or to himself.'

One of the most important of Saint-Arnaud's own exploits related to the pursuit of Bou-Maza, an Arab chieftain second only to Abd-el-Kader in activity and resources. But it is more interesting to look at some of those passages which indicate the writer's vanity and ambition, and his curious anticipations of the career to which he was afterwards called:—

'I perceive with pleasure that in the most difficult circumstances I preserve a calmness and *sang froid* that I had not formerly. I feel that I command; I find myself at home and collected, and everything prospers. Who knows what all this might become on a larger scale and in a more extended sphere?'

The following is strangely prophetic:—

'Affairs are threatening in Turkey. I rejoice at it. How happy I should be to strike a blow at Russia, conjointly with England!'

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\* It appears from one of Saint-Arnaud's later letters, that Bosquet was made a general after having been a colonel only nine months.

In 1847 Bou-Maza surrendered to Saint-Arnaud; but in other respects also this year was remarkable. In the spring was executed the famous expedition into Great Kabylia under Marshal Bugeaud, which is described with much animation by our countryman Mr. Borrer, who accompanied it. Two columns moved on Bougie through the disaffected country at the same time: one from Algiers, over the Metidja plain, under the Marshal's own command, the other, under General Bedeau, from Sétif. The result was the complete submission of 55 clans, reckoned to have the power of sending into the field a contingent of 33,000 men. If the French arms in the early part of the year were thus signalized by victory in the east, success still more remarkable awaited them at its close in the west. On the 23rd of December the Duc d'Aumale (who had succeeded Bugeaud as Governor-General) landed at an Algerian town near the frontier of Morocco. Just two days before Abd-el-Kader had proposed to Lamoricière to hold a conference. Twenty-four hours passed in the exchange of communications. Then the Emir was received with military honours at the marabout of Sidi Brahim, and was conducted to the Duc d'Aumale, who found himself, almost at the moment of disembarking, victorious over the modern Jugurtha. The chieftain laid down his sandals on the threshold, waited a signal from the young Prince to be seated, kept silence a moment, and then said in Arabic, 'I would willingly have done sooner what I have done to-day. I waited the hour marked by God. I demand l'aman from the King of the French for my family and myself.' The 24th was taken up with the arrangement of his personal affairs, and Christmas-day saw him on his way to Toulon, with his mother, his wives, and his children. The violation of the promises made to the Arab chieftain is an incident most discreditable to the last days of the rule of the House of Orleans.

The extraordinary circumstances, in the midst of which the year 1848 broke on France, appear in no connexion under a more romantic aspect than in connexion with Algiers. On the first day of the year the news came to the Boulevards that Abd-el-Kader was taken. Great rejoicings followed and high congratulations of the youthful Governor-General. Probably there were few persons in France at that time who did not accept this event as a new proof of the consolidation of the throne of Louis Philippe. Such had been the thoughts of many during the summer of 1830 in reference to the throne of Charles X., and the result which now ensued is one more instance of the singular tendency of French history to reproduce itself. In the early part of the year 1848 we took up the *Journal de Constantine* in an Algerian

Algerian *café*, and read the following parallel between Charles X. and Louis Philippe :—

‘ Each was driven from his throne at seventy-four years of age : one just after the victory over the Dey, the other just after the surrender of Abd-el-Kader ; each having lost an eldest son by a violent death—one on February 13th, 1820, the other on February 13th, 1843 ; each left a grandson of ten years old ; each was expelled by a revolution on the same three days of the week.’

The next words are an amusing specimen of the French tendency to prolong a comparison till it vanishes in an absurdity : ‘ In each case bread was dear just before, and a violent storm occurred just after.’ When the Revolution was accomplished the Algerian club in Paris waited on ‘ Citizen Crémieux,’ at the Hôtel de Ville, and he received them with such sentences as the following : ‘ A king once had the courage to say, “ There are no longer any Pyrenees,” and can you suppose that under the Republic there can ever be a Mediterranean between you and us ? It is impossible. France is Algeria and Algeria is France.’ Four deputies were allowed to the French in Africa, and the electors gave their votes (characteristic choice !) on Easter Sunday in the unfinished cathedral. The walls were covered with placards of all colours, each headed with the words ‘ République Française ;’ and for a time everything was in a ferment in French Africa, as well as throughout continental Europe. On the whole, however, there was very little real care for the Republic in Algeria. Thoughtful men were anxious ; the lighter spirits made jokes about liberty, equality, and fraternity ; the sons of Louis Philippe were sincerely regretted ;\* and the ladies mourned over the aristocratic balls which the Princes used to give. The tree of liberty, always a sorry shrub, soon withered in African soil. The *garde mobile* disappeared, and the strict military government resumed its sway in all the new towns between Morocco and Tunis. Though the commotions of Paris produced no important effects in the condition of Algiers, the military experience of Algiers exerted a most important influence on the fortunes of Paris. In fact, the true continuation of Algerian history during the year 1848 is to be

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\* Lamping, ‘ the soldier of the Foreign Legion,’ writes thus as early as June, 1841 :—‘ The Dukes of Nemours and Aumale were with the column ; the first as Brigadier-General, the second as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th regiment of the line. Both are tall and well made, and are much respected by the army as brave officers ; and, indeed, they do their duty on all occasions, even better than the other superior officers. The Duke of Nemours, however, is not so much beloved as the Duke of Orleans, as he is thought proud and aristocratic, whether justly or not I had no opportunity of telling.’—*The French in Algiers*, p. 46.



found in Parisian squares and among Parisian barricades. In February indeed it seemed as if the extraordinary infatuation which came over the King and his Ministers paralysed even the veteran Bugeaud, and held back the energy of the two younger African generals, who were in Paris at the time, Bedeau and Lamoricière. But in June (when Cavaignac was Dictator, and Lamartine had ceased to be the people's idol) we see how much may depend on the prompt application of military experience, whether we follow Duvivier\* to the *Hôtel de Ville*, or Lamoricière to the *Clos St. Lazare*, or Bedeau and Négrier† to the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. It is indeed impossible to disentangle the narrative of Algerian warfare from the most exciting of modern European changes, and it is precisely this impossibility which gives their most intense interest to the French conquests in Africa.

The crash of a dynasty in France did not in the least degree compromise the French power in Algeria. The results of the year preceding 1848 were permanent. Kabylia was tranquil. Abdeï-Kader remained in prison. By his surrender the last blow had been given to the Arabic nationality, as the last trace of the Turkish domination had been swept away in the taking of Constantinople. There was no reason why Algiers should not float on in the wake of Paris, as she pursued her rapid but steady course towards her present Imperial anchorage. Napoleon III. has reaped where others had sown. No great events have occurred during the period in which the new régime has been gradually consolidated. In 1849 some minor military movements took place, and especially the storming of Zaatcha, a fortress within the verge of the eastern Sahara. It was in this siege that Canrobert said to the Zouaves, whom he was leading—'Whatever happens we must mount these walls, and if the retreat sounds, be sure, Zouaves, it sounds not for you.'‡ In the same year, at Midsummer, Marshal Bugeaud—the fierce destroyer of the Kabyles—*le bon père Bugeaud*, as the soldiers called him—died of cholera at Paris. In 1850 we read of nothing more important than the coming of fifteen hundred Arab horsemen to the first horse-races at Algiers, and their termi-

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\* The centre of the insurgents was in the *Cité*. The position was gained by Duvivier 'stone by stone;' and he died in consequence of wounds received in the struggle. His reputation in Africa had been such, that he was placed in command of the second battalion of Zouaves at their first organization.

† Négrier was killed near the same place as the Archbishop of Paris, and on the same dreadful Sunday.

‡ The commanding officer on this occasion was General d'Herbillon, who commanded at the battle of the Tchernaya. He was also engaged in the *coup d'état*, on the side of the President.

nation of the entertainment with a grand national *fantasia*.\* In 1851 took place a new campaign in Kabylia, under the direction of Saint-Arnaud, now governor of the province of Constantina, who, in conjunction with Bosquet and other well-known officers, obtained for himself a high military renown. The year 1852 was marked by hostilities on the frontier of Morocco, but more especially by Pélissier's success in the taking of Laghouat in the far south, a position about twice as far from Boghar as Boghar is from Algiers, and probably the destined centre of the future trade among the oases of the Sahara.

In the celebrated event of December, 1851, Paris and Algiers were again indissolubly bound together. Saint-Arnaud, recalled from Constantina, had been closeted daily with the Prince President for the space of a fortnight, and at length everything was arranged throughout Paris for simultaneous action at a quarter past six on the morning of the 2nd. The first act of the drama was the seizure of five African generals at their separate lodgings. The apprehension of Changarnier was regarded as the most important, and its incidents may be taken as a specimen of all. At a few minutes after six the police-officer rang the bell at No. 3, *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*. The porter was suspicious and refused to open the door. It struck the officer that a grocer's shop adjoining probably communicated with the court. After telling one of his men to keep the porter in conversation, he entered the shop, demanded the key, penetrated with the rest of his men into the general's house, and ascended the stairs. Changarnier sprung from his bed, and appeared with bare feet, and a pistol in each hand. After a moment's pause he yielded himself up with perfect calmness. On his way to the prison of Mazas, he said, 'When the President has a foreign war, he will be glad of my services again, that he may give me the command of an army.' To the same prison the other generals were presently brought after more or less of indignant expostulation or resistance—brave and able men; like himself, and illustrious in the campaigns of twenty years—Bedeau, Lamoricière, Leflô, and Cavaignac. Canrobert, on the contrary, was peculiarly energetic on the 4th at the barricades of the *Porte St. Martin*, and penetrated on the following day with complete success through the *Faubourg Poissonnière* to Ménilmontant. Bosquet and Pélissier were in Africa. The result of these events is, that since the close of 1851 the first group of Algerian generals (*Les Africains*) have been in exile, while the second group (*les Numides*) have become the promi-

\* The *fantasia* of the Arabs may be described as a mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous. Its main point consists in the sudden reining up of horses at full gallop, and the discharge of every gun at the same moment.

nent agents in the Russian war. As to Algiers itself, its fortunes, like those of France, now seek to wear the aspect of industrial and commercial progress. The latest articles of intelligence relate to the digging of Artesian wells, the opening of markets for the native tribes, and the exportation of corn and other produce. We turn with pleasure from the horrors of war to say a few words in conclusion on the natural products and social condition of the great African colony.

No view of the natural capabilities of Algeria can be so complete as that which was afforded by the collection of its products in the Paris *Exposition* last year. Those who visited that exhibition, and penetrated to the long *Anneze* by the river, will remember the 'Algerian trophy' in the midst, with its fruits and ears of corn, and the vegetable, animal, and mineral produce which were distributed round it. No more interesting moment occurred in the history of the Exhibition than the visit of Abd-el-Kader—no meeting-point of the East and West in our times has been more remarkable—no scene could form a more suitable termination to the sketches with which we have endeavoured to illustrate the various fortunes of Algiers. The Emir's appearance on that occasion is described as sorrowful and yet prince-like. 'He wore the simple Arab dress, without any personal decoration, and acknowledged with sedate grace the salutations of the bystanders.' It would be difficult to imagine the feelings with which this child of the desert saw the progress of European energy in discovering and using the resources of his conquered African home.

The vegetable resources of Algeria are, perhaps, on the whole the most conspicuous. In Roman times Northern Africa was so famous for its harvests that it was proverbially called the granary of Italy. Pliny is profuse in his praises of its fruitfulness. We are told that Proconsular Africa used sometimes to be allegorically represented under the form of a woman with an ear of corn in each hand, and standing on a vessel loaded with grain. This character seems in a fair way of being again realised in reference to France. In the Exhibition of 1855 might be seen the finest samples of wheat, oats, rye, barley, millet, rice and Indian corn. And these ripe specimens were exhibited in Paris six weeks before the French harvest was ready. Fruits, too, of the most various kinds were there—ripe apples and pears in July, with dates from Laghouat in the distant Sahara; with oranges so fine as to remind one that the gardens of the Hesperides were in North-western Africa; with lemons, citrons, guavas, almonds, figs, pomegranates; with other garden produce, such as beans, haricots, potatoes, and yams. Samples of

of cotton were exhibited in great profusion; and the attention of merchants and manufacturers was drawn to other vegetable fibres,—especially that of the *urtica nivea*, brought prominently into notice by the want of hemp during the Russian war,—and the *crin d'Afrique*, produced from the dwarf palm, and much esteemed for the stuffing of cushions and beds. A long list of miscellaneous articles might be enumerated, such as gums, resins, madder, shumac, linseed, opium, tobacco, olive-oils, and wines both white and red. But in estimating the vegetable resources of African France we ought particularly to notice the invaluable woods for furniture and cabinet-work which its vast forests are able to send,—cedar of such dimensions that a table was exhibited of one slab nearly five feet in diameter; olive of an almost fabulous age; myrtle, holly, walnut, mulberry; and above all the Thuja wood, with its rich brown veins on a reddish base, identified by Sir William Hooker with the *citrus* of the ancient world, tables of which were purchased at incredible prices for the palaces of noble Romans.

The wealth of Algiers derivable from the animal kingdom also is copious and varied. The Arab is essentially a shepherd: the sheep of the Sahara plateaux is supposed to have a close relationship to the merino of Spain; and, as we should expect, the exhibition of wools gave indications of rivalry with our own colonies of New South Wales and Victoria. Northern Africa appears to be quite as favourable as Southern France for the cultivation of the silk-worm, and the silks formed a conspicuous part of the collection of 1855. The coral-fishery near Bona was conducted with much enterprise even in the Turkish days; \* and, whether it remains chiefly in the hands of Italians or not, must be a valuable source of profit to France. To this section of our commercial catalogue we may add the items of cochineal, hides, beeswax, and honey.† If we turn to the {mineral resources of Algeria, as represented in the Exhibition, we find iron, copper, and lead rich in silver. The shares in the Tenez and Mouzäia mines appear, indeed, to be low; but it is not very clear at present whether this arises from the veins being worked out or from defective experience and skill. The rich marbles of the colony are probably inexhaustible.

We cannot justly lay much stress on the show of colonial

\* Some cruelties inflicted on Italian coral-fishers were among the immediate causes of the expedition of 1816.

† A recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled 'Le Cheval de Guerre,' points out Algeria as an admirable country for the rearing of horses for the army. The writer is General Daumas, than whom no one is more competent to form a just opinion; and he is fortified by letters written by Crimean officers during the recent war, which put so many horses on their trial.

manufactures, on the saddles and harness, the arms and articles of dress, the medicines and liqueurs, the Moorish carpets and earthenware, which gave a curious and characteristic appearance to the Algerian compartment of the *Annexe*. And, indeed, it is obvious that a mere collection even of raw produce may only exhibit possibilities in their most hopeful aspect. In order to estimate the true value of a colony, a balance must be struck between its productiveness and the expense of maintaining it. Our belief is that Algeria is destined to become of the highest value to France, in the literal and material sense, independently of the benefits of having afforded an outlet for restless and dangerous spirits, and a training-ground for a courageous and experienced army. We think that Saint-Arnaud expressed in 1844 the true state of the case: 'The future of this country is immense, but the gold that it will swallow up is incalculable.' The second part of this prophecy has been already abundantly fulfilled, and we believe the first part is now entering on its fulfilment. Ten years ago, when the question was asked, 'What do you export?' the answer was, 'Nothing but dates and wounded soldiers.' The very corn for the sustenance of the troops was imported. During the Russian war, on the other hand, we read of large supplies of grain sent from Algiers to Kamiesch, and recent returns seem to show a continued improvement. During the last three years agricultural enterprise has received a great impulse. The first race of immigrants—the storekeepers, innkeepers, and miscellaneous speculators—are ruined, and are now giving place to more industrious and settled colonists. The population is extremely heterogeneous. Every European nation has its representatives in Algeria, our own excepted, unless indeed we reckon '*les Anglo-Maltais*' in this character. Some villages are as German as the German villages of Pennsylvania. Perhaps we may regard this mixture as an advantage, when we consider the great varieties of soil and climate which are included within the limits of the colony.

Many popular mistakes have existed in reference to both the soil and climate of Algeria. When the French landed they were probably under the impression that the sand of the interior reached almost to Sidi-Ferruch. Then they became acquainted with the Metidja, where (to use one of Pélissier's expressions) you could not find sand enough to sprinkle a letter; and the contrary error began to prevail, that there was no Algerian sand at all. The characteristics of the Tell and the Sahara are now fully known and understood. The former is the country of harvests, the home of the agricultural Arabs, and in its more level parts very rich and very uniform. The latter is the region of the high plateaux,

over

over which the pastoral Arabs wander with their flocks, or travel in trading caravans from one oasis to another. It is true that the Sahara is a desert, but, as a recent traveller has truly said, it is no more a barren unvarying wilderness than the Highlands are one continued moor. The palm-trees round the wells of water form green islands, often so numerous as to be truly archipelagos, in the midst of a wide ocean of plains and mountains. Some tracts, usually unproductive, are fertilised and turned into pasture for a time by the rains of early spring; others remain always an arid waste, over which the simoom reigns supreme.

With these varieties of soil are corresponding varieties of climate. The summer heats are excessive, though the winters also are very cold, in the Sahara, beyond the Lesser Atlas. The extremes of temperature and other conditions in the table-lands near the Tell, elevated above the sea to about the height of the Vosges, are probably very favourable to the health and industry of Northern Europeans. The climate of the coast-region is moderated and made equable by the proximity of the sea, and is far more like that of Naples than of Sierra Leone. Algiers lies to the north of Malaga, though, without consulting the map, many persons would find it as difficult to believe this as to believe that Edinburgh lies to the west of Liverpool. Moreover, while the mountains behind Malaga are so placed as to receive the hot southern sun, the Sahel behind Algiers has a northern slope. Already French Africa is resorted to by European invalids. For the sake of health, and for other reasons, we anticipate an increasing tide of travellers in this direction. A very useful '*Itinéraire de l'Algérie*' was published last year in Paris; and we hope the time is not far distant when our friend Mr. Murray will complete his circuit of the Mediterranean, by adding an Algerian chapter to his excellent '*Handbook for France*.'\* To the naturalist, to the archæologist, and the student of ecclesiastical history, this country presents new fields full of intense interest; and Algiers is not much more distant from Marseilles than Edinburgh (by water) from London. Even in 1842 three lines of mail-steamers for this service were established. Now communication takes place almost daily between the South of France and some point of the Algerian coast.† The submarine telegraphic wire is just laid

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\* Why is not Mr. Ford's lively, learned, and almost encyclopædial '*Handbook for Spain*' made complete by the addition of a chapter on the Balearic Islands? A chapter on Corsica has been added to the last edition of the '*Handbook for France*.'

† Steamers belonging to the Messageries Impériales leave Marseilles six times a month for Algiers, three times for Bona, three times for Oran, and three times for Store. There are also Algerian screw-steamers belonging to a private company.

down from Cagliari, and Paris will be in instantaneous communication with Algiers. The associations between the mother country and the colony, or rather between the conquering country and the conquered, are daily becoming closer. That Algeria should ever detach itself from France, or become the possession of any other European power, we regard as in the highest degree improbable. A king was dethroned when the conquest was hardly begun ; but the enterprise was not arrested. Another revolution occurred, when the Arabs had received their most humiliating defeat ; but the French cause did not waver for a moment. Whatever changes may take place in Paris, we believe that Algiers is secure ; and so long as the tricolor is a symbol, not of war and bloodshed, but of peace and real improvement, we shall watch its progress over the Atlas with satisfaction and hope. Not faultless ourselves in India or at the Cape, we will not scan too narrowly all the process by which the French have become firmly possessed of what Montalembert calls, with some bitterness towards the present dynasty, '*Ce legs magnifique de la monarchie constitutionnelle* ;' and we feel no temptation to grudge to our allies the natural pride with which they now look forward to '*l'avenir de la belle colonie*.'

The Governor-General of French Algeria, who is always a soldier, has nearly absolute power.\* Each province under him has its own military lieutenant-governor. There are also three civil *préfets*, but their cares are limited to municipal, agricultural, and mercantile questions. The Governor-General has an administrative council, including the bishop and the rector of the academy. The whole territory of the colony is divided into districts or *zones* of three kinds, the Civil, the Mixed, and the Arab. In the first of these the Government has reference chiefly to Europeans, and (with certain limitations) is similar to that of an ordinary French department. In the second all administrative functions, both civil and judicial, are discharged by military officers. The third are placed under strict martial law. The most difficult and delicate task of Government relates to the management of the native tribes. Hence the importance of the *bureaux arabes*, conducted by French officers skilled in the Arab language and customs. Lamoricière took an active part in their first organisation, and in them Bosquet began his distinguished career. The necessity of dealing directly with the indigenous Mussulmans was imposed upon the French by their expulsion of the Turks after the first conquest of Algiers. There were some who questioned the wisdom of this policy. But the Turks could

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\* Since 1851 Marshal Randon has been Governor, with the exception of a short interim, when the post was held by Pelissier.

hardly

hardly have been useful servants. They were at best only an army of occupation; they had never been the authors of any improvement; their only care had been to prosecute piracy by sea and to extort taxes by land. Now hardly a Turk is to be found in the colony. Many retired to Tunis; some to Alexandria. The substitution of the French for the Turkish rule in this part of Barbary had an immediate and extraordinary effect on the condition of the Jews. No two persons can be more different in outward demeanour than the Jew of Tetuan and the Jew of Algiers. The former crouches and trembles, is mercilessly plundered, and meekly submits to every form of insult. The latter is the most insufferable dandy that ever wore a turban.

As to the other races which are found among the 2,500,000 Algerian subjects of Napoleon III., we have little to add to what we have already said in following the successive waves of the population of Northern Africa. Traces of the Vandals are still seen or imagined in the blue eyes and light complexions of some of the mountain tribes. The Kabyles are believed to be the representatives of the ancient Berbers. The ethnological point of most practical interest and importance lies in the distinction, so clearly exhibited by Daumas, between the Arab and the Kabyle. The two races, independently of the radical difference of language, are separated in their moral even more than in their physical characteristics. While the Arab is idle and desultory, the Kabyle is a diligent gardener and a busy manufacturer; he cultivates fruits and vegetables, he keeps bees, he makes gunpowder, sabres, pottery, cloth, even soap. The most curious example of the Kabyle's skill in handicraft is to be found in the minting of false coins, which before the French occupation was carried on to a vast extent in the mountains, to the disturbance of the currencies of various countries. The contrast between the two races might be pursued through a variety of amusing details. The Kabyle lives in a fixed habitation; the Arab is a horseman and a wanderer. The Kabyle is a republican; the Arab has feudal institutions. The Kabyle takes a pride in the cleanness and brightness of his gun; the Arab says that a black dog will bite as well as a white one. The Kabyle pays fewer compliments than the Arab, tells fewer lies, and in war is a more open foe.

Whatever may be the movements or quiescence of the Arabs, there is no doubt that the Kabyles will yet give much trouble to the French, and require the maintenance of a considerable army. In 1846 Marshal Bugeaud had under his command more than 100,000 men; and since that time the number of troops in the colony has rarely been less than 80,000. Algeria has not only



been the training-place for almost all parts of the French army in succession, but it has brought into existence new corps of the highest military value. Of these the most distinguished are the *Zouaves*. For some time the recruiting went on slowly, and difficulties were experienced from the mixture of Europeans and Mahomedans. In 1833 the two battalions of which the force originally consisted were thrown into one. About this time Lamoricière was placed at their head, and in 1835 the two battalions were again reconstituted. They were raised to three in 1841 by Marshal Bugeaud, who now entirely separated the Arab soldiers from the French, and created a new corps of native troops, called *Tirailleurs Indigènes*, in which Bosquet and other Crimean soldiers saw much active service. Lamoricière was succeeded in the command of the Zouaves by Cavaignac, and Cavaignac after an interval by Canrobert.\* In 1852 they were raised to three regiments of three battalions each. About the close of the Russian war the Emperor, with his usual tact, added a regiment of Zouaves to the Imperial Guard; and the famous Algerian and Crimean costume is now seen by every tourist who moves through the streets of Paris. In their first constitution the *Spahis*, like the Zouaves, were a mixed corps; but the *Spahis* now are almost entirely native, as the Zouaves are entirely European. The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are the French cavalry who owe their formation to the campaigns of Algeria. To use the expression of Count Castellane, 'Two elements are united in the cavalry of Africa to insure success—the French element and the Arab element, the Spahi and the Chasseur.'

Even to the conclusion our notices of Algeria are more full of war than we could wish. In most French works on the subject we should be glad to see a more sensitive feeling of the suffering, carnage, and death, through which the conquest has been completed. In some there is a mixture of war and religion which we deeply regret. It is, however, some satisfaction to reflect that Christianity, entangled as it is in this instance both with war and superstition, is reinstated in the country of St. Augustine. Algiers was constituted a bishopric about the time when our English colonial episcopate was so widely extended. The first bishop, Monsignor Dupuch, is said to have been active, laborious, and benevolent, but he seems to have wanted capacity for business; for when he resigned in 1846 he was deeply in debt. Monsignor Pavry, who succeeded him, has a high reputation for energy and

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\* Baraguay d'Hilliers, and many other officers who have been conspicuous in the Russian war, formerly served in Africa in the corps of Zouaves.

ability.\* As to religious truth, it is a grievous evil that, in addition to the other corruptions of Romanism, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception will be preached as part of the Christian Gospel by the new African episcopate. As to religious practice, the saying of Abd-el-Kader to the Abbé Suchet is, we fear, equally applicable to the case of our own missionaries, impeded as they are in every part of the world by the lives of inconsistent Englishmen:—‘Since thy religion is so beautiful, so benevolent, tell me why it is that all the French do not observe it.’

ART. III.—1. *A few Words on the important Subject of Church-Building.* London.

2. *Report of the Incorporated Society for Building, Repairing Churches, &c.* London, 1856.

THE unpretending and sensible little pamphlet on ‘Church Building’ treats a subject which is steadily rising in interest and importance. Every year the sums bestowed on works of piety and benevolence are more considerable, yet in their aggregate they by no means keep pace with the expanding views of philanthropy and the increasing wants of society; and every year we are made to feel more strongly the necessity of husbanding them to the utmost, and employing them so as to gain the confidence and stimulate the future liberality of the public.

Unfortunately while the office of dispensing charity is become thus important and delicate, there seems to prevail among those who undertake it not a little confusion of thought as to the objects to which their aims should be directed, and the duties they are called on to fulfil. The thrift which in the selfish concerns of life is thought a merit, the prudence which before commencing an undertaking sits down to count the cost, the regard for fitness which adapts the design to the purpose which it is intended to serve—all are too frequently discarded when a charitable project is entertained. The taste for architecture, which is one of the characteristics of the present day, is indulged at any sacrifice of sense and prudence. Whatever social want is felt, the first impulse is to build; whatever moral reform is proposed, the established panacea for all human ills is brick and mortar. It might be suspected that the worshipful Bricklayers’ Company was the chief mover in all charitable collections. It certainly is the first gainer by their proceeds.

Let us open at random a few of the circulars which accumulate

\* Saint-Arnaud’s remark, when he describes his first meeting with the new bishop (Jan. 4, 1847), is characteristic: ‘He is a clever man, but he speaks from the head more than from the heart; I should preach better than he.’

so rapidly in the course of the season on a London library table. The first perhaps sets forth a scheme for some new hospital; it is headed by a woodcut of the proposed elevation, and the architect has done his best to make it attractive. Our forefathers used to say that 'gout cannot be cured by an embroidered slipper,' but assuredly the present generation must assume that there is some curative quality inherent in oriels, tracery, gurgoyles, finials, barge-boards, and fantastic ridge-tiles. The charitable projectors seem to anticipate no inquiry as to how many patients' beds must be retrenched in order to secure all this architectural decoration. No one seems to have objected that the complicated roof and the unnecessary quantity of external wall unite the maximum of expense to the minimum of convenience, or that large mullions obstruct the sun, and casements are apt to let in the cold. Nay, it will be well if on further examination we do not discover that the southern front is occupied by entrance halls, staircases, and board-rooms, while the patients are left to languish in the cheerless north. In short, the architect has confined his attention to external effect, and the inducement most prominently held out to subscribers seems to be the glory of adorning one of the suburban thoroughfares with so showy a specimen of modern taste.

The next circular we open foreshadows the fate of this ambitious commencement. It contains an urgent appeal from a committee who have just completed their building according to the tasteful design of their programme. They assert that the greatest attention has been paid to economy; and so far truly, that all they have accomplished is only shabby splendour and flimsy magnificence. But nevertheless the funds, ample as they seemed, have been exhausted. A heavy debt has been incurred, and unless the 'benevolent public' will again open their purse-strings they must be content to witness the shipwreck of the charitable project which they supposed, and had a right to suppose, was secured by their first subscriptions.

The next appeal perhaps calls our attention to some old foundation parish-school which has of late years fallen into lethargy and jobbery. There needs an infusion of fresh vigour into its management. The trustees should be roused to a sense of their duty, or should be changed; a new master should be engaged, the plan of study revised, and the confidence of the neighbourhood restored. The schoolhouse, venerable in its simplicity, is as sound as it has been any time for the last two centuries. But her Majesty's inspector discovers a want of some of the modern machinery of education, and instantly recommends a new building, which must exhaust the means of the parish, and will not remedy one

of the subjects of complaint. It is a case of suspended animation, and instead of applying restoratives the physician has nothing better to prescribe than a handsome coffin.

In one of the midland counties some munificent individuals desired to institute a foundation school for fifty destitute orphans of the lowest class. For this purpose they raised the noble sum of 6000*l.*, and they lavished it all on their building. No wonder that we now find a circular exhorting the reluctant public in a tone of expostulation, which though not unnatural is quite unreasonable under the circumstances, to make a further contribution for its endowment.

Not long ago a proposal was widely circulated for educating a limited number (from fifty to eighty) of the orphan sons of the clergy. Not less than 25,000*l.*, at the very least, the prospectus informs us, almost in a tone of menace, will be required for the building alone; and if, nevertheless, unabashed we venture to protest against all such displays of prodigality, we are straightway told that, 'if unfortunately for posterity William of Wykeham and Henry VI. had been possessed by our niggardly utilitarian spirit, they never would have raised those magnificent foundations at Eton and Winchester which were the glories of their times, and have been main supports of sound learning ever since.' In this, and all such retorts, the different condition and the different needs of society at those remote periods—the very circumstances, in fact, on which our judgment must be founded—are studiously kept out of sight; and in one, and that the most important, particular, the parallel wholly fails. Henry VI. and William of Wykeham had the means of endowing their foundations yet more magnificently than they adorned them; above all, they were not accountable to the public, and used the right of doing what they pleased with their own. They did not print circulars and beg alphabetically through the Court Guide and the charity lists.

In a suburban county a few years ago, when the educational movement, as it is called, was strongest, a public meeting was called and a very large subscription made for the purpose of building a training school for masters and mistresses. The building committee, anticipating, as we may presume, entire success for the plan, resolved to raise at once an edifice such as could be needed only if the experiment had entirely succeeded and the institution had reached the highest pitch of vigour and efficiency. The next we hear of the training school is from a circular, which informs us that the funds are all exhausted, that no less than 10,000*l.* has been spent on the building, and that to finish and furnish it a large additional sum will  
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be required. To supply this deficiency, it calls on the liberality of the county with an unhesitating air of authority. Nor does the tone of this document betray the slightest misgiving that the committee have fallen short of absolute wisdom in their management, or the faintest consciousness of the fact (which is notorious, nevertheless, to every practical man in the district) that the instructors who will resort for their training to a school of so much pretension will require larger salaries than the agricultural parishes of which the county is mainly composed can afford to pay. Again, in a northern diocese, not long ago, a meeting was held to consider what use could be made of a building which, with similar precipitation and want of foresight, had been constructed for a training school at a very great expense, but which now lay as useless and unserviceable for the purpose to which it was destined as Robinson Crusoe's long-boat.

But it is in church-building that the present rage for architecture finds its amplest, and we will at once admit, within certain limits, its most legitimate development. So great, however, is the anxiety to obtain certain constructional combinations, that architectural effect rather than the worship of God might be supposed to be the chief object of our exertions. Among the heap of circulars before us we shall probably find more than one from the incumbent of St. Stephen's, Devonport. And here, in a recent Report of the Oxford Architectural Society,\* we find a further account of his difficulties and his struggles. His curate explains to the meeting the poverty of the district and its wants. A congregation of no less than 3000 souls, composed chiefly of the families of absent sailors, is unprovided with a place of worship. No help is to be obtained in the neighbourhood. For eight years efforts have been made to raise a church—for three, the work has been in progress—and for two, the building has remained roofless for want of funds. No art of begging (and to this we can bear witness) has been left untried. Our sympathy is warmly excited; but, as we read on, we find that 'the President had been attracted to visit the church by a distant view of the beautiful spire.' So, then, the beautiful spire had been built before there was any reasonable ground for believing that funds could be obtained for the roof! What should we say to a beggar who spent his money on cambric frills, and then, in a tone of reproachful importunity, asked the passers-by if they meant to leave a fellow-creature to starve for the want of a shirt?

Here again is another circular of more than usual impor-

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\* 'Ecclesiologist,' No. cxiii. p. 137.

tunity of appeal, setting forth a case of more than usual urgency of distress. It speaks of extreme spiritual destitution, perishing thousands, a poor district, selfish landowners, Dissenting manufacturers, hostile Papists. There is no school, no parsonage, no church. To supply the last of these wants, in spite of all difficulties, a considerable sum had been raised; and the building was nearly completed when an unlooked-for disaster reduced the parish to despair. The centre tower had fallen on the clerestory, and had crushed it beneath the ruins. We are not surprised that the tower fell. We can easily imagine that some young architect eager for a job might engage to build a cathedral with a sum which would barely suffice for a chapel, or that, in all the good faith of ignorance, he might undertake to poise several hundred tons of stone in the air, without more knowledge of the art of construction than suffices to make a showy sketch; but we own we are surprised that good and zealous men should think of opening the campaign, against such a host of formidable adversaries, with centre towers and clerestories.

The above cases, however, it may be urged, are exceptional. Let us take an instance so common that every reader's experience may supply him with a parallel. A zealous archdeacon, we will suppose, has long been grieved by a more than usually urgent case of spiritual destitution in his district. At 'Brimston-upon-Ooze' the number of persons who are without any church accommodation is reported to be positively awful. He takes a favourable opportunity of calling a meeting of the neighbourhood. 'The bishop of the diocese kindly consents to take the chair.' Both the ecclesiastical dignitaries subscribe more than they can afford. One or two influential laymen come forward handsomely. A manufacturer, not supposed to be particularly friendly to the Church, electrifies the meeting by a liberal contribution. The proposal to build a church is carried by acclamation, and a committee for the purpose is named. Some orthodox Amphitryon gives a handsome luncheon. All is mutual congratulation and collaudation, and the sanguine already look upon the spiritual darkness of the benighted township as a cloud which has been swept away. The sum which has been subscribed in the room warrants the committee (so they think, though not without something of doubt and trepidation) in applying to some fashionable 'ecclesiologist' for a plan. To their infinite relief, his estimates exceed the amount subscribed by only a few hundreds—a mere trifle, which is quite unworthy of notice when compared with the advantage of securing so beautiful a design and the attention of so accomplished a critic in ecclesiastical antiquity to the details of the building, and which will, of course (it is argued), be very easily

easily procured by a further appeal to the public. But now the difficulties begin. The appeal entails a certain expense of printing and advertising, and brings a surprisingly small addition to the 'first sprightly runnings' of spontaneous bounty. The estimates, of course, are exceeded by the builder: of course, too, nobody is to blame for this. Alterations were made in the design after the contract was signed, and, moreover, in the estimates much that is indispensable had been omitted, much that is desirable had to be added. 'Extras' accumulate. The fittings of the church had not been thought of. It must be warmed, or the poor will not attend. It must be lighted, or the evening service must be given up. Before it is finished a heavy debt is incurred, which there are no means of paying but by importunate begging, and this accordingly is systematically begun by the incumbent, on whom the committee generally devolve the ungracious task.

All this is very natural. In all human undertakings there is a constant tendency to confound the means with the end, and, moreover, building has many special attractions of its own. It realizes a positive and ascertainable result. It is pleasant to enumerate the newly-raised edifices and to count the gain. A showy church seems to give a permanent expression to the zeal of its founders. When some great work of reformatory charity is urged upon us, building at once gratifies the natural love of activity and aversion to labour. It is easy to send for an architect and discuss plans and elevations; to attack evil in its stronghold is full of anxious toil and painful thought. To all these temptations (and many more might be added) it is, we repeat, most natural, and therefore in some degree excusable, to yield. But the more natural the error, the more imperative is the duty of protesting against it; and so far are the lovers of architecture and archæology from accepting the excuse which we offer them, that they boldly claim the merit of reasserting a great principle, and of reviving the zeal and devotedness of by-gone days.

*'Non veniam antiqui sed honorem et præmia poscunt.'*

If, in answer to the clamorous demands with which he is assailed, the perplexed Samaritan ventures to ask how so free an expenditure is reconcileable with so abject a state of distress, he can obtain no further explanation than a lecture on the virtue of 'largeheartedness' and the duty of selfdenial; and if, still unsatisfied, he tries to grapple with details, his investigation is evaded by a repetition of the same generalities, or perhaps he is taunted with allusions to the 'splendour of the nobleman's mansion,' and inquiries why he desires that 'the house of the Lord should lie waste.'

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In all this there is no little want of logic or of candour. Two subjects are confounded which are essentially distinct, and which it is our duty to keep separate. The first is the grave question which every man must settle with his conscience at his peril, how large a part of his good things he should devote to the service of God and the relief of his fellow man. The second, which alone belongs to our present discussion, is how he can employ the charitable funds at his disposal, whether furnished by himself or intrusted to him by others, to the best advantage; and on this question we complain that good men do not bestow so much thought, nor exact so rigorous an account from themselves, as we have a right to expect.

With a given amount of means to effect the greatest amount of good is a problem which, it must be owned, admits of no general and simple solution. To consider it too closely might perhaps have the effect of paralysing us with inaction. It is at all times compounded of the consideration of what would be most desirable if we could attain it, and what it will be in our power to effect, and must generally end in a compromise. We dare not dogmatize upon it; yet certain misconceptions may be removed, and principles may be laid down, which, if steadily kept in view, would greatly diminish the chance of error in practice.

But before we can make any progress in the discussion, we must endeavour to clear up the point on which there exists the most confusion of thought and the greatest diversity of opinion. We must endeavour to ascertain on what ground the duty rests of adorning our places of worship, and what are its due limits; and though perhaps for a brief space the argument may lead us into more serious subjects than our readers anticipated when they undertook to read an essay on charitable economics, we must not shun the examination of a question which is not only constantly brought before us in a practical shape, but is studiously mixed up with all others to which it bears even a remote analogy. If fault is found with the unnecessary cost of school, hospital, almshouse, or even parsonage, it is usual to couch the reply in terms of studied ambiguity, and, by classing them all together as 'buildings devoted to the glory of God,' to shift the defence, by this rhetorical sleight-of-hand, to the stronghold of ecclesiastical decoration.

It is not easy to grapple with a subject where the disputants seem to insinuate more than they directly assert, and to feel more than they choose to express; but if we rightly collect the meaning of the vehement advocates of rich decoration in churches, their opinion seems to be that, independently of any effect



effect we hope to produce on man, the subject of devout impressions, we are bound, according to our means, to make our places of worship suited in some degree to the greatness of God their object; and this, in these days, when a new nomenclature passes for novelty of matter, and obscurity of style for profundity of thought, is called discriminating between the 'subjective' and the 'objective' worship—a distinction which, moreover, it is implied, if not directly asserted, is acknowledged in God's revealed word. It is common for Christians of all times and of all denominations to seek in the Old Testament that support for their favourite doctrines which they fail to find in the New. Accordingly we hear much from such reasoners of the 'cunning work of the sanctuary,' and of the minute details of magnificence which God thought proper to appoint for his temple and worship on Mount Sion. Now, without pausing to protest against the danger of applying the analogy of the old dispensation to matters of ritual and of detail under the new, we must at once profess our conviction that in both dispensations the general scope of God's dealings with his creatures as regards his own worship appears to be substantially alike, and that the splendour of the temple, not less than the simplicity of the primitive church, was subservient to a spiritual end. If we carefully study the whole tenor of the Old Testament, nothing can be clearer or stronger than the intimations that, though God is pleased to accept the service of man's spirit and the devotion of his heart, he cannot be glorified by any work of man's hands. 'Obedience is better than sacrifice' is a moral repeated in diversified forms and on multiplied occasions. 'The silver is mine and the gold is mine; what house will ye build me? saith the Lord of Hosts.' No doubt the whole Jewish dispensation was ceremonial and visible to a far greater degree than the Christian. The very promises held out to the Jew were in a great degree temporal, while the Christian's are almost exclusively eternal; but we cannot question that the magnificent temple and the gorgeous ritual were ordained to impress God's chosen people (to whom we may presume this sensuous worship was necessary) with awe and reverence at the time, and with conviction in ages to come, when the mighty events which these ritual enactments foreshadowed should be brought to pass. In fact, then, as now, the 'objective' worship is inseparable from the subjective, and through it only can be attained: that is to say, worship, with its ceremonial and all its accessories, is acceptable to God, its object, only in proportion as it animates man, its subject, with feelings of true piety. In the New Testament St. Paul's brief injunction, 'Let all things be done to edifying,' is the closest possible

sible condensation of the same principle, and contains all that is left us by apostolic authority, and, in fact, all that is needed, for the decision of controversies regarding the externals of worship.

There can be no danger therefore in substituting the edification of man for the glory of God, as our first and *immediate* aim in all that appertains to His worship. Edification supplies at once an unvarying standard whereby to test the value of all our efforts made in His service, and at the same time a flexible rule applicable to all the circumstances of each case of doubt as it may arise. If, however, we suppose, as is the belief in Roman Catholic countries, that God is honoured by the elaborate decoration of buildings dedicated to His name,\* such decoration becomes the first of duties, it has no limits but our means, and we must leave to better casuists than ourselves the task of deciding how far we are at liberty to divert our resources from this all-important business even to works of charity and love. But to do justice to the reasoning of the advocates of architectural display among ourselves, we must remember that they would probably disclaim any idea that the Creator of the universe can be glorified by the work of his 'creatures' hands. They would rather explain their meaning to be that the offering of man's most elaborate work is acceptable only as a proof of his desire to dedicate 'his best' to his Maker. The duty of 'offering our best' is a favourite subject with modern preachers, and if rightly understood a most profitable one. But there often lurks a fallacy in the word '*best*.' We do not presume to limit the acceptance which God may be pleased to extend to our efforts, however imperfect, to please Him. But let no man, without closely scrutinising his conscience, flatter himself that he is offering 'his best.' Let not the rich and pious ecclesiologist imagine he is giving God his best when he is only indulging his taste by collecting costly marbles or drawing patterns of encaustic tiles. Our author remarks—

'Surely those who prefer beauty to use in a sacred building, too much resemble children, when they ought to be men. We can well imagine that a parent, having given a girl money from time to time, and with it excellent lessons as to how money should be spent, would

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\* Unquestionably this is the prevailing belief in Roman Catholic countries, however the expression of it may be modified by the professors or defenders of Romanism among ourselves. In illustration of this we may quote an anecdote of Canova, which we remember to have heard from a friend who was his constant attendant during his last illness. When attacked by the sickness which ultimately proved fatal, the popular sculptor was engaged in building at Possagno, his native village, a church of the architecture of which he was immoderately vain. As he grew worse, he frequently sought to reassure himself by repeating, 'It is impossible God should permit a man to die who is raising such a work to His glory!'

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feel exceedingly disappointed if those lessons had been so little understood by the child, as for her to suppose that the best proof she could give of her love was to present her mother with a doll. We may imagine the little girl saying, "Dear mother, there is nothing so beautiful as a doll, and no one I love like you; therefore, to prove my love, I give you what I myself value above everything. I have saved up all my money to buy you a doll." In reply, the mother might very properly say, "I think a little self-examination might have proved that you are somewhat deceived; you fancy this is an act of love to me, but you are, perhaps, unknowingly, influenced by a regard to self; for though you give the doll to me, you do so with the expectation of playing with it yourself; besides which, I have again and again told you that the most acceptable way in which you could show your love to me was by spending your time, money, and strength in endeavouring to do good to your fellow-creatures."—p. 7, *et seq.*

The hint that the donor of the doll has not ceased to expect some amusement from it shows how closely our author has watched the progress of church restoration, and the excitement and gratification of vanity which are derived from directing, inspecting, and displaying the works in progress, to say nothing of the more questionable indulgence of a spirit of controversy and strife which must often be included in our author's metaphor of 'playing with the doll,' and which still less deserves to be considered as the devotion of our best gifts to the service of the God of charity and love. Alas! the 'doing up' of a church has too often been made the pretext for giving vent to every unchristian temper, and the cause of general discord and discomfort in the neighbourhood.

But having now arrived at the principle that a place of worship is acceptable to Him to whom it is dedicated only in proportion as it is made so by the devotion of its founders and its frequenters, let us return to the new church at Brimston-upon-Ooze. We left it overwhelmed with debt. Let us suppose that the incumbent, by the pertinacity of his begging or the questionable expedient of a bazaar, has nearly got rid of his pecuniary difficulties, and has begun his pastoral labours. His district is large, his stipend is small—he has no private fortune—no house—no school. To obtain even a part of the usual machinery for working his parish he lives in a state of chronic mendicancy. It is wonderful how much zeal and talent may be allured to engage in such a disadvantageous struggle—and we will suppose our incumbent has more than an average share of both; but the mass of evil, as he daily becomes better acquainted with it, seems only to increase; the good he can accomplish dwindles in his own eyes to nothing. He is menaced on the flank by a Methodist chapel—a congregation of

of Ranters have established themselves in his rear—a formidable position in front is occupied by an ostentatious establishment of monks, who are supported by the controversial liberality of some rich perverts in the neighbourhood; and against all these foes (and their name is Legion), penniless, friendless, curateless, he has to struggle singlehanded.

Our measures in all such cases are taken as if those who have been a prey to spiritual destitution would flock as eagerly to receive the bread of life as a famished mob to a distribution of wheaten loaves. But, alas! they have lost all appetite. They must be sought out—they must be won—they must be ‘compelled’ to come in. Who can suffice for all these things? We have known more than one instance in which the health of the overworked incumbent has given way: sick and helpless, he cannot starve, and must needs obtain a curate, without overstrict inquiry into his qualifications, at the cheapest rate he can. Meantime the new district church raises its goodly spire through the smoke of the neighbouring tall chimneys. It figures in the Reports of the Diocesan Church Building Society as affording 1500 sittings, ‘of which the greater part are FREE;’ yes! in capital letters ‘Free.’ But who fills them? Alas! they are as empty as they are free.

The failure of the new church reads a lesson far more important than the duty (important as it is) of economizing charitable funds. It proves convincingly, as we think, that in cases of great spiritual destitution, when there are not funds sufficient for all purposes, to begin by building the church is to put the cart before the horse. The sight of a church will not generate the taste for devotion. In this sense there are not sermons in stones,—at least they speak feebly and to few: but spread first a knowledge of the Gospel, and it is certain, however poor the district may be, ere long the church will rear its head. Apply the first subscriptions to provide an additional curate, a schoolmaster, and a school-room provisionally licensed for divine service, and the rest in due time will follow. A passage in Dr. Arnold’s letters expresses this opinion so forcibly that we are tempted to transcribe it. In answer to a request for a subscription to a church, he writes thus:—

‘Fox How, December 22, 1839.

‘I shall be happy to subscribe towards the endowment of the church, and not towards the building. My reason for this distinction is, that I think in all cases the right plan to pursue is to raise funds in the first instance for a clergyman, and to procure for him a definitely marked district as his cure. The real Church being thus founded, if money can also be procured for the material Church, so much the better. If not,

not, I would wish to see any building in the district licensed for the temporary performance of divine service, feeling perfectly sure that the zeal and munificence of the congregation would in the course of years raise a far more ornamental building than can ever be raised by public subscription; and that, in the mean time, there might be raised an adequate fund for the maintenance of a clergyman; whereas, on the present system, it seems perfectly hopeless by any subscriptions in one generation to provide both clergymen and churches in numbers equal to the wants of the country.'—*Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold*, vol. ii. p. 181, 5th ed.

This truth indeed is nowadays so far acknowledged that most Church-Building Societies devote part of their funds to the maintenance of additional curates; but we could wish to see 'pastoral aid' a more prominent part of their plan.

The payment of the ministers of the Church becomes every day a more important and more difficult question. The charges of zealous Archdeacons glow with descriptions of 'fields white to the harvest,' and breathe aspirations that more labourers may be sent into the field. In the same spirit the schemes of all Church reformers tend to reduce the cost of ecclesiastical education, and to allure a poorer class into the ministry. How far this is wise we cannot now discuss; but the fact is undeniable and brings with it important practical consequences. Hitherto the clergy have been, as Sydney Smith truly remarked,\* in a great measure a self-supporting body. They brought to the service of the Church, in the shape of private income, funds as considerable in the aggregate as those which they received from her under the name of salary. We must now (and the task is by no means easy) prepare ourselves to deal with a yearly increasing multitude whose sole support is derived from their stipends. If we want more labourers, we must remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire, or, at all events, that he must live; and if he is to labour to any good effect, he must not be reduced to the lowest degree of penury permitted by law.

Nor in selecting the design for a church is it enough to calculate nicely the resources at our present disposal. The future claims our attention. In building his own dwelling the wise man avoids encumbering his estate with a mansion of disproportionate size. In a poor district even the gift of a highly decorated church might be a most unprofitable boon; for costly structures, it must be remembered, will need costly repairs, and these must greatly add to the burdens of future generations, and limit their means of supplying more pressing wants.

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\* Letters to Archdeacon Singleton.

In some Diocesan Societies a rule prevails which is so much at variance with the principle we are endeavouring to establish, and is so inconsistent with the universal cry raised by the Church for help at the present moment, that we must not omit this opportunity of recording our protest against it. By this rule grants are made to all churches built or repaired in proportion to the number of new sittings provided, without making any inquiry as to the sums that may have been spent on their construction. 'The Society, it is urged, pays for the new accommodation obtained for the public, leaving it to the original contributors to spend what they think fit in decoration. To act otherwise would be positively to discourage the embellishment of churches.' This sounds plausibly, but is fallacious. When a certain debt is incurred, it matters as little which of the items we contribute to liquidate as into which part of the bucket we pour the water. A building committee, hesitating between the temptations held out by their architect and the small balance left at their bankers, calculate with confidence on the grant of the Diocesan Society, and are perfectly indifferent on what pretext the grant will be made. The rule may be a very proper one in dioceses, if any such there be, where the resources of the Society are equal to the demands upon it; but where the Bishop is in the habit of making frequent and urgent appeals in behalf of the spiritual destitution of portions of his flock, the Society does not act consistently nor ingenuously if it hesitates to declare boldly and openly that, till this destitution is relieved, it has nothing to bestow in aid of what is superfluous.

But what, it will be asked, is unnecessary decoration? Where does the superfluous begin? As far as the case before us is concerned, there is a ready answer. By a calculation sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes it is estimated that at a certain cost per sitting a decent and sufficient church can be erected. Each diocesan society may fix this minimum at the lowest point, or may raise it a little higher, according to the state of church accommodation within its limits; but when this tariff is once deliberately determined, all grants should be steadily refused in cases where it has been exceeded.\*

To the general question no answer applicable at all times and all places can be given. We would gladly, if possible, have the architecture of our churches so impressive as to impel even the Quaker instinctively to take off his hat on entering them. We would have them conspicuous, so as to remind the denizen of the

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\* It may be supposed that rich committees will then keep down their expenditure to obtain the Society's grant; but that grant is in all cases too inconsiderable to have this effect.

duty of prayer, and to strike the stranger with the conviction that he is in a land where sacred things are regarded with veneration. But at the least a church should be built solidly to resist the attacks of time. Its design should be such as to enlist in its favour the associations of decency, order, and reverence. If the funds collected do not suffice for this, it would be better to build a mere school or lecture-room, and to trust to the increase of religious feeling in the district for the erection of a suitable church at a future time. We will add, in anticipation of the taunt with which those who advocate economy in church-building are usually assailed, we would *not* have a church like a 'dissenting chapel,' by which term we presume are intended the singularly ugly brick barns which have generally been erected by the Methodists and Baptists and other Protestant denominations of Dissenters for the last eighty years; but we must caution our orthodox ecclesiologist that it is more important to distinguish the churches of the Establishment from the meeting-houses of Dissenters by the sound doctrine preached within their walls than by the richness of their decoration without. If we look round the exhibitions of architectural designs, we shall find that the opulent denominations of Dissenters are already adopting the fashionable taste in architecture. In one of the principal provincial towns of the empire the visitor is struck by the orthodox aspect and profound symbolism of one of its sacred buildings which everywhere displays the emblems of the Trinity—it is the Unitarian chapel!

In selecting the class of architecture best adapted for our sacred buildings, we readily admit that although what may for the sake of brevity be called the 'Italian' style of church-building is, in many respects, the most commodious and also the least expensive, it would not be advisable in this country to adopt any other style for our places of worship than the Gothic. We use the word in its widest and most comprehensive sense, and by no means intend to enter into the controversy respecting the relative merits of its various modifications. Most men of education have from their earliest years associated the idea of a church with something of Gothic decoration; and the image of the first well-remembered parish church which rises to conjure up thoughts of tenderness and reverence in the midst of all the sorrow and turmoil of after life, is characterized by a tower or a spire, or battlemented porch. Our majestic cathedrals, with one noble exception, are all Gothic; and the almost universal prevalence of this style in our country has secured for it the suffrage of custom, an influence so powerful that Sir Joshua Reynolds is tempted to resolve into it all our perceptions of beauty.

beauty. For these reasons we think, in spite of past and possible future fluctuations of the public taste, that Gothic with its varieties will permanently maintain its ground as the ecclesiastical architecture of this country. But not content with this concession, many seem so far to mistake their own arbitrary associations of ideas for the common instincts of humanity as to imagine that this popular style has by inherent qualities of its own some necessary affinity with religious impressions. Many a youth whose awakening taste has been first touched by the glories of the Gothic style is led, in defiance of fact and in ignorance of history, to dream of some mysterious union between piety and genius, of some imaginary period when 'Christian art,' advancing to perfection, walked hand in hand with holiness of life and purity of doctrine, till at some happy moment both arrived together at their culminating point. All this is entirely fantastic and arbitrary; but there are no limits to the power of the will over the associations; men in this state may so mould their feelings to their fancies as to be devoutly affected where the windows are geometrical, to be lukewarm where the tracery is perpendicular, and to be so disturbed by the sight of the classic orders as to be unable to pray in an Italian church. In truth, however, the power of Gothic architecture to predispose to devotion, independently of the association of ideas, is only that which is shared by every other object of nature or art sufficiently striking to exalt the imagination, and of course can act only on minds sufficiently refined to be amenable to such influences. Neither the Gothic, nor, indeed, any other of the many styles adopted in different ages and countries by the Church has any essential connexion with Christianity, or can claim to be called 'emphatically Christian architecture.' The Italians cannot understand what we mean when we complain that their gay Basilicas, with their magnificent colonnades and golden rather than gilded roof, do not look like a church. To their eyes they look like nothing else. The Jesuits, who sought by a revival of devotion in the Romish Church to withstand the advancing tide of the Reformation, and in order to effect their purpose studied minutely every movement of the human heart, made their churches attractive and devotional by airiness, lightness, and grace—by gay colour and profuse gilding. They did not deny the effect of the dim religious light, the sober splendour, and stately grandeur of Gothic cathedrals, but they felt that no style of architecture is privileged exclusively to convey religious impressions; they saw that Fashion had declared itself in favour of classic models, and they dexterously availed themselves of its powerful influence. The tendency of the



the present day is to overrate the importance of architecture as a means of fostering devotion. Circumstance at all times affects us more strongly than architectural effect, and, as circumstance varies, the same object excites the most different emotions. In a remote sequestered district an humble chapel, gray and time-worn, shaded by its yew-tree, and surrounded by the mouldering graves of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, may often produce a more devout emotion than the most gorgeous cathedral in the centre of its close. Place the same building under circumstances which connect its rudeness and dilapidation with the ideas of neglect and irreverence, as for instance in the neighbourhood of new and expensive buildings and in the midst of a bustling population, and it excites only feelings of pain. In this country and at the present time we have already said it would be contrary to our own principle not to avail ourselves in church architecture of the connexion which is established in many minds between the Gothic style and devotional feelings, but we must not forget that this association is by no means universal. A pretty close observation has led us to the conclusion (which is important as connected in many ways with practical results) that among the middle and busy classes there is scarcely any preference for the Gothic model, nor indeed do devotional feelings seem to be assisted by architectural grandeur of any kind; while on the other hand, the poorest classes in our great towns are unquestionably revolted by it. They associate the idea of fine people with grand churches, and nothing can persuade them to enter the doors of a building the very architecture of which flouts their rags.

It is frequently urged against the advocates of economy, that if our ancestors had reasoned thus we should not have inherited from them those magnificent structures which we owe to their piety—models to guide our taste and rouse our emulation—an enduring protest against the littleness and the selfishness of the present day. No one can rate more highly than we do this legacy of our forefathers. Nor will we scan their motives too closely, nor inquire how far the abuses and superstitions of the Romish Church contributed to constitute that which, mystified by the haze of time, appears to us as their piety. We will at once accept the *reductio ad absurdum* which it is desired to force upon us, and admit that, if no majestic cathedrals had been bequeathed to us by former ages, we should not be justified in endeavouring to raise them, so long as the present state of spiritual destitution and ignorance, and our many other social evils, have prior claims on our energies and resources. That we possess these noble monuments is a matter of rejoicing; but we must also recollect that,

that, because we do possess them, it is less necessary to produce repetitions of them, even if it were in our power to do so.

If it were in our power! We have hitherto permitted the assumption that our modern architecture is all it claims to be, as pure in taste as perfect in execution. Logically our argument gains no strength by proving the worthlessness of the decoration, which, good or bad, we have no right to purchase at the expense of higher considerations; but, practically, we should gain a great deal, we should remove much of the temptation to go astray, if we could make our lovers of church architecture feel how doubtful and transitory is the good they strive to obtain. Much, it must be owned, of the decoration which they so much admire arises from poverty and not from wealth of imagination. The architect who is not gifted with what Michael Angelo called the compass in the eye (and how rare is this gift!) finds himself unable to please even himself with the meanness of his proportions and the meagreness of his designs. He adds buttress and battlement, and gargoyle and pinnacle, circular crosses, windows like diagrams in spherical trigonometry—whatever his eclectic archæology can collect from different styles and periods of Gothic art to make a showy plan; and by all his struggles only more completely exposes the poverty he intended to conceal.

If the prudence or the taste of building committees were wont to reject these superfluous decorations, so far from checking the progress of architectural improvement, they would greatly contribute to it by compelling the architect to give more of his mind to the more important study of proportion and design. To stop the fluctuations of taste by endeavouring to impress on church architecture a permanent character, is a dream. Whether hereafter the reaction will be in favour of the classic style, or whether our successors will devote themselves more exclusively to mediæval art, they will rate what we are now doing much as we rate the works of our immediate predecessors. Nor need we look to any remote futurity for this result. At the present time not only are the churches of William's and Anne's days pulled down, but many which have been restored during the last thirty years are now undergoing a second transformation. At S— Pennington, in Hampshire, we are informed ('Ecclesiologist,' cviii. p. 130), 'a most miserable pseudo-first-pointed church was built at a considerable expense some twelve years ago. Mr. — has been called in to recast it in a more ecclesiastical form.' This is quick work. Only twelve years ago a *considerable expense* was incurred to build a pseudo-first-pointed something—which we cannot call a church, for it was not in an ecclesiastical form: who can say what will be thought twelve years hence of the present renovation,

renovation, and whether by that time it will be held to exceed or to fall short of what is necessary to constitute a church? By writers on these subjects it seems to be assumed that we are just emerging from a period when churches were designed without any distinctive character or any regard to their sacred destination. We know of no such period. For the last two centuries churches have been built, as they ever have been and ever will be built, in the prevalent taste of the day, whether that taste be in its character imitative or original; and as the Great Fire of London took place shortly after the introduction into this country of what is called the 'Renaissance,' the larger part of the metropolitan churches belong to that now proscribed style. The cheapest and the meanest are the proprietary chapels, built on speculation and endowed only with their pew-rents; but not even in these do we see any absence of 'distinctive physiognomy,' nor of anything else which is needed for decency or reverence. The 'churches built under the Million Act' are sneered at for retaining the use of galleries. They were erected under a special grant from Parliament (the first ever made for such a purpose), to supply a pressing need in the speediest and most effectual manner; nor could the persons entrusted with this fund have dealt a heavier blow to the interests of the 'establishment' than by daring to fritter it away by wasteful designs and questionable decorations. It is, doubtless, no easy matter to reconcile Gothic architecture with a gallery, and in rural districts it may be possible to provide for the church accommodation of the population without having recourse to this unsightly contrivance; but how in attempting to relieve the spiritual destitution of our large manufacturing towns the Established Church can afford, in the present state of her resources, to deprive herself of an expedient, by which at a slight expense the accommodation of every place of worship may be nearly doubled, we must leave the admirers of ecclesiology to explain. The *onus probandi* lies with them. Mr. Petit most justly remarks (in a paper read before the Oxford Architectural Society), that in the condemnation of galleries we are setting aside our own wants for the sake of our architectural system, rather than adapting the system to our wants. In policy, if we wish for permanency to our own labours, we should not set the example of destroying those of our predecessors; and, in common sense, we should not destroy what, if not perfect, at least is serviceable, while 'that which is wanting cannot be numbered.' Dives, in the wantonness of his wealth, builds up and pulls down:

'Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.'

But he professes no higher principle than the gratification of his  
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own caprice, and the money he is squandering is his own. Yet even thus he is laughed at for his folly by his brother Epicureans.

Of all the sources of beauty, that which is least subject to the caprices of fashion is fitness. To those who are dealing with the resources of others, it is the only guide which it is entirely safe on moral grounds to follow—it is a secondary consideration that, on architectural grounds, they could not have a better. Our domestic architecture is improved of late years both in comfort and picturesque effect, chiefly because the sense of fitness is more generally deferred to. The citizen no longer builds on an area of 30 by 40 feet a battlemented castle, flanked with towers, armed with loopholes, and perforated with ogee arches and quatrefoil windows. Why should the country curate be tormented with visions of aisles and transepts, and all the pomp of cathedral design? When the rector of a Tudor church repairs the chancel in what he considers the purer taste of Plantagenet times, how does he act with more regard to fitness than Inigo Jones, who, under similar circumstances, and for precisely a similar reason, would have copied a classic model? and what right has he to complain that the ‘Sybarites,’ his parishioners, refuse to pull down their beautiful and venerable church because it is no longer in harmony with his modern mediævalism? The present age is vaunted for acknowledging the principle that every public building should, as such, have a ‘distinctive decorative physiognomy.’ To a certain extent this principle may be admitted. But it is far more important the building should bear the impress of the purpose for which it was designed than of the body corporate to whom it belongs or by whom it was built. An exquisite adaptation of means to ends is more worthy a powerful agent than any amount of embellishment. The taste for ‘decorative physiognomy’ has made the union workhouses, speaking generally, the most absurd specimens of modern art. Better internal arrangements for the comfort and the edification of the inmates would have redounded more to the credit of the British public than these fantastic elevations. If we would carefully study the buildings of the age which we profess to admire so much, we should observe that a scrupulous regard to fitness was their most striking characteristic. Not only every building, but every part of each building, is designed according to the use for which it is intended. An hospital for old women, a school for poor children, is not built in flimsy imitation of the palace of a sovereign. Even in the noblest foundations the architectural decoration is reserved for the gateways and the chapels. Brewhouses and stables are not decked with pinnacles nor pierced with trefoils and Norman arches.

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We entirely agree with our author that the arrangement of a church is a matter much too serious to be treated as a question of taste. Churches, he says, should be contrived so that all can hear and all can see. Yet every day, in defiance of what might appear a truism, plaster is scraped away to expose dark grey or red stone, and internal walls are made to exhibit red brickwork, which, by some strange confusion of thought, is supposed to be a more 'real' material than other combinations of lime and clay; and the result of all this is, that, except on a very bright day towards noon, it is impossible to see to read. This in some churches, where the 'ritualistic arrangements' are such that the congregation cannot follow them, is of little consequence. But it seems that even the officiating minister may be doomed to darkness. The '*Ecclesiologist*' (No. cxiii. p. 160) mentions a report that a certain curate has put a skylight into the roof of his church, and his excuse seems to be considered an aggravation of his offence. The man alleged (we are told) that the light had been so excluded by donations of painted glass, that he could not see to read. The '*Ecclesiologist*' will not vouch for the fact, but seems charitably disposed to suspend his belief of this enormity till positive proof is adduced.

But even if architecture of a certain class were as effectual in influencing the feelings as its warmest admirers have ever dreamed, it would not be right, even in order to secure so great an advantage, to set aside those rules which it is thought dishonest to violate in the ordinary concerns of life. When the managers of a charitable fund get into debt by carrying out their own notions of architectural propriety, they are hardly acting fairly by the rest of the contributors. If, for instance, the building committee of a school believe that sound instruction can be communicated only under a roof of true Gothic pitch, and that piety and mullioned windows are inseparable, let them say so, and diligently canvass the neighbourhood for increased subscriptions, but let them not recklessly accept an estimate which exceeds by one-half the amount of their funds.

We will take an example of actual occurrence and general notoriety. Some sixteen years ago the inhabitants of the diocese of Hereford were informed by a circular letter that the tower of their beautiful cathedral was in a dangerous state; a subscription was consequently opened, and a large sum was raised. Shortly afterwards those who visited Hereford found that the choir was dismantled, the additions of later date had been swept away, the tombs of several generations had been torn down and lay smashed together in the cloisters in confusion that defied, and it might be suspected was intended to defy, all future restorations.

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In the nave also great alterations were projected, and the diocese were asked for a second contribution. For a long time divine service was suspended. At last the nave was completed. The roof of the side aisles has been painted with a light scroll pattern which contrasts as strangely and disagreeably with the stern plain masonry of the walls as a French lace cap with the naked limbs of a Grecian Venus. But it is not the taste of this proceeding with which we are now concerned. We complain that the questionable and the superfluous parts of the design were finished first, in the belief, as we must infer, that what was essential must of necessity, by some means or other, be provided for. If this was the calculation it has failed. The funds are long since exhausted, and the choir still remains unfinished. Divine service is performed in the nave by the help of some clumsy woodwork belonging to the old choir, and of a canvas screen which shuts out the unfinished part of the building. We profess to give no more of the history of these repairs than may be learnt by a perusal of the circulars and a visit to the cathedral. The dean, under whose superintendence these works were carried on, is no more. We charge his memory with no heavier imputation than an excess of ecclesiological zeal; and the more amiable and upright his character may have been, the more instructive is the warning his example conveys.\* We beg it may not be supposed we are finding fault with the necessary repairs or the restoration of one of our noblest monuments. The subject of restoration, it is true, is not the simple matter which it appears to many; it is full of difficulties, and much mischief has been perpetrated in its name; but this is a question of taste, and, though well deserving attention, does not belong to our present subject. We are now making our protest only against the improvidence which begins an undertaking without funds to complete it, and the disingenuousness which asks for subscriptions in the name of charity and necessity, and applies them to the purposes of taste.

That we may not, however, freeze all zeal into the methodical prudence of a bill-broker, we will admit that there may be cases of such urgent need that the Christian is justified in throwing himself headlong into a host of liabilities from which he can be rescued only by the exertions of the charitable, just as of yore the Roman leader has been known to throw the eagle into the thickest of the fight, in the desperate confidence that the legionaries must rush forwards to redeem it. But such cases are rare, and must each be judged on its own merits; and,

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\* We understand that the present chapter are about to complete the repairs at a considerable sacrifice.

above all, to ensure an acquittal for the insolvent philanthropist, it must be proved not only that the necessity was great, but that nothing has been wasted on superfluities.

Our concession thus guarded will, we fear, in practice be found to exempt but few cases from our censure. Those who will take the trouble to examine the statements containing the piteous tale of deficits and debts which they weekly receive, will be struck by the want of care, and want of knowledge of business, which have for the most part led to these entanglements. Half the amount of patience, ingenuity, and perseverance which are displayed in begging might have prevented the necessity for begging. The time that is lost in poring over the Court Guide and the charity lists, might be profitably spent in acquiring a practical knowledge of business, which, of all accomplishments, is the most useful to those engaged in works of charity.

It would surprise those who have never served on building committees to find how much money may be saved, not merely by the judicious choice of an architect, but by severely scrutinizing his plans, and taking care to ascertain that they provide the accommodation wanted at the cheapest rate compatible with durability and good workmanship. In the case of a metropolitan hospital, we have been assured that an estimate was reduced from 10,000*l.* to 6000*l.* by a member of the committee who had firmness enough to insist on the duty of economy. It is still more surprising how great is the difference between the tenders of different builders, all responsible and trustworthy men, for the same contract. The cause of this difference is not that one is content with a much lower rate of profit than another, but that the different circumstances of each at the time, arising out of the accidents of trade, alter the combinations out of which he is to make his profit. But be the cause what it may, the fact is notorious, and should be turned to account by those who have the superintendence of charitable funds. We are not now alluding to the evils of jobbing or favouritism. No doubt we should steadily keep in mind the possibility of their occurrence, though we trust it is rare, and to be apprehended chiefly in the case of long-established and highly-endowed charities. Our present protest is against honest and well-intentioned error alone, and we must urge the credulous and indolent not to resign themselves supinely to the first architect's plan and the first builder's estimate as to an inevitable necessity, and then to reserve all their energies for levying contributions subsequently by circulars, bazaars, and dinners.

It is to be regretted that public boards show as little disposition to economize the resources of the charitably disposed

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as private committees or as single individuals. The rules of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners seem framed with the view of making gifts to the Church as onerous and expensive to the donors as possible; they act as a tax and a check on liberality; and had Rome shown as little worldly wisdom, the statute of mortmain would never have been needed. The Committee of the Privy Council of Education seem only to fear that they should not impose enough of expense as the price of their patronage and assistance. It is natural that the rector of the parish should treat the school, the building of which he is superintending, as his hobby and plaything, and that he should hear with jealousy any proposal for curtailing its cost. But 'my Lords' have the cause of education throughout the country to promote, and should extend their views. One of their first steps, we might expect, would have been to offer to public competition a premium for the plan of a schoolhouse which should combine all their requirements with the cheapest form of construction; but, on the contrary, their model plan is framed without any special regard to economy, and an impression generally prevails that it would be by no means easy to obtain their sanction for any less expensive design. Among the most prominent of their requirements is a boarded floor, a point which has met with much resistance, and to which the committee attach more than proportionally great importance. They even condescend to reason the point, though we must say with something of the looseness with which Dives, who holds the purse-strings, will always argue with Lazarus, who begs. It is unnecessary, say their Lordships, to prove that wooden floors are better than those of brick or stone, 'because all use wooden floors who are sufficiently well off to pay for them,' a mode of argument which would be quite as valid for the introduction of Turkey carpets. But admitting the premises, which are not quite unassailable, and admitting further the conclusion that those who (like all others who live in their kitchens) must pass their lives on a brick floor ought nevertheless to be educated on a wooden one—for we do not deny that the sedentary habits of school may make a difference—can any reason be given, we would ask, why the simple expedient would not answer of placing a foot-board to the forms and tables at which the scholars are seated, and a wooden platform or a few yards of cocoa-nut matting for the teacher?

It would be a startling calculation could we ascertain how many schools this rule of their Lordships has caused to be rebuilt; and this perhaps in the eyes of many is its principal merit. When a school-committee receive an order to construct a wooden floor in reply to their request for assistance, the builder who is consulted



consulted is (of course) of opinion that it is not worth while to effect so expensive an alteration in so 'tumble-down a building.' Of course, too, her Majesty's Inspector coincides in this decision, and the old school-house is condemned. It is true that their Lordships make liberal grants in aid of the expense they impose. This is an answer to the complaints of the individual contributors; but it is no answer to us. We complain that by the local subscribers and by the public, whose stewards their Lordships are, an aggregate sum, varying from about 800*l.* to 1500*l.*, is spent. We do not say it is all thrown away—the new schools are undoubtedly better than the old; but can any one who has studied the subject of charity, who is aware of the social wants of the country, and its charitable resources—can such an one tell us that it has been laid out to the best advantage?

The system of begging, to which we have so often been obliged to allude, has grown to a magnitude which threatens to be highly injurious to the cause of charity. Applications come in such numbers as to excite little or no attention; their language is so pressing and so importunate that it has become as difficult to find phrases to carry the conviction of real distress as to impress a belief of the virtues of the defunct in an epitaph. They come to us from the most remote districts, without one guarantee of the truth of the statements, or even of the genuineness of the application; and it is an important consideration that the professional writers of begging-letters have already availed themselves of this method of levying contributions on the credulous public.

Supposing that a reference to the clergy-list proves that there is such an incumbent and such a parish, and that we take care, by a post-office order, to convey our contribution to the person intended, and to no other, who is to guarantee that the need is as great as is stated, or that the money will be judiciously employed? We have never heard of a case in which such applications have been corruptly made, nor have we ever heard (and the fact greatly redounds to the credit of the clergy) that such a suspicion has been entertained. But though there may be no fear of corruption, there is no certainty that the case is one of those which are most deserving of assistance. Moreover the drain on the time and resources of the incumbent is no trifling consideration. One reverend gentleman, the minister of a suburban district, informs us, in his circular, that he intends to ask 10,000 persons for one sovereign each; and many, whether by mistake or by design we know not, address their applications again and again to the same individuals.

We can easily understand that the ecclesiastical authorities  
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are unwilling to damp the zeal of a pious pastor, or to cut off his only resource for the relief of the spiritual destitution with which he is surrounded. We can also understand that they are unwilling to interfere to regulate this system of begging, as such interference would also seem to sanction it. But something, we think, might be done. Where it is intended to circulate begging-letters out of the diocese, the formal sanction of the Diocesan Church-building Society might be required, or at least a reference to the archdeacon should be given.

It must not be supposed that by these remarks we desire to check the flow of charitable contributions, or to teach the wealthy how they may be benevolent at the cheapest rate; on the contrary, if we could persuade them to enter into the details of the various plans that are submitted to them, even with the intention of reducing the estimates, we are convinced the gain to the cause of charity would be great. The views of all who can be persuaded to give personal attention to charitable designs must expand. The more they go into the subject the stronger must be their perception of the immensity of what remains to be done; and in seeking to economise in the project under their actual consideration they will mainly be influenced by a sense of the enormous demand which other undertakings make on their attention and their resources. The question is not whether rich edifices are better than plainer, but whether, when the funds are limited and the wants almost boundless, an additional minister of the gospel is not of more importance to a parish than painted glass or mediæval tracery, a score of extra beds in an hospital of greater moment than a profusion of external decoration. The charity is not in the building but in the amount of suffering which the building enables us to relieve; and we cannot but think that if the good men of the world were to consider how much physical agony goes untended, how much ignorance untaught, and how much sin unreprieved, they would pause before they bestowed upon wood-carving and stone-work those sums which, wisely dispensed, would alleviate the ills of the flesh, and give immortal life to benighted souls.

We have for the most part omitted to specify particular examples, or to make pointedly intelligible allusions to the different instances of mismanagement which we have quoted. If it were possible to doubt the facts on which we ground our argument, there could have been no difficulty in multiplying proofs to any extent. But as our object is rather to illustrate our meaning than to prove our case, we think it hardly fair to cite before the public worthy individuals whose imprudence or mismanagement is not so great perhaps as that of others whose names will be immediately

immediately suggested to the reader by his own personal experience. But we are not sure that our consideration and forbearance will meet their reward. The cap suits so many heads that many for whom it was not intended will put it on, and perhaps take pains to prove how well it fits:—

‘The fewer still you name you hit the more—  
Oldfield is one, but Harpax is a score.’

ART. IV.—1. *La Vie Publique de Michel Montaigne.* Par Alphonse Grün. Paris, 1855.

2. *Nouveaux Documents Inédits ou peu connus sur Montaigne.* Recueillis et publiés, par le Dr. J. F. Payen. Paris, 1850.

**M**ONTAIGNE supplies the French with what Shakspeare does ourselves—a perpetual topic. The ‘*Essais*’ have a breadth and depth which criticism is not yet weary of measuring and re-measuring. And, notwithstanding all the excellent things that have been said on those unique effusions, doubtless there remains more still that can be said. There are some books which partake of the inexhaustible multiformity of our moral nature, and the ‘*Essais*’ is one of such books. ‘On y trouve tout ce qu’on a jamais pensé,’ as one of Montaigne’s admirers says.

But besides the book of essays, the author’s life offers a fund for the regular investment of floating public curiosity. In this department the material for speculation is constantly on the increase. ‘*Montaignologie*’ is become a science by itself. Documentary research has yielded the French antiquaries year by year a residuum of ‘new fact.’ Each small bit of ore passes in its turn through the smelting-pot of public discussion, till the portion of precious metal it contains is extracted from it. When the grains have accumulated to a heap, comes a new ‘étude,’ which digests and arranges all the facts new and old into a consistent whole. One of these is now before us, and gives occasion to our present notice. We shall confine our remarks to Montaigne’s *life*. We are not going to re-dissect the ‘*Essais*.’

We have likened Montaignesque to Shakspearean criticism, as two perennial streams supplied each by its glacier on the far off mountain-top. The writings of the two men stand in marked contrast as sources for their biography. From Shakspeare’s plays nothing can be gathered about Shakspeare. The great charm of Montaigne’s *Essays* is their egotism. They are a transcript of his mind. ‘Ce ne sont mes gestes que j’escriis; c’est moy, c’est mon essence.’ When Henri III. told him that he ‘liked his book’ then, replied Montaigne, ‘Your  
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majesty must needs like me. My book is myself.' But it is the man—his habits and opinions, his tastes and likings that we find there, not his history. The biographers, therefore, have endeavoured to discover elsewhere the body belonging to this soul. They have ransacked libraries and archives to resuscitate something of a frame-work of bone and muscle to all this sentiment. They have had some success. Indeed they have had as much success as could be expected, considering that it was known beforehand that all that could possibly be discovered lay within fixed limits. They have ascertained dates, distinguished the members of his family, and altogether given a local colouring and verification of the course of his private life. They have not turned the literary lounge into a careworn statesman, or a fighting captain of the forces of the League. In this as in many other cases, all the efforts of inquiry have but repeated the lineaments of the traditional and received biography. Such labour, however, is not thrown away. We are not to propose a paradox, or a revolution in opinion, as the only results worth arriving at. If we can deepen the lines, or freshen the colours, cover a scar made by time, or remove a little gathered dust, we do our part towards maintaining the Gallery of Worthies. It is only when the original portrait is discovered not to have been a likeness, that we should paint it over again.

The great feature of Montaigne's life, as impressed on his '*Essais*,' was, that it was a country life. Early in 1571, at the age of thirty-seven, he withdrew to his estates in Perigord—'with full purpose, as much as lay in me, not to trouble myself with any business, but to pass in repose so much of life as remaineth to me' (i. 8). My design is, he repeats in the Third Book written after 1580, '*de passer doucement, non laborieusement, ce que me reste de vie*' (iii. 9). It was solitude at first. He declined society, and occupied himself with his family, his books, the care of his property. This lasted some little time, but his temper was sociable, and he found he could not support solitude. '*Je suis tout au dehors, et en évidence; nay à la société, et à l'amitié*' (iii. 9). And he disliked the cares of the ménage. He sought distraction, therefore, in the company of his neighbours, in travelling, and in writing. He wished retirement, not solitude. What he would shun was the pressure of business, not crowds. Repeated tours—one to Italy—a journey or two to Paris about the publication of his '*Essais*,' and his mayoralty at Bordeaux, in 1582, forced on him against his wishes, are the principal events of his life after his retirement. Such at least was the received biography. Nor had any of the disinterred facts disturbed the repose of the picture. His diary of his tour  
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in 1580, written in Italian, was found at Montaigne 180 years after his death, and was published in 1774. Now De Thou had said in the 104th book of his history, that Montaigne was at Venice when he received the news of his election to the mayoralty. This journal enables us to correct De Thou. It was at the baths of Lucca, on the 7th of September, in the morning. The letter was dated Bordeaux, August 2, and had followed him into Tuscany, by way of Rome. Such increments reassure, instead of invalidating, history.

An attempt, however, is now made ~~to~~ wrest from us the Montaigne of our youth, the 'Gentilhomme Perigourdin;' to tear him from the frame in which he was set in our memory and our affections, from the 'librairie' and 'chambre d'études au troisième étage' of the old 'manoir' of Montaigne, and to make of him—good heavens!—to make of him a man of business, a man about court. M. Grün's volume is entitled '*La Vie Publique de Michel Montaigne.*' The titles of its several chapters are:—Ch. 2. 'De la Conduite publique de M.' Ch. 3. 'M. Magistrat.' Ch. 4. 'Relations de M. avec la Cour.' Ch. 5. 'M. Chevalier de l'ordre de S. Michel.' Ch. 6. 'M. Gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du Roi.' Ch. 9. 'M. Négociateur Politique.' Ch. 10. 'M. Militaire.' Ch. 11. 'M. aux Etats de Blois.'

Such a metamorphosis of our prose Horace, the man of whom 'la liberté et l'oysiveté sont les maîtresses qualités' (iii. 9) into a hardworking man of office, dressed in the imperial livery trimmed with red tape, is one of those harlequin tricks which paradoxical biographers try upon us from time to time. We have been lately told that Tiberius has been slandered by Tacitus; that the world was never better off than under Caracalla; and that Henry VIII. was the victim of domestic infelicities. On examining M. Grün's volume we find there is no more evidence for the Imperialist transformation of Montaigne than there is in the other three instances. There is in M. Grün's mode of arranging his facts, indeed, a certain degree of art, but it is the skill of the special pleader. It is the argumentation of the Palais de Justice, not of the Court of History. The highest praise is due to French archæologists for their zeal of research, but they cannot, apparently, apply their discoveries. Such a piece of historical reconstruction as this '*Vie Publique de Montaigne,*' in which hypothesis and imagination are the principal architects, would not stand a chance of a hearing in Germany. We shall add, however, that this attempt to disguise Montaigne has not passed unchallenged in France. With all the authority of his own name, and of the body to which he belongs, M. Villemain has in the gentlest language pointed out that the critic's evidence will

will not bear all the weight of his conclusions. To no one could this task fall with so much propriety as to Villemain. His own earliest step into publicity was an éloge of Montaigne. It was in 1812 that he carried off, though the youngest of the competitors, the prize proposed by the Académie Française on this subject. It is proof of the national feeling for Montaigne that the first of French living critics, after having made the whole circuit of his country's literature, returns after half a century to the object of his youthful devotion.

It is not our intention to controvert M. Grün's conclusions. It is unnecessary even to examine his reasoning. It is not merely that his evidence is inadequate, but his case is bad to begin with. His intention is worse than his argumentation. An able legist, government employé, and ex-chief-editor of the 'Moniteur,' he brings into literature the habits and prepossessions of his position. The Academy, and the established reputations look coldly on the administration from which they are systematically excluded. It is not from republican principle, from antipathy to despotism that they do so—it is from the repugnance which the lettered and cultivated man feels for the official man who is not so. Times are changed since the statesmen in France were the writers—when to be a journalist conferred *portefeuilles*. Statistics is your only reading now. Point and epigram, and sparkling style—how childish to be governed by such instruments. Let us have men of business, and have done with *mots*. All the great men—Sully, Richelieu—have been able administrators. And the great writers too? 'To be sure,' is the answer, 'and in proof there is Montaigne. You think he was a rustic recluse, who forswore the court for his old Gascon chateau, but you are entirely mistaken.' This baseless theory is not worth refuting. The real value of M. Grün's 'Vie de Montaigne' is as a painstaking collection of the facts at present known. It includes all the new discoveries, except those that have come to light since its publication—and though it is only six months old, there is already a considerable harvest.

It would we conceive be more than individual error, it would be a fundamental misconception of the character of French literature, to lose sight of the following general distinction. The literature of the 'Siècle' is the literature of a court circle. It is fashionably drest, it is modish, Parisian. It comes not from the study, but from the world. From a world, however, of etiquette, polished intrigue, a world with all its license, yet circumscribed by conventional morals. Thought and judgment are there, but they are conformed to a certain superficial standard of good society. In a word it is the

literature of the salons of Paris and Versailles. In contrast with this, the few great pieces of literature of the previous age, from Rabelais down to Pascal, were the offspring of the cloister, the chateau or the wayside. They are the 'Vox clamantis in deserto.' Their superior force and originality derive directly from the rude independence of character, which was generated by that free and informal life. In Montaigne especially, it is the force of individual character, coming out on us in every page of his book that charms. He stands in awe of no *Café Procope*, has heard of no rules of writing, he is not composing. He has the hardy and fearless spirit of a man who has no one to please but himself. 'J'ay une ame libre et tout sienne, accoustumée a se conduire a sa mode' (ii. 17). He complains somewhere that his times had not produced any great men. Greatness, to be manifested to the world, depends on the conjunction of natural endowment with opportunity, and must needs be rare. But we may surely say that the average stamp of the men of that day was great. Compared with the feminine uniformity of the shaved and tailor-made man of later court-dress days, how grand are the bearded seigneurs of the 16th century! Intrepid not lawless; disciplined in the school of action and suffering; and conscious of all the restraints that limit human will, these men had made their acquaintance with law in its grandest form, not in that degenerate artificial shape in which the victim of good society alone knows it.

Montaigne was born in 1533 and died in 1592. His father's name was Pierre Eyquem. M. Gence, the writer of the life in the *Biographie Universelle*, says that the family was originally from England. That a French biographer should be willing to make over one of the greatest of his countrymen to England might surprise us. It may well do so in this instance, as the self-denial is wholly uncalled for. We cannot in honesty accept the offer. 'Eyquem,' or rather 'Eyckem,' according to the old spelling, is a compound of the common termination 'ham' or 'heim,' and the name of that tree, which in the English vocalization is 'oak.' The German 'eiche,' or the Flemish 'ecke,' come much nearer to the form in 'Eyquem.' Accordingly, some of the biographers have thought of looking to Flanders for the original stock of the family. It is still an open question in '*Montaignologie*,' and M. Grün produces no evidence for his positive assertion that the name is 'essentially of Gascon origin.' In the course of the 16th century the personal was superseded by the territorial appellation. This was derived from a domain which they possessed five leagues from Bergerac, in the department of the Dordogne. The chateau is situated on a height—'*une montaigne*'—

montagne'—'jonchée sur une tertre,' he says: in this tower Montaigne was born, lived, and died. The possession of this domain was an acquisition, it should appear, which the Eyquem had only recently made; their nobility, therefore, was of very modern date. Joseph Scaliger said in an off-hand way that the father of Montaigne 'était vendeur de harenc.' (*Scalig<sup>a</sup>*, 2<sup>a</sup>. p. 457.) M. Grün, with the bitterness habitual to French writers when they have to speak of Scaliger, repels this as a false and malevolent insinuation. The main fact implied, however, that the ancestors of Montaigne were 'marchand,' and, therefore, 'bourgeois,' is indisputable. We must not omit, as he has recorded it himself, that he was an eleven months child. As he was a third son of a family, now noble and not rich, his father, an excellent person, took particular pains about his education. He was put out to nurse at a poor village on the estate. Here he was kept all his infancy, with the view both of accustoming his taste to rude diet, and of inducing him to form attachments amongst the poor. His sympathy with peasant life he preserved to the last. 'The poor fellows,' thus he writes in a season of more than usual suffering in the country, 'those poor fellows whom we see all about, their heads bowed over their tasks, who never heard of Aristotle, or Cato, from them nature obtains heroic efforts of patient endurance, which may shame us who have studied in the schools. That man who is digging my garden, he has this morning buried a son, or a father perhaps. They never take to their beds but to die.'

The most curious experiment made in his education was that of teaching him Latin before French. A German preceptor who could speak no French was found for him. None of the rest of the household, mother, maid, or man, were allowed to speak anything but Latin to him.

'It is not to be imagined how great an advantage this proved to the whole family. My father and mother by this means learning Latin enough to understand it perfectly well, as did also those of the servants who were most with me. In short we Latined it at such a rate that it overflowed to all the neighbouring villages, where there yet remain, that have established themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artizans and their tools. Thus I was above six years of age before I understood either French or Perigordin any more than Arabic, and without art, book, grammar, or precept, whipping or the expense of a tear, had by that time learned to speak as pure Latin as my master himself.'—(i. 25.)

The same attention was extended to all the minutiae of his training. To save him from the shock of sudden awakening, some musical instrument was played by his bedside in the morning.



morning. Our readers will recollect the same usage in the early education of Bishop Horne, as described by his biographer Jones of Nayland.

When he quitted this careful paternal roof, it was to go to the college of Guienne at Bordeaux. At this school, quite recently established, some of the best scholars then to be found in France were masters. But as he left it at the age of thirteen, he could not have profited much by the higher scholarship which Muretus and George Buchanan were capable of communicating. As the sword belonged by birth to the eldest son, Michel, as the third, had to choose between the church and the robe. He chose, or rather his father chose for him, the latter. At thirteen he must have been incapable of choice, and he always looked to his excellent parent with a mixture of respect and affection, which disposed him to acquiesce in his least wishes. What school of jurisprudence he attended is not known. M. Grün makes it Toulouse, for he naturally wishes 'Montaigne Magistrat' to have been a pupil of the celebrated Cujas. It may have been so. There is not a particle of evidence to show that it was. The solitary text is Montaigne's own declaration: 'while a child, I was plunged up to the ears in law, and it succeeded.'

As soon as he was qualified, his father provided him with a place in the Court of Aids of Périgueux. The law was entered there, as the army is with us now, by purchase. We cannot stay to debate with the antiquaries the knotty point whether Montaigne's father resigned in his son's favour, or purchased him the place of some other counsellor. In 1557 the Court of Aids of Périgueux was consolidated with the Parlement of Bordeaux. And thus, at the early age of twenty-four, Montaigne was seated on the bench of a Supreme Court of Justice without either of the troublesome ceremonies of purchase or examination.

Honourable it was for a younger son; but when by the death of his father and both his brothers, Michel became himself the Seigneur de Montaigne, the long robe no longer befitted him. By these events he became a 'gentleman,' and carried arms, as the phrase was. Ill natured people said in afterdays that Montaigne was ashamed of having been counsellor cleric, and did not like to allude to that period of his life. M. Grün is able to repel peremptorily this imputation. It proceeded indeed from later days, when Parlements were fallen, and the magistracy, especially the provincial magistrature, was looked down upon by the courtier. The sneers of Balzac and the Port-Royalists are in the spirit of their own time, and are quite miscalculated for the age of L'Hospital, Pasquier, and De Thou. All Montaigne's friends, relations, and connexions—his father, uncle,

uncle, brother-in-law—were all parliament men. He himself married Françoise de la Chassaigne, daughter of one of the Bordelais counsellors and descendant of a parliamentary family. His most cherished friend La Boétie had been his colleague in the magistracy; and all the friendships he retained through life had been cemented during his own parliamentary career. So much, however, is true, that Montaigne did not relish his judicial functions. This distaste had two causes: dislike of law, and dislike of the religious fanaticism which animated the magistracy of Bordeaux.

He was never really a lawyer. The plunge up to his ears had succeeded in qualifying him for a charge, but had not given him the professional dye. The biographers have exaggerated this distaste into disgust. They make Montaigne into a law reformer; they ascribe to him an enlightened jurist's view of the contradictions of the customary law, and predilection for the luminous simplicity of the civil. This, again, is to read the sixteenth century by the reflected light of '89. Montaigne imbibed the views and aims of the more enlightened jurists of his own time, but he did not project the Code Napoléon. The opinions he has left on record on this subject are very general, but they are those of a wise and humane moralist, not of a jurist. They show how how much of a philosopher and how little of 'a magistrate' he was. He has first an abhorrence of litigation, not less for others than himself; he declares against the multiplication of enactments, the contradictory judgments, the glosses of the commentators; but all this is in the spirit of a man of taste; revolted at the bad Latin of the Digest, and wishing to be reading his 'Cicero.' It is a declaration against the language of law altogether rather than against its abuse in chicane. He condemns torture and the horrible mutilations which were practised on the bodies of the unhappy criminals. But in this he only echoed the opinion of all the moralists of all time, and had with him all the great and wise of his own day. Against him, however, were the churchmen and Rome. Those passages in his *Essays* in which he pleads that all beyond simple death is pure cruelty, presented one of the chief obstacles to its passing the censure; the other, we may mention, was his assigning a high rank among Latin poets to Theodore Beza. He eloquently denounces the practice of selling the places in the courts of justice; and, to complete the list, he ridicules entails, or, as he calls them, 'masculine substitutions.' Sir W. Hamilton wishes to trace this opinion of Montaigne to the tuition of Buchanan.\* Buchanan having

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\* Note in Hamilton's excellent edition of 'Dugald Stewart,' vol. i. p. 100.

quitted the college at Bordeaux in 1544, his pupil was only eleven years old—an age at which we may doubt if he understood what ‘masculine substitution’ was.

In truth we believe Montaigne, when he says of himself (i. 24) that he knew there was such a science as jurisprudence, and that that was all he did know. His amusing pleading against the lawyers (iii. 13) is nothing more than one of the many popular diatribes on that traditional butt. If it proves anything, it proves that he was no lawyer; as his vituperation in the same Essay of the medical practitioners does, that he was no physician. He is, in fact, merely using the contradictions of judges and the uncertainties of medicine, to enforce his favourite topic of the feebleness of human judgment. It is as great a fallacy to class him with the enlightened publicists, who saw and laboured to remedy the monstrous evils of the French judicial system, as it would be to class him among the revolutionists of the practice of physic. The Montaigne adorers exaggerate their idol in every direction. He is great enough: he is a man of universal sympathies, but they want to make him a man of profound acquirement, which he was not—not even in his own profession. We suspect that his professional history was the common one where strong literary tastes are early imbibed. Buchanan *may* have had something to do with this—may have laid the groundwork of classic predilections which made steady application to law impossible. He followed it as a career; he got a place, discharged its duties; he never had a vocation for it, and gave it up as soon as he wanted it no longer.

The second cause of distaste for his Parliamentary functions, to which allusion has been already made, was the violence of religious faction which disturbed it. In no quarter of France had Protestantism made more progress than in Guienne and Gascony. Everywhere the Parlements showed themselves the strenuous supporters of the Church. None was more untiring in the zeal for persecution than that of Bordeaux. Their registers for some years are one series of edicts, each more cruel than the last, against the professors of the new opinions. Montaigne was attached throughout to the Catholic and Royalist party. In this adhesion he never wavered, and it belonged to his characteristic frankness never to conceal it. But he was of too moderate a temper to be carried away by the passionate fanaticism of his party; too good-hearted not to execrate their cruelty; and too wise not to see that the violence of the Catholics only provoked the more obstinate resistance of the Huguenots. But wisdom and moderation are no titles to the respect of religious faction. We shall not wonder then that Montaigne, whose spirit of toler-  
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ance went far beyond even that of tolerant men in that age, was glad to terminate his connexion with a court of justice, which seemed to have totally forgotten the duty of judicial impartiality, and to have made itself the organ of an infuriated party.

All the zeal of the antiquaries has not been able to retrieve a history for the thirteen or more years during which Montaigne occupied his seat in the Parlement of Bordeaux. M. Grün goes through the principal transactions of the Court during that period—a useful *résumé* and a very proper part of a complete life, but too extensive for our purpose. The single sentence in De Thou's history, 'Olim in senatu Burdigalensi assessor dignissimus,' is nearly the whole that is known of thirteen years of Montaigne's life.

The second period extends from 1570 to 1582, *ætat.* 37-49 and is that portion of Montaigne's life to which he owes his immortality. This period is really marked by a long and absolute retirement in the château of Montaigne, by the composition of the 'Essais,' and by two or three journeys to Paris, chiefly connected with their publication. It is concluded by a long tour into Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. M. Grün, who will not resign even this period from his 'public life,' interpolates into it two visits to Court, which are wholly imaginary; a campaign against Henri of Navarre, which is in the highest degree improbable; and, by way of mingling pleasure with business, he exhibits his hero at the fêtes and galas which marked the progress of Catherine de Medicis in the south, in the year 1578.

The hypothetical history here spoils the authentic. The legend misleads instead of assisting the imagination. This retirement in the château of Périgueux, the solitary meditation in the turret chamber, is the canonical fact. A biographer would do good service who could paint for us in its true colours this Gascon interior. Communicative, garrulous even as Montaigne has been about himself, what he has told us has only given us a reason for desiring to know the things he has not told us. He has made us so much his friends that we require to know all his secrets. He has drawn for us himself, his library; it is on the third floor of one of the turrets of the château. There are four stories in the turret. The first floor is the chapel; above the chapel is a bed-room with suite, appropriated to his own use. The library is above the lodging-rooms. From its three bay windows it commanded a view of nearly the entire premises, including the garden, the front as well as the base court. In the distance, the elevation on which the château stood afforded a very extensive view over a flat country. The shape of the room was that of the tower, round—all but one straight side where the chair and table were placed. From this seat the eye could command

mand all the books as they stood ranged in five tiers of shelving round the walls: it was sixteen paces in diameter. Opening into the library was a smaller cabinet; this was more elegantly furnished; it was fitted with a fire-place, to which he might retire in the winter. The only want he regretted was a long gallery, or 'promenoir,' to agitate his thoughts in by walking up and down. He could not resolve on adding this: not the cost, but the fuss, of building, deterred him. In this tower he passed the greater part of his time. There was his throne; there his rule was absolute. That only corner he preserved from the invasion of wife, children, or acquaintance. Elsewhere he possessed but a divided authority; for this reason he rejoiced that the access to his retreat was difficult, and of itself defended him from intruders. Here he lived, not studied; he did not so much read books, he says, as turn them over—he did not so much meditate as allow his reverie to follow its own course. The retirement was so strict at first as to produce melancholy and engender fantastic chimeras in his imagination. It was to allay these that he first betook himself to note down his thoughts on paper. Such was the parentage of the 'Essais.'

The library, however, the imagination heated by solitary musing, the melancholy grown of long seclusion, should have given birth to a very different progeny. We might have had a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or a 'Castle of Otranto,' or a third part of 'Huon de Bordeaux,' but for one quality which Montaigne brought with him into his retreat. This is the thorough good sense, the tone of the man of the world, which pervades, without being paraded, every page of the book. It is not a mere rectitude of judgment about men and things, but a judgment which has been exercised and tempered by actual trials and collisions—'a learned spirit of human dealing.' But for this life-giving flavour the 'Essais' would not have been the book they are. They might still have shown the varied reading of the scholar or the amusing gossip of the egotist, but they would not have been the universal favourite of 'courts, camps, and country mansions.' It is this which, with all their whimsical paradox, and often commonplace moralising, make them still instructive. In tracing this element, M. Grün's chapter, 'Montaigne in his relations with the court,' affords all the materials that are to be had. We cannot adopt his theory, which turns Montaigne into a courtier, and cuts out of his Life that period of privacy almost cynical which we think necessary to the conception of the 'Essais.' But there is evidence enough to show, what the Essays themselves require, that Montaigne had seen much of court and courtiers before he wrote them.

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The Kings of France in the middle age were surrounded by the high officers attached to their person. Their court was constituted by great functionaries. The nobles of the provinces who had no employments never approached the King except when they fought by his side, or were summoned by his order. The decay of the feudal manners, and the policy of Francis I., broke through this estrangement. He loved to surround himself with a brilliant court. The gentlemen flocked to it. They laid aside the rudeness of their manners, but they lost at the same time the independence of their character. The rivalry in luxury and expense ruined them. To maintain their fortunes they were obliged to seek office. Places were created on purpose, and the once haughty nobles fought like hungry hounds for these grants at the hands of an absolute monarch who dispensed them. This revolution was gradual. It was only in progress in the sixteenth century. But Montaigne found established the usage for French gentlemen to present themselves to the Sovereign without being officially placed about his person. On succeeding to the family estates, Montaigne did like the rest. He was even appointed 'gentleman in ordinary of the bedchamber,' an office which did not demand residence at court, but was much sought after, and for which nobility was an indispensable qualification. His complexion, he tells us (iii. 3), was not averse to the movement of a court. He went gladly into company; he liked city life, especially Paris. Paris had possessed his affections from his earliest youth (iii. 9); but these social impulses were combined with another impulse urging him to seclusion:—

'The solitude I love and preach is no more than what serves to retire my affections and to redeem my thoughts. I would circumscribe not my steps, but my desires. I would shun not so much the throng of men as the importunity of affairs. Local solitariness, to say truth, doth rather extend and enlarge me outwardly. I give my mind more readily to state matters, and to the world, when I am alone. At the Louvre, and in the crowd, I am apt to slink into my own skin (*je me contrains en ma peau*). Assemblies thrust me back within myself. I never commune with my own spirit so fondly, freely, and so much apart, as in the resorts of grand company and lordly ceremonial. I go gaily into great assemblies, yet doth this coyness of judgment of which I spoke attach me perforce to privacy. Yea, even in mine own house I see people more than a good many, yet few such as I love to converse or communicate withal. Herein I exercise an unusual privilege of liberty. I cry a truce to the established courtesies so distressing to all parties, of being with my guests, and conducting them about; but each one employs himself as he pleases, and entertaineth what his thoughts affect. If I please, I remain silent, musing and reserved, without offence to my guests or friends.'—iii. 3.

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This piece of self-portraiture is at once true to history and to nature. We read in it the parentage of the 'Essais,' to which the agitation of courts and the stillness of the recluse's cell each gave their portion. And we find in it—and in none of his self-disclosures more so—we find in it one of the secrets of genius. Nay, not only of great, but of all sound, minds this is true, that for their sustentation and due nurture they require the two elements, society and solitude. No healthy life is ever lived in which either of these is wanting. And if we turn to books—to judge of mind by its most enduring products—we see the same experience repeated from age to age. There are books enough left us by those who, having never tried to live, have shut themselves within the circle of their own meditations. Wonderful in its variety and richness is the literature of mysticism and sentiment! What a wealth of thought and feeling drawn from the pure depths of human consciousness! Again turn to the memoir-writers and court gossips. What keen observation of manners, what infinite webs of intrigue they unravel before us, what countless character they have distinguished! But what are the books that instruct us, that speak to us as men, that raise us, but raise us not too high for our duties and our destiny? Between the frivolous and the divine lies the truly human. Wisdom that is from above, yet that can give us light in this world! Theory without facts is not science, and moralising without experience is not wisdom. A pallid and dreary jargon is the metaphysic of the schools by the side of the tangible and experimented maxim which flowers out naturally from the intellect that has lived. But unless to this experience be added the maturing influences of meditation and self-knowledge, the result is equally one-sided. We get then that unspiritual and debasing physiology of human conduct—that so-called philosophy of courts which leaves out of the computation of motive all that separates man from any other species of mammal. In no writer perhaps are these two elements that make up wisdom mingled in happier proportion than in Montaigne.

Little has been added by the diligence of the collectors to the glimpses of his retreat which the 'Essais' themselves supply. We need not wonder that the château of Montaigne has been repeatedly visited by enthusiastic pilgrims; some of these, among whom may be included poor John Sterling, have described what they saw. But they seem to have carried with them more enthusiasm than powers of accurate observation; at least they were not able to copy correctly the sentences which Montaigne had inscribed on the cornices of his library. Some of them are characteristic: and Dr. Payen has done good service by reproducing them,

them, as they are fast being obliterated. 'Quid superbis, Terra et Cinis? Væ qui sapientes estis in oculis vestris! Ne plus sapias quam necesse est, ne obstupescas.' The first six are Scripture texts. After them come the classical, of which we may give—'. . . nostra vagatur In tenebris, nec cæca potest mens cernere verum,' from Lucretius; 'παντι λόγῳ λόγος ἴσος ἀντίκειται,' from Sextus Empiricus. Still more interest attaches to an inscription in the 'cabinet du travail;' this is in Latin, and also in a state of decay. It is to the following effect, when the gaps have been conjecturally supplied:—

'In the year of Christ 1571, the 38th of his age, on his birthday, to wit the last day of February, Michel de Montaigne, long wearied of court slavery and public employments, has withdrawn himself into the bosom of the Sisters of Learning, where, in peace and freed from care, he will pass through what little may yet remain of a life of which the most part hath already passed away, if only fate permit. This narrow abode and loved ancestral retreat he hath consecrated to his liberty, repose, and tranquillity.'

If these lines be genuine they are autobiographical, and decisive against M. Grün's theory; he naturally, therefore, wishes to think them the product of some later hand. But he does not offer one critical argument for the suspicion he throws on them. 'The sentiment they express is too puerile for Montaigne, and not in keeping with his habits.' To bring up a loose analogy of this kind against epigraphic evidence is simply childish in the eyes of those who know what historical criticism is; but in this instance it happens that the analogy itself is not good. The inscription does but repeat that passage in the 'Essais' which we have already quoted: 'Je me retirerai chez moi, délibéré autant que je pourrais ne me mesler d'autre chose que de passer en repos et à part le peu qui me reste de vie.' Even if then the inscription were put up by a successor, the sentiment in it is derived from Montaigne himself, who more than once in the 'Essais' enters into this engagement with himself to consecrate the remainder of his days to studious repose. The insertion of his age, and the solemn mention of his birthday, which M. Grün thinks 'puerile,' appear to us exactly in Montaigne's character. Dr. Payen has justly remarked that he is fond of noting his age at different epochs of his composition; that his 'Natural Theology' is dated the day of his father's death, to whom it is dedicated; and reminds us that Montaigne liked to use his father's cloak, not because it fitted him, but because 'il lui semblait s'envelopper de lui.' We must, however, express our surprise that the date of this inscription should still be left matter of argument. Surely the shape of the letters, the style and colouring,



ing, or other indications would serve to ascertain if the epigraph were or were not contemporary with Montaigne.

The mention of the five tiers of shelving has naturally suggested to our painstaking friends an inquiry after the books which once filled them. For though the shelves are there, and the mottoes on the rafters above them are dimly visible, the books are gone. Dr. Payen has here had wonderful success. He has traced or recovered upwards of thirty volumes which were in the possession of Montaigne, and contain his autograph, or other notes. The history of his twenty years' siege and final capture of Montaigne's 'Cæsar' forms of itself a little epic, which we read in the 'Débats' not long since (*Journal des Débats*, Mars, 1856), and which is too glad to talk of Montaigne's 'Cæsar,' since the other Cæsar is interdicted ground. It tells how M. Parison, the distinguished bibliophile, who, with an income of 250*l.* a-year, left behind him the astonishing collection of books which has just been dispersed by public auction, picked up the 'Cæsar' in one of the quais bookstalls; how he guarded it five years—not *thirty-five*, as the *Débats* exaggerate—without breathing the existence of the treasure—how, in 1837, Dr. Payen, the chief of the 'Montaignologues,' got scent of its existence—how he laid siege to M. Parison's citadel on the fourth floor of a house on the Quai des Augustins, by a series of dedications, notes, allusions sometimes flattering sometimes caustic, till the final triumph in 1838, when the stubborn possessor surrendered at discretion, yielded up the 'Cæsar,' took to his bed, and died. Had we space we would not so curtail this bibliographical episode. The 'Cæsar,' after all, is not devoid of interest even for our purpose. It is the Antwerp edition (ex Officinâ Plantinianâ) of 1570. Montaigne had noted on it, as he did in all the books he read, the time occupied in reading it. He commenced reading the three books, 'De Bello Civili,' on February 25, and finished the 'De Bello Gallico' July 21st, in the year 1578. After the Anno Domini he has added 44-45—figures which indicate his age at the time of reading, his birthday being, as will be remembered, February 28. The marginal notes, of which there are upwards of 600, do not offer much of quotable interest. But in the minute care with which it was read, and the fact that it was read continuously between February and July, we gain some light upon Montaigne's method of using books. All his reading was not of the desultory kind we might infer from what he says of it in the 'Essays':—'Je feuillette à cette heure un livre, à cette heure une autre, sans ordre, et sans dessein, à pièces descousues' (iii. 3). He could, we see, at the time he was writing his 'Essais,' begin a book, and return to it day after day till it

it was read through. In the last page he has written, in his small and fine hand, a short appreciation of the book and its author. This was his usual custom when he had finished a work. He adopted it, he says (ii. 10), to meet the extreme treachery of his memory. This was so great that it had happened to him more than once to take up a volume which he had carefully read a few years before as if it was a new book. On comparison of the appreciation of 'Cæsar,' which occupies thirty-six lines of close writing, with the 34th chapter of the 2nd book of the 'Essais,' we find that the essay is a greatly improved development of the annotation. Indeed, it is more than improved. The judgment passed on 'Cæsar' in the annotation is imperfect, and fails in doing justice to him. In the essay Montaigne rises to a far higher elevation, and indicates a much more matured point of view. Now, the *aperçu*, as we have seen, was written in 1578. The 'Essays' were published in 1580. Thus we gather that it was not Montaigne's habit to dismiss a book from his thoughts when he had finished it and recorded sentence on it. It might continue to occupy his meditations and grow upon his thoughts. The casual and discontinuous turning over of books, he tells of, was the external aid to a methodical and solid process of digestion.

The duties, whatever they were, of 'Gentleman in ordinary to the bedchamber' were the only ones which Montaigne ever discharged at court. Difficulties still uncleared surround this function. Its date is uncertain, and we know not how to reconcile it with Montaigne's own assertion that he had never received from any prince a 'double' either as wages or free-gift. Leaving these interesting *nœuds* to the discussion of the biographer that is to come, we have to speak of the great question of the secretaryship. For many years all the lives and eulogies of Montaigne had repeated that he at one time filled the office of secretary to the Queen Dowager Catherine de Medicis. This would have changed the complexion of his life indeed, and would have of itself turned the scale decisively in favour of M. Grün's views. This mistake, for such it is, and nothing more, arose from the negligent, assumptive habits of the literary biographers. There is preserved a letter of instruction from the Queen addressed, so it is indorsed in the MS. copy preserved in the Bibliothèque Impériale (collection *Dupuy*), 'Au roy Charles IX. peu après sa majorité.' It is a piece of no little curiosity in itself. It belongs, indeed, to general history, and is as widely known as the farewell letter which another Medicis addressed to his young twelve year-old cardinal (afterwards Leo X.). But it concerns us at present, not by its contents, but by

a postscript

a postscript of three lines as follows:—‘Monsieur my son, do not take it amiss that I have made Montaigne write out this letter; I did it that you might read it better.—Catherine.’

This letter made its first appearance in print in *Le Laboureur's* additions to the ‘*Memoirs of Castelnau*,’ in 1659. Which of Montaigne’s biographers may claim the credit of having transported the ‘new fact’ into Montaigne’s biography we have not ascertained. But before the beginning of the present century Montaigne’s Secretariate to the Queen had become an accredited event. One of them, M. Jay, comments thus:—‘Those who have studied the character and manners of Catherine de Medicis, and who have read with attention the reflections of Montaigne himself on the rights and duties of princes, will easily recognise that the “*Avis*” are the composition of Montaigne himself.’ Thus history made itself as it went on through the hands of slipshod litterateurs. From copyist, Montaigne became author, of Catherine’s letter. But as soon as a discerning eye was directed to the evidence on which the ‘Secretariate’ rested, it was seen at a glance that the identification of the amannensis of the ‘*Avis*’ with the essayist was a pure conjecture. And the indefatigable labours of Dr. Payen have brought to light the existence of a François Montaigne, Secretary in Ordinary of the Chamber of the King and the Queen-Mother. M. Grün devotes fifteen pages to the correction of this error. It is a piece of historical reasoning which is a fair specimen of his book. The case is plausibly and forcibly put: but that is all. He creates at least as much error as he rectifies. He makes out Catherine’s Montaigne to be Jacques de Montagne, ‘*avocat-général*’ at Montpellier in 1560. The forensic skill with which the evidence is marshalled covers a quantity of conjectural assumption which, much more than the concluding blunders, must entirely destroy M. Grün’s credit as an historical critic.

The third and last period of Montaigne’s life extends from ætat. 50-59. This includes a portion of his career which may with more justice be entitled his ‘public life.’

He received the announcement of his nomination to the mayoralty of Bordeaux at the baths Della Villa, near Lucca; but, faithful to his resolution to have done with ‘public life,’ he declined the honour, and, after a second visit to Rome, returned slowly into France, with the intention of resuming the peaceful and studious leisure which his long wanderings had made doubly sweet to him. He found, however, that his friends condemned his inactivity, and that the citizens of Bordeaux were resolved not to let him off. Finally he consented—not, however, till the King (Henri III.) had interposed his authority—and entered on the

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the office in January, 1582. His administration was more than usually capable, and he received the rare honour of re-election for a second term of office. During his mayoralty, and after it, he was engaged, on more than one occasion, in transactions of public importance. The history of these, as it has been laboriously pieced together out of the correspondence, acts, registers, and other remains of the time, will be gone through with interest by the circumstantial student. The general reader may perhaps be satisfied with a summary remark upon them. All the negotiations in which Montaigne was thus engaged exhibit his character in a light consistent with what we know of him. We see that he was trusted and recognised on all hands as a gentleman of worth, honour, and experience, to whose management and discretion men were glad to entrust their interests in critical cases. In a time of general suspicion, during protracted civil and religious warfare which had proved a 'veritable school of treachery and dissimulation,' the open, loyal, straightforward conduct of Montaigne gained him the confidence of both parties. But we do not see him engaged, or ambitious to be engaged, in strictly state affairs, or the more momentous crises of the difficult politics of that shifting scene. His character, wanting in energy and ambition, did not supply the defect of birth, which had not placed him among 'les grands.' He was not qualified, and did not affect, to lead. Any expectation that he should have taken a prominent part in the transactions of his time arises in us from our looking back to his life through the halo of his after-fame. We think that so much worldly wisdom and solid sense must have made itself felt on the theatre of public affairs. It is sufficiently apparent, notwithstanding M. Grün's violent efforts to drag him forward, that Montaigne's indolent and meditative temperament kept him remote from the turmoil of public life. That he was in any degree forced into active duties is to be ascribed to the same easy disposition. He allowed his friends to impose labours which he would never have assumed. 'Je ne me mets point hors de moi.' 'Il se faut prêter à autrui, et ne se donner qu'à soi même.' These are his characteristic maxims. He is no Hamlet, however. When action is thrust upon him, he is vigilant, steady, and efficient in its performance.

Nothing, in fact, can be less logical than to allow the splendid fame that has gathered round the 'Essais' to react on our conceptions of their author's life. It would be a very vulgar inference that one who has left us a great book must have done great things. No one, indeed, would seriously argue thus, but such a feeling may insensibly influence the expectation we form. The title of the

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work before us, 'La Vie Publique de Montaigne,' appears as if it were a response to this illusory anticipation. It can only lead to disappointment. As the life of a private country gentleman, loved by his friends, respected by his enemies, trusted by all, and of whom all regretted that he shunned employment, it corresponds perfectly to the careless wisdom and unaffected sagacity of his written page. To attempt to pass him off as a public man only leads a reader to the mortifying exclamation, 'Is this all?' Montaigne, stripped of the essayist, looks to us as he did to the courtiers of his own time. How, Brantôme will witness:—

'In our time we have seen lawyers issue from the courts, throw aside the cap and gown, and take to wearing the sword. We have seen those, I say, get the collar of St. Michael without having served at all. Thus did the Sieur de Montaigne, who had far better have stuck to his pen and gone on scribbling essays, than changed it for a sword, which did not sit so well on him. Doubtless his kinsman, the Marquis de Trans, got him knighted by the King, in order to turn the order into ridicule, for the Marquis was always a great mocker.'—*'Capitaines Illustres,'* art. *Tavanne*.

Such was Montaigne to the courtiers of his own day. The essayist has indeed had his revenge! The growth of his fame, however, has not been continuous. During his own lifetime, and for some time after his death, it was steadily on the increase. He himself saw five editions of his 'Essais' through the press, and thirty-one editions have been counted between 1580 and 1650. There were very soon two complete translations into English, and, through Shakspeare's use of Florio's version, the blood of Montaigne may be said to have flowed into the very veins of our literature. Pascal had studied him till he almost knew him by heart. But as the growth of the Siècle literature gave a new direction to thought and taste, the credit of Montaigne declined. It was not without difficulty that he was admitted among the authorities of the Dictionary of the Academy. Bossuet only names him once, and then he is 'un Montaigne.' Fenelon mentions him, but it is to reproach him with his Gascon words. And it is a significant fact that from 1659 to 1724 not a single edition of the 'Essais' was called for. Later times have made abundant atonement for this temporary neglect. Few other books of the sixteenth century could be named which issue from the press at the rate of one edition a year. The original editions sell at bibliomaniac prices. The 'Cæsar,' with his autograph, for which M. Parison gave 18 sous, was knocked down to the Duc d'Aumale at 1550 francs. Of late years especially, an amount of industry has been expended in

in elucidating his life and writings such as is only devoted to the great classics of a language. We believe that all his fellow-labourers will agree in assigning to Dr. Payen precedence in their joint efforts. His name, like that of Mademoiselle de Gournay, must ever be associated with that of Montaigne. But investigation is still in progress. It is far from complete. It has not arrived at that stage, nor have its results been yet sufficiently sifted to allow such a biography of Montaigne to be written as will last, and we must regard M. Grün's volume as a temporary and only partial substitute.

ART. V.—*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. Part XV. (including 'Roma'). London, 1856.

THE part of this extensive and highly interesting compilation, which we have adopted for the subject of this paper, contains the names of ancient geography from 'Pytho' to 'Salassi,' in a hundred and ninety closely printed pages in double column; but far the greater share of this space is occupied by the single article 'Roma,' which reaches from page 719 to page 855 of the volume, and comprises an amount of matter fully equal to an ordinary octavo. As in almost every other important article of the collection the subject is discussed with great learning and research, together with independence and originality. The writer has personally examined the ground of which he treats; he has investigated the remains of Roman antiquity on the spot; he has impressed a series of pictures on his eye which neither description nor maps and plans could adequately supply; he has studied the works of his predecessors with the writings of the ancients in his hand; he has exercised his own judgment upon them, and submitted his mind implicitly to no teacher among them. Accordingly he has produced an essay which in manner as well as in matter deserves to rank as a substantive work of topography, and may fairly claim to be noticed as such by a journal of contemporary literature like our own. The initials which he has appended to it are those which have represented in Dr. Smith's earlier dictionaries the respectable name of Mr. Thomas Dyer, and there can be no reason why we should refuse ourselves the pleasure of giving it the prominence which is its due. Mr. Dyer's article on Rome reviews in the first place the physical history of the site of the ancient city

from its foundation to its decline and ruin, and then proceeds to illustrate the features of its topography one by one, its walls and hills, its streets and buildings, with all the light which has been shed upon them, conflicting and dubious as it often is, by a long series of Italian and German antiquarians. It closes with a sketch of the 'sources and literature of Roman topography;' and it is precisely because in this long series, with the exception of Mr. Bunbury's, no English name of any importance occurs,—for Lumisden, Burton, and Burgess are mere compilers, and have added nothing of their own to our knowledge of the subject,—that we are disposed to give all the publicity we can command to the treatise before us, which comes at last to redeem our English archæology from the reproach of its long and unworthy silence.

It may be allowed that the cautious and solid character of English scholarship has not found the most genial soil for its development amidst the shadows and uncertainties of Roman topography. There has been indeed no lack of theorists and triflers among our untaught antiquarians generally; but the study of Roman antiquity requires sound classical training, and our best furnished scholars have either shrunk from it altogether, or have seen little more than a treacherous mirage in many of the visions over which more sanguine sciolists have clapped their hands and cried Eureka! If we are not mistaken, Mr. Bunbury, whose contributions to our knowledge of this subject, published some years ago in the 'Classical Museum,' combined, as far as they went, the merit of originality and accuracy, has felt too sensibly the insecurity of the foundations on which 'Roman topography' is built, to complete the work of which he has given us so many interesting sketches. Certainly the more we come to know of the subject the more we must feel how deeply ignorant we are of it; how fallacious many of our most cherished conclusions have been proved; how completely we have lost the key to its most interesting problems. The points on which we seem to be most in the dark are often those which were most clear, most familiar to the Romans themselves; points so familiar to them that they could allow themselves to speak of them with fatal vagueness. The literary notices of antiquity have been turned in every light, and in every light they have seemed to give some new result; they have been sifted and examined by every fresh experimentalist, and each succeeding examination has seemed to bring out some contradictions to every previous conclusion. In the mean time now and then a real discovery has been made by the only sure process of excavation, which has too clearly revealed to us the insecurity of all other methods, and  
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taught us at last to look to excavation almost alone for the solution, which will no doubt one day be furnished, of the questions which have so long and so importunately vexed us.

Nevertheless Dr. Smith's work required an article on the city of Rome; and we may congratulate him, as well as the English public, on its having fallen into the hands of Mr. Dyer, who has shown independence equal to his learning, together with the sobriety of judgment which is essential to success in the undertaking, in sifting the theories of his predecessors, and examining afresh every notice of literature and every vestige of antiquity presented by the spot. On the whole he has held the scales with fairness and good judgment between the Germans and the Italians, who represent the chief contending schools of Roman topographers; between Niebuhr, Bunsen, Becker, and Preller on one side, and Nardini, Nibby, and Canina, on the other; but the Germans, besides waging war at all points against the Italians, have unfortunately many grounds of internal dissension among themselves, and Mr. Dyer has occasion not unfrequently to enter the lists of this civil warfare also, and reconcile or separate Becker and the numerous foes he has provoked,—to adjudge the palm between Roman topography 'in Rome' and Roman topography 'in Leipsic.'

It is not our intention to enter into the merits of these controversies, or to examine generally the great questions upon which they have arisen, which we should despair of making interesting to the ordinary reader, and which would require not only an array of maps and plans, but of Greek and Latin texts also, such as would hardly be suitable to this place. We will content ourselves with noticing Mr. Dyer's views on three or four points only, which from their novelty and importance may serve to stamp the character of his work.

1. In the first place, if we may judge from the map he has given us of ancient Rome, Mr. Dyer has departed from the common opinion regarding the direction of the Via Flaminia, or more properly the Via Lata, which led from the Porta Ratumena at the north foot of the Capitoline to the Porta Flaminia in the Aurelian walls. This street has generally been supposed to have followed precisely the line of the Strada del Corso, the principal avenue of the modern city, at least through the greater part of its course, but before reaching the walls to have turned with a small angle to the right, so as to make its exit, not by the present Porta del Popolo, but more immediately under the Pincian Hill, or even upon its slope. There is indeed only one reason for supposing this irregularity, so unusual in the lines of Roman road (and the Via Lata was originally the beginning of the military high-



way of Flaminius), namely, a passage of Procopius, who informs us that the Goths abstained from attacking the Flaminian Gate because it stood on a declivitous spot, whereas the present termination of the Corso is in the level between the Pincian Hill and the Tiber. It may indeed be questioned whether any stress need be laid upon this statement of Procopius, who may have meant no more than that the Flaminian Gate, from its proximity to the heights of the Pincian, was more defensible than others; nor is Procopius accurate in other respects in his Roman topography. Certainly a writer of two centuries later speaks of the gate as being liable to inundations of the Tiber, and therefore undoubtedly at that time in the same locality it occupies at the present day. But however this may be, that the Via Lata ran for a considerable distance from the Capitoline precisely in the direction of the Corso seems to be ascertained from the portions of its pavement discovered beneath the modern street, and from the remains, which may still be traced in the same line, of the arches of Claudius, Aurelius, and Diocletian. The column of Antoninus stands also by its side. On the whole topographers will be perhaps most safe in identifying the Via Lata with the Corso throughout, and the outlet of the Porta del Popolo with that of the Flaminian Gate. But Mr. Dyer has gone the extreme length in the other direction. In his map, though he says nothing about it in his text, he draws the Via Lata or Flaminia from the Porta Ratumena to the foot of the Pincian, precisely parallel the whole way to the Corso, at a distance of thirty or forty yards to the right. If this is to be considered as his deliberate judgment upon the subject, so important a deviation from established opinions ought not to be made without statement and defence. As at present advised, we must think it doubly erroneous.

2. Mr. Dyer's views with regard to the position of the Comitium are bold and novel, but we think they have much to recommend them, and that those which have hitherto obtained currency are based on very uncertain grounds. The fact is that the importance which this spot once possessed as the sacred precincts of the Curia, on which the patricians met for their own special assemblies, was lost long before the fall of the Republic. It was Caius Gracchus, according to the common account, who first turned his back upon the Comitium, and fronted the tribes in the Forum in his popular harangues; and from this time at least the distinction between Comitium and Forum was practically abolished. We need not wonder that our authorities, who all lived under the Imperial era, should have spoken with great indistinctness about a locality of which the tradition alone existed  
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in their time. The view, however, of the German topographers, of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Huschke, and Becker, that the Comitium occupied the eastern or upper extremity of the Forum, extending to the slope of the Velia, has obtained very general acceptance from its simplicity, and from the picturesque character it gives to the spot, which has been well brought out in a passage of Arnold's History.

'From the foot of the Capitoline Hill,' he says, vol. ii. p. 459, 'to that of the Palatine' [more correctly to that of the Velia] 'there was an open space of unequal breadth, narrowing as it approached the Palatine' [the Velia], 'and inclosed on both sides between two branches of the Sacred Way. *The narrower end was occupied by the Comitium*, the place of meeting for the populus or great council of the burghers in the earliest times of the Republic, while its wider extremity was the Forum, in the stricter sense, the market-place of the Romans, and therefore the natural place of meeting for the Commons, who formed the majority of the Roman nation. The Comitium was raised a little above the level of the Forum, *like the dais or upper part of our old castle and college halls*' [Becker denies, however, that there is any ground for this supposition], 'and at its extremity nearest the Forum stood the Rostra, facing at this period towards the Comitium; so that the speakers addressed, not indeed the patrician multitude, as of old, but the senators, who had in a manner succeeded to their places, and who were accustomed to stand in this part of the assembly, immediately in front of the Senate-house, which looked out upon the Comitium from the northern side of the Via Sacra.'

But from this description it would appear that the Rostra, placed between the Comitium and the Forum, and turned at one time east to face the former, at another west to front the latter, must in either case have stood at right angles to the Curia, which unquestionably looked south. Thus the whole force and value of Arnold's illustration is lost; nor can we recognise any appropriateness in the arrangement as thus described. It may be added, that considering the very confined space in which the primitive dwellers on the Seven Hills were content to transact their affairs, the space thus assigned to the Comitium is far larger than would seem to be requisite,—a space, be it remembered, which even at the time of the Hannibalian war was sometimes covered with an awning for the convenience of the assembled senators. The Italian school of topographers, who have persisted in extending the Forum southwards between the Capitoline and Palatine, have found a place for the Comitium in this southern recess; but this arrangement, again, is subject to other invincible difficulties. We are obliged to Mr. Dyer for the careful examination of the authorities which he has brought to bear upon the question, and for the specious grounds he has advanced for

removing

removing the debateable spot to the north-west corner of the Forum, near the site of the Arch of Severus, where the Rostra can be placed to face north and south, and at the same time to stand directly in front of the Curia, as it unquestionably should do. If there was at any time such an elevation of basement as Arnold and Bunsen assign to the Comitium, the evidence for which is at best inconclusive, it was removed, perhaps, under the Emperors, when the last vestige of the popular right of assembly was extinguished, in order to give space for opening out the communication between the Forum Romanum and the Forums of Julius, Augustus, and their successors. Gradually the recollection of the site itself faded away from the mind of the nation.

3. In reconstructing the topography of Rome we are, in fact, too much in the habit of forgetting how many centuries she continued to exist, how many changes she underwent, how different a face she wore to different generations, how many of her features were successively obliterated, first from the scene itself, and, finally, from the remembrance and traditions of the people. If we bear this in mind, however, we shall perhaps be better prepared to investigate the knotty problem to which we will next turn the reader's attention—the topography of the famous Capitoline Hill, with regard to which Mr. Dyer has been equally bold, but, we think, by no means so successful. The Capitoline Hill, the seat of the Citadel of Rome, and of the august Temple of Jupiter the Best and Greatest, is flung across the base of the valley of the Forum in a direction nearly north and south. Though historically the most important, it is actually the smallest of the Seven Hills; nevertheless it rises, as is well known, in two summits, the one at its northern, the other at its southern end, and comprises also a small level space, about the size of the area between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs, between them. The height of the north summit is now 130 feet, of the south 100 feet, above the level of the Tiber. The Intermontium, or space between, may be about 70 feet. In the Roman times the Forum was very little raised above the mean level of the river.

It is now commonly agreed that one of these summits was crowned originally with the Arx, or Citadel, the other with the Temple of Jupiter, to which, with its sacred precincts, the name of Capitolium always properly belonged. But which of the two was seated on the northern, and which on the southern summit, is the question; and the statements of the ancients themselves seem so uncertain, or even conflicting, that it has never yet been settled to general satisfaction.

‘Hence,’

'Hence,' says Mr. Dyer in his fair and luminous statement of the case, 'the conflicting opinions which have prevailed upon the subject, and which have given rise to two different schools of topographers, generally characterized at present as the German and Italian school. There is, indeed, a third class of writers, who hold that the Capitol and Arx occupied the same or south-west summit; but this evidently absurd theory has now so few adherents, that it will not be necessary to examine it. The most conspicuous scholars of the German school are Niebuhr, and his followers Bunsen, Becker, Preller, and others; and these hold that the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was seated on the south-west summit of the hill. The Italian view, which is directly contrary to this, was first brought into vogue by Nardini in the last century, and has since been held by most Italian scholars and topographers. It is not, however, so exclusively Italian, but that it has been adopted by some distinguished German scholars, among whom may be named Götting and Braun, the present accomplished secretary to the Archæological Institute at Rome.'

In addition to these names we may range Mr. Bunbury, as able and cautious an inquirer as any of the above, on the side of the German theory. Such is the array of authorities on either side. Mr. Dyer, we must add, has joined the Italian host, and warmly maintains the theory that the Arx was on the south-west (or south, as for shortness we may call it) and the Capitol on the north-east or north summit.

The chief cause of our difficulty lies in the ambiguity of the ancient authorities; and this ambiguity was undoubtedly caused by the changes which took place in the course of ages in the use and destination of the hill and its two summits. Originally the whole hill was called Tarpeius, which seems to have been the primitive Etruscan designation; but afterwards this name was strictly appropriated to the rock from which criminals were thrown on the south eminence. Roman writers, however, and especially poets, have not scrupled to use the term sometimes for the southern summit, and sometimes for the whole hill indiscriminately. Again, the term Capitolium was properly applied to the temple and temple precincts; but this word, too, came to be used for the whole hill when the national importance of the religious centre of the empire was considered to outweigh that of its military defences. Once more, even the term Arx, which ought in strictness to have been confined to the fortress, became eventually given sometimes to the whole hill, sometimes still more irregularly to the temple itself (*Arx Capitolina*, or *Capitolii*), when the real citadel had ceased, in the security of the empire, to be maintained as a place of strength, and began to lose almost the tradition of its original character. The ancient Arx ceased to be regarded as a fortress at all; its walls

were

were perhaps demolished ; even its limits, like those of the primitive city on the Palatine, and afterwards of the Servian, ceased to be distinguished or remembered ; while on the other hand the great Temple of Jupiter, surrounded by its sacred enclosure, and kept, as the depository of incalculable treasures, by a garrison of priests and slaves, watching at all its gates, and opening or shutting them only on demand of the chief pontiff or highest officers of the state, acquired, perhaps, more of the character of a fastness than the legitimate citadel by its side. Hence we shall not be surprised to find the temple itself called sometimes the *Arx Capitolii*, nor be perplexed by this apparent combination of both the *Arx* and the Temple on the southern height.

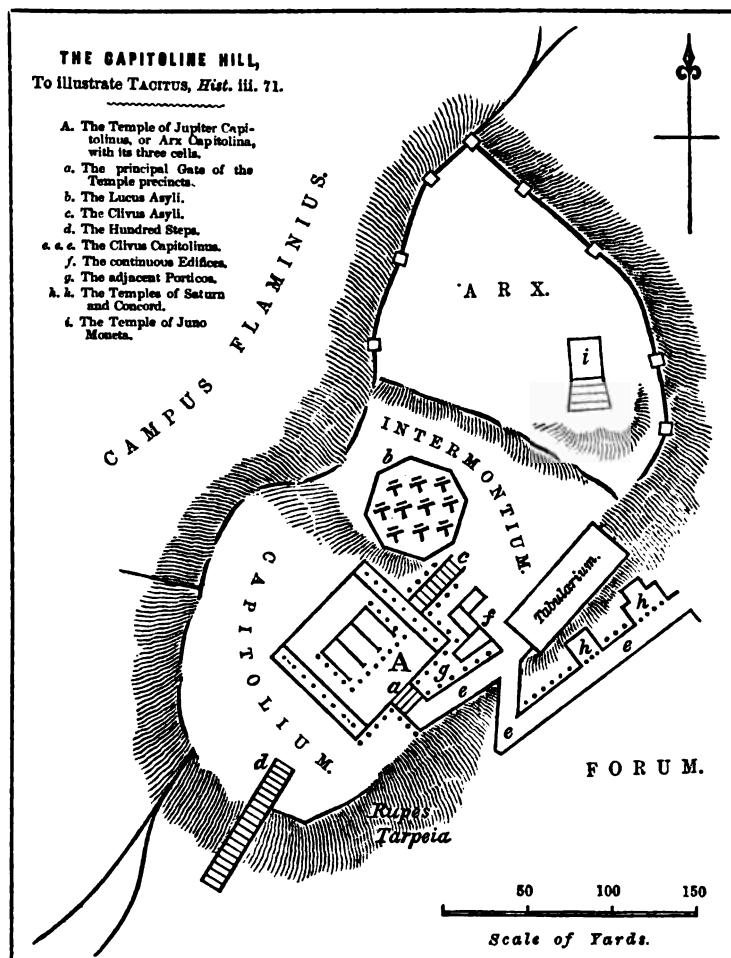
‘It was at Rome,’ says Gibbon in the most interesting passage of his *Memoirs*, ‘on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sate musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall* of the city first started to my mind.’ The church of the *Ara Celi*, which now crowns the north-east height of the hill, was in Gibbon’s eyes, following Nardini, whose views had just come into fashion, the actual site of the Temple of Jupiter *Capitolinus*, and the Citadel he supposed accordingly to stand upon the rival summit. All respect to the error, if error it be, to which we may possibly owe the greatest monument of historical genius of our own, or perhaps of any other country ! We cannot but feel that it was the piquant contrast between the God of the Christians and Jupiter, between the barefooted friars and the pontiffs and flamens, which gave a zest to our philosopher’s meditations, and kindled his imagination to repeople with the figures of the past the void of centuries which had issued in such a consummation. Nevertheless, the Germans, we are bound to say, have shown how precarious is the footing on which this theory rests, and indeed, had not Mr. Dyer come forward once more with its reassertion, we should have regarded it as at least tacitly abandoned on all sides. If indeed we thought that the principal passages of antiquity to which in our present state of knowledge it must mainly appeal, could admit of any reasonable application in its favour, we should consider it but lost labour to reopen a fruitless discussion of them, while in fact the full solution of the question lies no doubt only a few feet or inches beneath the surface of the soil, and a few hours of excavation might, and one day perhaps will, set it at rest for ever. As, however, the notion we have already suggested differs a little from all the three views hitherto propounded,—being simply this, that originally the *Arx* was north,  
the

the Temple south, but in later times the *Arx* (north) was disused and forgotten, and the Temple (south) sometimes usurped its appellation,—we will beg the reader's attention to the famous narrative of Tacitus, which all agree ought to be decisive. We speak in the interest of Tacitus himself; we are unwilling that any cloud of ambiguity should lie upon one of the most striking and graphic relations of the most picturesque writer of antiquity. The historian thus describes the assault of the Capitol by the soldiers of Vitellius:—

'After skirting with rapid march the Forum and the temples which overhung it, they charge up the hill (1), to the foot of the gates of the Capitoline fortress (2). There were formerly porticos on the flank of the ascent, on the right as you mounted it (3), and the defenders, issuing on the roofs of these, overwhelmed the Vitellians with tiles and stones. The Vitellians were unprovided with any weapons but their swords, and they could not wait the arrival of engines and missiles. So they threw torches into the projecting portico, and followed the course of the fire. They would have burnt the gates of the Capitol and burst in, had not Sabinus flung a number of statues (4), the monuments of our ancestors, before them, and so blocked up the approach as with a wall. The Vitellians, repulsed here, now make their attack at other points of access (5), in the direction of the Grove of the Asylum, and again where the Tarpeian Rock is approached by the Hundred Steps. At both places the attack was unexpected; but that near the Asylum was the closest and fiercest. Nor could the assailants be checked, climbing as they did along the continuous edifices, which, in the security of peace, were allowed to rise aloft to the level of the Capitol itself (6). Whether it was the besiegers who set fire to the buildings or the besieged, as is more commonly reported, in order to check the enemy's advance has not been ascertained. The flames, however, spread from thence to the porticos attached to the houses: the eagles of the roof (the slanting rafters supporting the apex of the pediment), being old and dry wood, caught fire and fed the conflagration. Thus the Capitol, its gates (7) still shut, undefended and unstormed, was consumed to ashes.\*

Upon

\* Tac. *Hist.* iii. 71. "Cito agmine forum et imminencia foro templa præterverti erigunt aciem per adversum collem, usque ad primas Capitolinæ arcis fores. Erant antiquitus porticus in latere clivi, dextræ subeuntibus: in quarum tectum egressi saxis tegulisque Vitellianos obruebant. Neque illis manus, nisi gladiis, armatæ: et arcessere tormenta, aut missilia tela, longum videbatur: facies in prominentem porticum jecere, et sequebantur ignem; ambustasque Capitolii fores penetrassent, ni Sabinus revulsas undique statuas, decora majorum, in ipso aditu, vice muri, objecisset. Tum diversos Capitolii aditus invadunt, juxta lacum Asyli, et qua Tarpeia rupes centum gradibus aditur. Improvisa utraque vis; propior atque acrior per Asylum ingruerat. Nec sisti poterant scandentes per conjuncta ædificia; quæ, ut in multa pace, in altum edita solum Capitolii æquabant. Hic ambigitur, ignem tectis oppugnatores injecerint, an obsessi, quæ crebrior fama est, quo nitentes ac progressos depellerent. Inde lapsus ignis in porticus appositæ sedibus: mox sustinentes fastigium aquilæ vetere ligno traxerunt flammam alueruntque.



Upon this passage we submit the following commentary with reference to the points we have numbered in the above extract. (1) The only access to the Capitol or the Arx from the Forum was by the Clivus Capitolinus, the line of the triumphal processions, which rose from before the Temple of Concord, climbed the face of the hill under the Tabularium from right to left, reached with a bend or zigzag perhaps the level or landing-place of the

alueruntque. Sic Capitolium, clausis foribus, indefensum et indireptum, conflagravit."

Intermontium,

Intermontium, and then, as we conceive, bending again to the left, mounted to the foot of the gates (*primæ fores*) of the Capitoline Temple on the south-west summit. (2) The term 'fortress' (*Arx*) is here applied to the Temple, *i. e.* to the sacred precincts, surrounded no doubt with an outer wall and cloister, and rendered to some extent defensible, which embraced the triple fane of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, and bore the comprehensive title of *Capitolium*, or as here the *Arx Capitolina*. (3) The latter part of the ascent from the level of the Intermontium would doubtless be skirted with porticos, or propylæa, on the right-hand side. On the left the cliff would descend from it. (4) The Capitol would of course abound with statues; but we should not expect a bare fortification like the ancient *Arx* (if it is of the *Arx* proper that Tacitus is speaking) to furnish such precious materials for a hasty defence. (5) The Vitellians, we conceive, being repulsed at the front gates, descended the hill; one party diverged into the Intermontium, and renewed the assault from the steps which led from the Grove of the Asylum to the north side of the Temple: another re-entered the Forum, ran round the base of the Tarpeian Rock, and scaled the hill again by the Hundred Steps, so as to take the Temple on the south. (6) We may remark, in passing, the common error that this passage indicates the existence of houses at Rome of the height of the Capitoline Hill, that is, an hundred feet and upwards. Tacitus is speaking of houses which stood on the Intermontium, more than half way up the hill. (7) It will be observed that Tacitus has three times spoken of the gates: once of the Capitoline fortress as he calls it, and twice of the Capitol. From the context it appears, as we contend, indisputably, that these all refer to the same mass of building. The gates of the Capitol, then, were protected from the Vitellians by the statues: they were still closed when the fire reached them; and though the place was neither attacked nor defended, that is, by engines and military means, it was consumed by the accidental conflagration. If this commentary be correct, the locality can be no other than the southern summit, and this must have been, as we contend, the site of the Capitoline temple, but the *Arx* proper has nothing to do with it. The *Arx* of the Capitol, in the language of Tacitus, is the Capitol itself, and is altogether different from the original or proper *Arx*. The defensibility of the ancient temples generally (*templa muris cincta*, says Tacitus elsewhere) is sufficiently well known, and we need make no difficulty about the phrase here used. The defence of the temple of Camulodunum against the Iceni is a case in point. It was of course not in the cella of that temple, neither larger nor lighter perhaps



perhaps than the Black Hole at Calcutta, that the Roman colonists took refuge, but in the precincts, however imperfectly fortified, which surrounded it.

Such, then, is our conception of the passage. Mr. Dyer, on the contrary, admits the attack to have been made on the southern hill, but uses this as an argument for placing upon it the primitive or proper *Arx*, which he maintains to be the Capitoline fortress of Tacitus. The temple, or Capitol, however, which caught fire in the attack, he supposes to be an entirely different building, and to have stood on the other summit; that is to say, about two hundred yards distant, beyond the Intermontium and many intervening edifices. This is highly improbable in itself, but we repeat that it is impossible that the 'gates' of Tacitus thrice repeated can, in the connexion in which they stand, be applied by him to two distinct and distant edifices.\*

We forbear from further discussion of the authorities, which it is difficult to render interesting or even generally intelligible; but Mr. Dyer may be assured that we have not overlooked his appeals to them. It will be sufficient to add that the theory which we have sought to confirm is after all agreeable to what we might expect *à priori* to find. The old tradition affirmed that the Sabines occupied the northern, while the Romans held the southern eminence; but the palace of King Tatius, according to the legend, was situated in the *Arx*. The primitive *Arx* therefore was on the north. Again, when the two nations coalesced, the *Arx*, we are told, became the fortress of their common city: where should we expect this to be, but on the *highest* point, the *ἄκρα*, as the Greeks called it, of the whole hill? Indeed in the Greek writers, who opposed the term *ἄκρα* to *Καπιτώλιον*, the superior height of the former is clearly indi-

\* It may be worth while to show in a few words how groundless is another of Mr. Dyer's subsidiary arguments. Ovid has the line—

'Qua fert sublimes alta Moneta gradus.'

Now the temple of Juno Moneta, says Mr. Dyer, is known to have been in the *Arx*; and he conceives this passage, which he fancies is obscure, to mean that this temple stood at the head of the well-known Centum Gradus, or Hundred Steps, and therefore on the southern summit. There is, however, no obscurity about the words, nor, if there were, would Mr. Dyer's interpretation, which is grammatically inadmissible, avail to clear it up. The use of 'fero' in the sense of 'effero,' to raise, if uncommon, is sufficiently established. Thus Virgil—

'Sublimemque feres ad sidera cœli  
Magnanimum Ænean.'

Ovid means to say,

'Where high Moneta rears her stair aloft.'

Probably the shrine of Juno was raised on a lofty basement, so as to be visible above the walls of the *Arx*. A prose writer would have said that the temple was raised aloft on steps, but the inversion may be pardoned in a poet.

catēd,

cated, a distinction which is lost to us, but not perhaps to the Romans themselves, in the use of the Latin *Arx*.

On matters of this kind, uncertain as our conclusions must be at best, it is peculiarly desirable to speak with moderation, and we must not omit to express our disappointment at the bitterness with which Mr. Dyer almost throughout pursues his predecessor William Becker. There is nothing indeed to be said in defence of Becker's own tone in discussing these matters with his compeers, but with such a painful example before us there is the more reason for guarding ourselves against the same fault. With all his defects of temper, and with many slips in argument, Becker's manual of Roman topography is far the clearest, and on the whole the most satisfactory, of any, and Mr. Dyer himself acknowledges that without its help and guidance he could not have executed his own work. Mr. Dyer may be assured that he has placed the mere English scholar under similar obligations to himself, and though his conclusions on various points may not be always admissible, he has secured himself a reputation in this peculiar department of literature which can only be marred by indications of jealousy or ill-temper towards his rivals.

We might be tempted by our own personal interest in such questions, and with the advantage of so able and instructive a cicerone, to examine still further the details of Roman topography; to trace, as closely as we could, the limits of the ascertained, the probable, and the possible, fighting our way inch by inch among the ruins of the past, and doing battle with rival topographers to the right and to the left over the unburied bodies of palaces and temples. But we abstain from discussions unfitted for these pages, and turn to another branch of our author's subject, which may be more generally attractive—the history of the city itself,—not its civil and political, but its physical or material history, which Mr. Dyer has treated, after Bunsen and Niebuhr, with great clearness and precision. A poem of no great power made, as we remember, a sensation some thirty years ago, from its striking and original conception. The 'Pelican Island' of James Montgomery recorded the vision of a spirit who brooded over the waters of the Southern Pacific, and watched from age to age the growth of a coral island in the expanse of ocean, from the birth of the first madrepore which built its house at the bottom of the waves, to the production of a rock, a reef, an island, and a continent, the parent of cities and the abode of human souls. The charm of this fanciful poem lay in the desolateness of this long protracted vigil, gradually ripening under the eye of Providence to a moral and human interest, and closing in the sublimest aspirations, in devotional impulses and hopes of immortality.

immortality. But how far more thrilling would be the thoughts and imaginations of the gnome, or sylph, or genius, if such there be, who has gazed, it may be, unseen upon the fateful spot where Rome stood and stands, from the time when it first heaved with the throes of creation, or responded to the plastic hand of organic revolution; who has witnessed the upraising of its Seven Hills, the excavation of its valleys and watercourses, the clothing of its soil with forests, the successive inhabitation of beasts and savage men, of warriors, philosophers, emperors, and pontiffs,—the slow fluctuations of the external features of its occupation, from the rude hill fort to the municipal burgh, the imperial city, the refuge of perishing arts and learning, the most venerable monument of a venerated antiquity! Even now science enables us to retrace, more or less distinctly, the elemental configuration of that solemn site at various distinct but undefinable epochs. Fire and water have borne sway alternately over the soil of Rome. The dire contest between the great rival powers of Nature, which Lucretius, the poet of Nature, depicts in the realms of space, has actually occurred in the course of ages on the very spot upon which he, all unconsciously, described it. We might well have spared a trite allusion to Phaëthon and the Horses of the Sun, for the burst of sensibility with which the Muse of a Roman Sedgwick might have hailed the convulsive birthpangs of the Tiber and the Anio, the Quirinal, and the Palatine.\*

First of all, the soil of the Janiculan and the Vatican hills bears witness, in the sand and gravel of which they are mainly composed, and in their vast deposits of marine formations, to the primal epoch when Italy lay prostrate beneath the waters of the ocean, before the long chain of the Apennines was upreared from below and became the watershed from which on either side the salt floods rolled away into the upper and the lower seas. But when this liquid mass had subsided, or while it was still subsiding to the level assigned to it for the future, a second series of revolutions beneath the soil must have thrown up the Seven Hills which front the Janiculan, by the force of igneous action. The tufa which forms the nucleus of these masses attests the fusive powers of fire. These nine hills or ridges must at one time have formed, together with the Pincian and the Monte Mario, a complete barrier to the waters flowing down from the valley above. The drainage of Central Italy descending along the channels of the Tiber, the Nar, and the Anio, must have been retained at this period in a wide basin, and constituted a great inland lake.

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\* Cum semel in terris fuerit superantior Ignis;  
Et semel, ut fama 'st, humor regnarit in arvis, &c.—v. 395.

Thus

Thus we find that the plain in which Rome stands, and the low levels which intersect her hills, lying between the marine heights on the one side, and the volcanic heights on the other, and running up among them in various directions, are a freshwater formation; the clay and gravel which compose them, abounding in freshwater remains, are a deposit of the lake above described—the scourings of the Sabine and Etruscan valleys, since the period of the sea's retreat. The Tiber, if Tiber it might be called—to which, as to the Peneus of Lucan when it stagnated in the Thessalian valley, '*crescere cursus erat*,'—must have reached, judging from the height at which these remains are traceable, to 130 feet above its present level. But finally we must suppose that new convulsions forced eventually an opening in these hills, between the Janiculan and Aventine, and allowed the lake to drain away, the waters to settle themselves in a defined channel, and become at last the genuine Tiber, the ancient Father Tiber, of whom poets and historians have sung and said for five-and-twenty centuries.

Another age succeeds, and the plain is crowned with long, rank vegetation, abounding with many-coloured flowers in spring, but parched and crackling almost like a stubble-field under the feet after the long drought of summer. The hills wave with groves of oak and ilex, but their level summits rarely rise above an hundred and fifty feet, and in form and substance they are rather ledges of rock than hills, on the sides of which tufts of brushwood cling and nestle, but grass can with difficulty grow. The waters trickling down their slopes, fed by the moisture of their inviolate forests, stagnate in the hollows between them, and nourish a tangled jungle of underwood, the lair of wolves and buffalos, of wild beasts, and presently of men still wilder. One of these hills at least, the Aventine, still bears some lingering traces of its fiery origin; blasts of smoke and flame are imagined at times to issue from it; and long after these have become finally extinguished the tradition of them survives among the tribes of the vicinity, who believe that the spot is still the fastness of a monstrous giant, who robs them of their cattle, and defies the challenge of their champion by vomiting fire from his throat. This is the furthest point to which legend and tradition reach; and it is interesting to observe the devout animation with which the Romans of the Empire recur to it. Hard and material as they are, and insensible to the spiritual experiences of their own exhausted civilization, they still cling fondly to the imagination that a deity, be he who he may, once seen by favoured worshippers, possesses the throne of the Capitoline; that Janus and Saturn founded each his city upon opposing summits; that

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one of the great gods of Olympus is still the patron of each of the sacred hills of Rome. The rude legends of antiquity are sanctioned and attested in their eyes by the marvellous display of divine power which has since revealed itself to the world. With a just and natural pride they contrast the brilliant glory of their own days with these obscure but providential beginnings, and believe that from the first the fated empire of Rome was prophesied in no doubtful strains by the god Apollo and the seer Carmenta. Not Virgil only and Horace, but Ovid and Propertius, turn with pious enthusiasm from their own splendid palaces and temples to the wicker hut of Romulus and the thatched roof of the Capitol. Still further, they sweep away from their mind's eye the existing monuments of twenty generations, and love to restore the time when the cattle lowed in the Forum and the Carinæ, and wolves were stalled in the cave of the Lupercal. 'Who would think,' exclaims Ovid, 'that this simple spot held so wide a place in the concerns of destiny?'

The features of this time-honoured scene are of extremely moderate proportions. The Tiber itself, the most illustrious of rivers, straitly girded as it is by the double lines of building through which it flows, is little more than fifty yards in width; and above and below the city, where it has more scope to wander and expand, does not generally exceed eighty or a hundred. Though it sweeps along with great power and concentrated energy, it is only from its historic associations that it can excite enthusiasm or even command admiration. We remember the disappointment and contempt with which it was regarded by a genuine child of nature, a young American officer, with whom we once found ourselves perambulating the Eternal City. Our companion, fresh, as all his conversation showed, from a military station on the borders of the wilderness, and without the smallest interest in antiquity, of which he was indeed profoundly ignorant, gazed as he was bid, but without sympathy, and almost without remark, on the august ruins of the Forum; but when we introduced him to the view of the yellow Tiber, he broke out for the first time with a natural expression of surprise and mortification. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'is that the furious Tiber, chafing with his banks, which Cæsar and Cassius were so proud of swimming across? We should think nothing of such a creek as that in our country.' It seems that in reading Shakspeare, from which he had got all he knew of Roman history, as a greater soldier derived from the same source his slender knowledge of English, he had pictured the Tiber to himself as such a torrent as his own Mis-

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\* *Quis tantum fati credat habere locum?*—Ovid, *Fasti*, i. 518.

issippi, full of snags and sawyers, from which no living thing ever emerges ; and great was his vexation and displeasure on viewing in its real diminutiveness the more classical but less romantic stream. If he had ever doubted before the valour of Julius Cæsar, who failed to whip the Britishers, he had now sufficient proof how much the great dictator's heroism had been exaggerated by blind adulation.\*

The Seven Hills form a river bank of moderate elevation proportioned to this slender stream. From the Capitoline on the north, which comes within three hundred yards of the Tiber, to the Aventine on the south, which falls almost directly into it, these hills follow a segment of considerably more than half a circle. The Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, and the Cælian, which lie more inland, are all tongues of land projecting from the common ridge which bounds the valley, and which slopes away on the further side insensibly into the Campagna. Arnold's illustration is worth repeating. He compares these projecting tongues of hill, to the fingers of an open hand, the knuckles representing the ridge from which they spring, and the back of the hand the gentle slope outwards. The Capitoline and Aventine stand apart as sentinels to guard the stream from the descending or ascending foe, and between them, in the centre of the whole group, lies the sequestered Palatine, closely embraced by three connected valleys, and in the earliest times almost inaccessible to man from the waters which stagnated in them. The heights of these hills, level, as we have said, or nearly so, at their summits, have been variously estimated, but hardly anywhere exceed an hundred and fifty feet from the mean level of the Tiber. The Palatine is a trapezium, two sides of which are about three hundred and the other two about four hundred yards in length. It may be compared in size and in shape with the block of buildings enclosing Hanover-square, between Oxford-street and Conduit-street in London. The Aventine, less regularly shaped, is about equal in dimensions ; the Capitoline, with its two summits and saddle between them, is the smallest of the Seven Hills, and does not much exceed three hundred and fifty yards in length by one hundred in breadth. Of the other eminences, which have few distinct features, and are, in fact, merely undulations of a single hill, the Viminal is the smallest and the best defined ;

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\* Some of our companion's remarks, whom, however, we by no means regard as a sample of his class in book-knowledge, were curiously illustrative of the ideas of the olden time commonly entertained in a new country, where the ancient is synonymous with the barbarous, and novelty with improvement. Of the Antonine column he observed, ' Now I call that quite an elegant building, considering its antiquity.'

the Esquiline and the Cælian extend over considerable spaces. These two latter and the Quirinal have each more than one knoll, to which at an early period distinct names were assigned, but which were apparently lost to view and to recollection when covered with the buildings of the city.

The ancient legend of Rome followed, it may be presumed, a true tradition when it assigned the Palatine for the cradle of the Roman state. So much we may embrace at least of the story of Romulus, that the founders of Rome were a band of brigands and outlaws, and none of the Seven Hills was so well calculated for the retreat of those 'wolves of Italy' as that scarped summit of the Palatine encompassed by marsh and jungle. But the Roman hills form an isolated cluster in the centre of a wide extended plain; and it is probable that more than one of them was seized from an early period for the fastness of the tribes which roamed over the Campagna, whether they occupied lands of their own or merely plundered those of their neighbours. The original hostility of the men of the Palatine and of the Quirinal, the contest between them for the Capitoline, their eventual coalition, and the successive occupation of the Cælian, the Aventine, and the rest, by the colonies of the united city, are matters upon which history becomes more and more shy of pronouncing. For the topographer it is sufficient to mark the era when the common rampart was extended to comprehend the seven heights in a single enclosure, and the opposite slope of the Janiculan itself was crowned with a fortress, connected perhaps with the city by a double line of wall and a bridge. The Janiculan hill rises nearly an hundred feet above the highest elevation on the left bank; and from its Arx, on the site of the modern gate S. Pancrazio, the Seven Hills lie expanded to the view in their full dimensions. 'From this point,' said Martial, many centuries later, 'you might behold the seven lordly mounts, and measure the entire size of Rome.'\*

What was the mode of fortification adopted for the defence of the Servian city, as this inhabited enclosure may be denominated, seems to be little determined. The Roman writers indeed of a later date spoke of it commonly as a continuous wall; but this wall, they acknowledge, had disappeared almost entirely in the time of Augustus, and in many parts even the bounds of the original city were completely forgotten.† We may presume

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\* 'Hinc septem dominos videre montes,  
Et totam licet æstimare Romam.'—Martial, iv. 64.

† Within the last few months, we are informed, about thirty yards of a venerable wall, claimed by the antiquaries for Servian, have been discovered and laid bare on the southern ridge of the Aventine.

that

that the entrances of the valleys were guarded, and the heights connected with a wall and ditch, and along the ridge at the back of the Viminal and Esquiline there was an earthen rampart which remained with the special name of the *Agger* down to a late period in the history of the city. Here and there, even at this day, the scarped cliffs of the hills still present fragments of brick or stone-work, the substructions, as some have imagined, of a massive wall ; but we can hardly believe that these heights were generally defended after the Etruscan fashion by solid masonry. Even the Capitoline itself, on which the *Arx* or Citadel of the city was reared, seems to have been defended in some parts only by the natural or artificial steepness of its flanks. But whatever was the line of defence, there lay both before and behind it a certain sacred space called the *Pomœrium*, upon which it was forbidden to intrude with buildings ; yet before the fall of the republic this restriction had been disregarded in all directions, and the line of the *Pomœrium* had become as much obliterated by encroachments as that of the fortification.

In modern cities the natural inequalities of the ground are for the most part speedily obliterated. As the buildings spread from slope to slope the eminences are lowered and the hollows between them partially filled up. The name of hill may still remain attached to the ascending street, but the acclivity may be hardly perceptible to the eye. It was not so with Rome. To the last the hills remained distinct ; their sides were rendered by art even more abrupt than nature had left them ; and in many places they were sharply defined by solid walls of masonry rising from the plain below, and supporting masses of building on the level of the summit. The hills of Rome, and more particularly the Palatine, were occupied by the nobles ; and their mansions were originally fortresses, constructed to overawe the commons and secure the personal safety of their lordly inhabitants. The Aventine indeed was surrendered at an early period to be colonized by the Plebs ; but the Plebs, as we all know, had its nobles as well as the Patriciate, and in process of time the position of this class of the aristocracy became not less invidious than that of its older and more legitimate rivals. In the meantime the mass of the citizens were crowded together in the valleys below ; and even of these large spaces were occupied by places of public assembly—by the Forum on one side of the Palatine, and the Circus on the other. The most densely inhabited areas of the city were the Suburra, between the Quirinal and the Esquiline, and the Velabrum, which descended from the Capitol and the Forum to the river side. While the hills were occupied by mansions of stone, surrounded frequently by courts and



gardens, or connected one with another by colonnades, the lower levels of Rome were thronged with buildings sometimes of burnt, sometimes of unburnt brick, often merely of wood, constructed in lofty blocks of many houses each, which the law was constantly engaged in the vain endeavour to keep at a certain fixed distance from one another, to check the progress of the frequent fires. The houses indeed of the nobles were frequently encompassed by small huts, leaning against their outer walls, for the accommodation of their slaves and retainers; and to this extent the lower classes may have established themselves from an early date even on the Palatine; but it may be doubted whether the principal hills were traversed at all by streets, and whether they were accessible, except perhaps at a single point, for wheel carriages.\* The streets below were numerous, tortuous, and narrow. It is doubtful whether the houses, rising often to many stories, were built with projecting upper works; generally there could have been no room in such close-thronged rows of buildings for any projection at all. We need hardly add that these wretched avenues were neither paved nor lighted; and when a distinguished warrior was rewarded with the special permission to ride home, when he supped abroad, on the back of an elephant, the honour must have been as embarrassing to himself as formidable to his fellow-citizens.

The view of Rome from any of the elevated points within it or about it must have been singular to our notions, from the total absence of towers, spires, and minarets, such as are equally conspicuous in the architecture of London and Paris, of Moscow and Kasan, of Constantinople and Cairo. The stranger who seeks to obtain a general idea of the features of the hallowed site at the present day, climbs the lofty stair of the tower of the Senator's palace as the most central eminence; but there are innumerable churches from the domes of which a wide-extended view may be commanded of the city and the country around. Ancient Rome, till at least a very late period, had no such specular turrets. Even the columns of Antonine and Trajan rise from very low levels, and barely overtop the heights around them. The Tower of Mæcenæ, which stood on the loftiest site of the Augustan city, was probably but little raised above the noble mansions of the Esquiline quarter. To gain a general view of Rome, Martial, as we have seen, directs us to the terraces of a garden on the opposite slope of the Janiculan. But every hill was crowned with the pointed apex of some conspicuous temple, and by such

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\* The few streets and lanes of Rome known to us by name lay either in the hollows or, in one or two cases, on the slopes; none of them, as far as we are aware, upon the summit of any of the hills.

temples, indeed, rising above the general line of the housetops, the horizon was almost everywhere bounded. And these, too, were surmounted by the statues of the gods, perched upon their highest pinnacles. The Roman, as he walked in the streets, at least wherever an open space allowed his eye to range to the eminences around him, beheld the countenances of his country's gods bent down upon him from every side. The vision of the avenging deities of Greece, which Venus reveals to Æneas upon the walls of Troy, may have been suggested by the familiar spectacle of the divinities of Rome thus raised aloft, each on his own peculiar hill, to watch over the fortunes of the favourites of Olympus.

After the conflagration of the city by the Gauls, it had been rebuilt, we are told, without any plan, and with no improvement in the style of its ordinary architecture. Every one ran up a house himself where he would, or built upon the roof of his neighbour; and so little were even the old lines of the streets regarded, that they were now frequently made to cross the sewers which had been formerly constructed to drain them. An old law had limited the thickness of the walls to one and a half feet in order to economize space; but when, with the increase of the population, and the expansion of the private dwellings of the rich, the precincts of the temples and the places of public meeting, it became necessary to raise story upon story, these foundations were not sufficiently strong to support the incumbent mass. The constant falling of houses is mentioned, along with the conflagrations and the inundations of the river, as one of the great dangers and inconveniences of city life. Things, however, grew worse and worse towards the decline of the Republic. The competitors for public favour expended their resources in erecting vast theatres and contributing to the amusement of the voting multitude; but their tenure of office was too brief, their interest in the well-being of the masses too factitious, to allow them to devise wise and large schemes of metropolitan improvement.

It was not till the establishment of the Imperial power by Augustus that the government recognised the duty or policy of consulting public health, security or convenience. It was the boast of Augustus, as we have all heard, that he found the city of brick and left it of marble; but this referred only to one, and that not the most important, part of his constructive labours. Doubtless he built or rebuilt hundreds of shrines and temples; he incited both his wife and his nobles to vie with him in decorating the city and doing honour to the gods, but he cultivated the people of the Campus and the Forum more assiduously and not less successfully, as he might imagine, than the divinities of Olympus.

Olympus. The thronging of the tenements of the populace in the lower parts of the city was unsightly and dangerous—dangerous to life and dangerous to the government, which was made to bear the odium of every public calamity. Augustus swept away a whole district of the most crowded dwellings between the Roman Forum and the Quirinal, and replaced them with the ample colonnades and open courts and pavements of a Forum of his own. The immediate consequence of this wholesale displacement of the population was soon seen, no doubt, in the increasing tendency to raise the height of the remaining edifices. It was necessary to set a limit to the altitude of private dwellings; and this was fixed by Augustus at a maximum of seventy feet. This is about the height of one of our ordinary four-storied houses in London, and may have contained perhaps five or six stories of the lower and darker dwelling-places of the Roman commonalty. But it is probable that the public constructions of Augustus and his nobility drove the lower classes continually further from the centre of the city. The police regulations of this emperor, by which Rome was divided into fourteen regions, instead of the four regions of Servius, seem to indicate an extension of the area covered with buildings. The four regions of Servius, indeed, occupied the whole space within the Servian walls, and of the fourteen of Augustus eleven were still confined to that inclosure. But the buildings now ran out continuously beyond the old line of defence in many places, and the three extramural regions of Augustus were evidently meant to embrace the suburban quarters, in which the greatest amount of new habitations had sprung or was rapidly springing up. Of these, the ‘Porta Capena’ occupied the valley of the Aqua Crabra and the bifurcation of the Appian and Latin ways. The ‘Circus Flaminius’ embraced the new population which was nestling among the temples and public edifices of the plain to the west of the Capitoline; and the Via Lata comprehended a new quarter between the Quirinal and the great north road of Flaminius. Whatever building there may have been beyond the walls in other directions, it was apparently not important enough to demand annexation, even for purposes of police, to the original city. The heights of the Cælian and Esquiline were for the most part occupied by the villas and gardens of the nobility, particularly the great parks of Mæcenas, the Lamiæ, and the Laterani; while the slopes of the Pincian were almost entirely surrendered to the pleasure-grounds first created by Sallust and Lucullus.\* Under

\* There are many passages in Pliny, Seneca, Martial, &c., describing, in very high-flown language no doubt, the immense size of the mansions of the nobles under the Cæsars; but we will refer to one only from Olympiodorus. ‘Each of the

Under Augustus and his immediate successors some partial fires operated beneficially in clearing away masses of dense, unwholesome buildings, and the space thus obtained was, we may suppose, generally laid out more laxly, the surplus population being driven into the suburbs. But never did a city receive a greater permanent benefit from a transient calamity than Rome from the great conflagration in the reign of Nero. The extent, indeed, to which this destruction reached is not accurately recorded; though Tacitus assures us that three of the fourteen regions were utterly consumed, and seven others more or less severely injured. The districts which he himself directly specifies refer chiefly to the hollow between the Cælian and Palatine, the valley of the Circus, and the foot of the Esquiline. We may imagine that the flames, which ran from bench to bench the whole length of the Circus, would reach to the dense masses of building in the gorge of the Velabrum, and climb the adjacent hills; but we can hardly suppose that the temples and imperial mansion on the Palatine would be entirely consumed without special mention, still less that the ancient monuments of the Forum would be swept into the devouring abyss unrecorded. The Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline seems undoubtedly to have escaped unscathed. Whatever limits, however, we may be disposed to place on the possible amplifications of our historian's rhetoric, there can be no doubt that a large portion of the city, and some of the most thickly crowded quarters, were swept away, and reduced to a *tabula rasa* for the architectural fancies of the Emperor to disport upon. Nero seized the opportunity with his usual ardour. He had already revolved many schemes for effecting some great material construction which should render his name famous for ever. Now the time was come, and circumstances presented him with an object which, if worthily handled, could not fail to immortalize him. Nero had more of the Greek than the Roman in his character; more of the Oriental, the Macedonian Greek, than the purer and simpler Attic. He resolved in his new constructions to emulate the great city-builders of Asia Minor and Syria: he rebuilt Rome after the fashion of Cæsarea or Antioch. Instead of the crooked, narrow streets of the old city, the result of the utter want of plan or systematic direction, which has been described, he laid out his new city in a regular net-work of straight and broad avenues, as far as the character of the site would admit of it; he widened

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the great houses of Rome,' he says, 'comprehends everything that an ordinary city can supply—a hippodrome, forums, temples, fountains, and halls of various kinds; so that a certain author has said,

"One house is a town, the city embraces ten thousand towns."

the

the interior spaces of the blocks of houses, reduced their height, and surrounded them with colonnades. He insisted that no houses should henceforth be built of wood only, but that all should have at least a basement of Alban or Gabine stone.\* Henceforth new Rome and old Rome were distinguished and contrasted with one another, and old-fashioned people continued fifty years later to sigh over their recollections of the ancient city, with its narrow streets and lofty houses, which intercepted the rays of the sun and retained the cool night air long into the morning. They might, at least, have been grateful for Nero's shady colonnades.

We may imagine how large a portion of the population must have been displaced from the interior of Rome by this method of reconstruction. But Nero did much more than this. He had already connected the abode of his ancestors on the Palatine with the Villa of Mæcenas, inherited by the Cæsars, on the Esquiline. A long bridge, arched and roofed, in imitation, perhaps, of Caligula's viaduct to the Capitol, must have crossed the valley of the Colosseum to bring these two buildings into connexion, and still leave open the necessary thoroughfares of the city. But he now determined to bring the two into closer union by the construction of vast buildings throughout the space between, so as to make one continuous series of halls and chambers, interrupted at least by courts and gardens only, from the summit of one hill to the other. The Golden House of Nero rose upon the area of a considerable portion of the city, including the slope of the Cælian and the Esquiline, as well as the whole summit of the Palatine, and crossing from one to another on long arched corridors. Again the masses of the population were ousted from their ancient localities, and driven to perch themselves farther and farther from the centre of the city. As regards, indeed, the Golden House, it is true that a very few years saw the demolition of all the additions, at least, which Nero had made to the palace of his predecessors. A large part, however, of the space it occupied was certainly never restored for the inhabitation of the citizens. The Colosseum, so called, as is commonly said, from the Colossus of Nero which adorned the vestibule of his palace, almost at the western entrance of the great amphitheatre, stands on ground which must once have been crowded with plebeian dwellings, and to this place of public resort were attached outbuildings, including reservoirs and fish-ponds, on the Cælian Hill. The Baths of Titus cover also a large

\* The words '*ædificia ipsa, certa sui parte, sine trabibus, saxo Gabino Albanove solidarentur,*' seem to show that houses had before been built entirely of *trabes*, by which we understand here a framework of wood.

area taken from the imperial residence and transferred by the usurping dynasty to the people for their recreation. Even while these transfers were in progress, during the reign of Titus, another fire, only less ruinous than that of Nero, must have swept away a large part of what yet remained of ancient Rome; and this, according to all analogy, both ancient and modern, must have been replaced by a laxer style of building. Finally, Trajan occupied a central site with his new Forum, and further limited the height of the houses in Rome to 60 Roman feet, equal to about 58 English; and Hadrian still could find or make room in the middle of the city for his temples of Peace and of Rome and Venus, which were probably the largest of their kind.

Let us endeavour, then, to trace the progress of the people of Rome in the compulsory migrations which followed upon these repeated dislodgments.

Westward of the Capitoline and Quirinal, and beyond the walls of the Servian inclosure, lay a wide plain or meadow extending from the bank of the Tiber to the foot of the Pincian hills, and divided to the right and the left into two unequal portions by the straight avenue of the Flaminian Way. This plain is about a mile in length with the same breadth in the widest part, but to the north the river and the hills approach nearer to each other, and the great road makes its exit from between them through a gorge of little more than two hundred yards across. This, as is well known, is the site of the chief portion of the present city. In the time of the republic, when it went generally by the name of the Flaminian Plain or Meadow, it was almost totally uninhabited—not that there were not already several public buildings constructed on it, particularly in the vicinity of the gates, for the convenience of the people. Here were the Septa and Ovilia, the polling-places of the people, when they met in the military organization of their centuries, together with the vast hall of the Diribitorium, in which the votes were counted, the roof of which was the largest in Rome. Here was the Forum Olitorium, or herb-market, surrounded by the temples of Juno and Janus, of Hope and Piety. The theatres of Balbus and Pompeius were erected in this locality, and here was the Circus Flaminius, for chariot-races and gladiatorial shows, second only in size to the great Circus within the walls. The famous Temple of Bellona, in which the senate frequently held its sittings, was one of the chief ornaments of the Flaminian Field. Arches and columns, porticos and pavements, were also to be found here; and the galleries of the Pompeian Curia formed a fashionable promenade; but a large portion of the space, denominated the Campus Martius, was specially dedicated to the exercises

exercises of the citizens, to running, leaping, wrestling, and bathing. With the establishment of the Empire the public occupation of this region made rapid strides. The theatre of Marcellus replaced the Herb-market; the colonnades of Octavia were erected contiguous to it. Augustus reared his own splendid mausoleum on the confines of the Field of Mars. Statilius Taurus constructed his theatre, Agrippa raised the vast dome of the Pantheon, and surrounded it with capacious thermæ and long rows of vaulted corridors. The porticos of Neptune and Europa ran perhaps along the side of the Flaminian Way; a portion of the Campus was separated from the rest, and styled the Field of Agrippa, by whose manifold constructions it was decorated; the aqueduct of the same giant builder strode from the flank of the Pincian into the centre of the space before us. We have seen that Augustus portioned off two corners of this great plain for two of his suburban regions, but we can hardly suppose that, in his time at least, private dwellings were allowed to encroach further upon the public domain of the Roman citizens. Down to a late period of the Empire we meet with the erection of new public edifices in this district. The Circus Agonalis occupied a large slice of its site, and the Stables of the Factions—the charioteers, that is, of the rival colours—must have still further thronged the space still remaining. The place of exercise, the Field of Mars, still continued inviolate, and was used even in the third century as an open palæstra. The Æmilian gardens of Tigellinus lay on the slope of the Pincian, between the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Spagna, and above it stood the burial-place of the Domitii, in which the remains of Nero were deposited. Of low-class dwellings we hear little or nothing. It is impossible to suppose that there were none here; that no petty tenements, shops, and lodging-houses leant, at least, against the sides of more august edifices; but Strabo, in the time of Tiberius, makes no mention of any such, and Martial, after the era of Nero's fire, speaks of this quarter as still occupied by grass and trees as much as by houses. On the whole, we cannot certainly imagine any dense habitation of the Campus Flaminius consequent upon the expansion of the city under the Flavian emperors.

It is not so easy to pronounce any opinion in this respect with regard to the eastern and north-eastern suburbs of the city. It is probable at least that the great parks of the nobility which skirted the lines of Servius in these directions, were gradually reduced to more modest dimensions, and gave way, at least to some extent, to private inhabitation. The destruction of the great families under Nero and his immediate predecessors, combined

bined with the modest habits of Vespasian, and generally with the growing disgust of the nobility at the monstrous abuse of wealth in the preceding generation, to introduce a less ostentatious style of living among them. The mansions of the nobles became fewer perhaps and less spacious, and allowed proportionably more space for the dwellings of the poorer citizens.\* Yet there were still great obstacles to the extension of the suburbs of Rome. The roadsides were occupied with the sepulchres of twenty-five generations, and it was forbidden by feeling as well as by law to dwell within a certain prescribed distance of the remains of mortality. The performance indeed of certain ceremonies sufficed to desecrate these hallowed spots; but if we may judge from the well-known monuments of the dead which have been discovered even within the Porta Appia, and still more numerous in quite recent times beyond it, it would seem that on this, the most frequented of all the Roman ways, there was little use made of such a privilege.† When two centuries after our era Caracalla proposed to erect his vast public baths, he found, we may suppose, little impediment from private buildings at only half a mile's distance from the Porta Capena. The Grotto of Egeria, almost immediately under the Servian walls, continued in the time of Juvenal to be surrounded with a grove, the resort of beggars, idlers, and the lowest classes of the people. There was a distinct village at the Milvian bridge, about three miles from the Capitol, but in the immediate neighbourhood we read of rural villas and pastures. That there was no suburb below the city on the river banks may be proved from the absence of any trace or record of a bridge across it.‡ It is remarkable, again, that our accounts of various events which took place a little outside the walls indicate the solitude of the country rather than the character of populous suburbs. The estate of Phaon, Nero's freedman, in which that emperor concealed and finally destroyed

\* Nevertheless the friend of Martial had some acres of garden (*jugera pauca*) on the slope of the Janiculan; and the existence of extensive pleasantries in other quarters may be inferred from monuments and inscriptions. See *Ann. de l'Institut. Archéol.* x. 208, cited by De la Malle, i. 377. The gardens of Julius Cæsar on the right bank of the Tiber were still a public promenade in the time of Domitian: '*Suburbanique vadum prætexitur hortis.*'—*Stat., Sylv.* i. 1.

† Recent excavations have uncovered a double or triple series of tombs to a distance of nine or ten miles on each side of the Appian Way.

‡ The argument of C. Zumpt, that the suburbs of Rome must have extended far on the Ostian road, because the church of S. Paolo lies more than a mile distant from the gates, is mere trifling. The church was erected over the supposed grave of the martyr, and was no doubt quite independent of any building around it. So far from being placed in a continuous suburb of the city, we know that it required a long colonnade to shelter the worshippers who resorted from the city to the shrine.

himself,



himself, was situated four miles from Rome, between the Salarian and Nomentane ways. The fugitives from the city pursue their way some distance along the high road, and then turn aside to reach the villa, which is described as lying among bushes and briars, and approached by a track through a canebrake. At the fourth milestone, in another direction, Festus tells us there was the Nævian forest, notorious as the retreat of rogues and vagabonds. The soldiers of Vitellius, on their approach to Rome, encamp on the *unwholesome slopes* of the Vatican (*infamibus locis*, Tac. *Hist.* ii. 93). Certainly there was no continuous suburb on the Salarian way beyond the Colline gate. ‘Cerialis,’ says Tacitus, ‘sought to enter Rome by this road; he was met by the Vitellians not far from the city, among houses and gardens intersected by crooked paths.’ (*Hist.* iii. 79.) This would be in the vicinity of the modern Porta Pia. When the forces of Antonius shortly afterwards approached the city in three divisions, by the Flaminian Way in the centre, by the bank of the Tiber and the Via Salaria on the right and left, they are opposed by the Vitellians under the walls of the city, on all three points; but the narrative gives no indication of a street combat anywhere. On the side of the Pincian the Antonians advance by narrow and slippery paths between garden walls; and it is not from houses, but from garden walls, that the Vitellians oppose and check them till taken in the rear by another party which enters the Colline gate. But as soon as the contest is transferred to the interior of the city, then the difference is at once apparent; the horrors of civil war within the city walls, the passions of the multitude, the ghastly mixture of levity and ferocity among the spectators of the fray, baths streaming with blood, doorways choked with dead, taverns reeking with slaughter, are delineated by the first of historical painters in a vivid picture which might be transferred to the centre of revolutionary Paris. The absence of the remains of buildings, or generally of any traces of their foundations at a short distance from the city, should not perhaps be pressed too closely; it may be believed that the suburbs, wherever suburbs did exist, consisted chiefly of inferior dwellings, constructed of the light unsubstantial tufa, or even wood, or of unburnt clay, all vestiges of which would of course speedily disappear both above and below the surface.\* But we have given sufficient specimens of the proofs which might be

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\* It is asserted, indeed, that in digging wells outside the walls strata of debris are constantly pierced, which indicate the former existence of suburban habitation. Such statements require a large induction, and very careful investigation, before they can be made to any great extent available.

alleged

alleged that the suburbs of Rome extended but a short distance in any direction from the circuit of the Servian fortification.

Such being the evidence which history and the localities themselves present regarding the real extent of the suburbs of Rome, it may be allowed that the expressions of the old topographer Nardini upon the subject are as just as they are moderate. 'Let us not suppose,' he says, 'that Rome, at the height of its glory and greatness, had continuous suburbs in all directions beyond the enceinte of Servius; but that at some points the country commenced immediately on leaving the walls, at others the buildings were continued further to a vacant space which separated the city from the towns and villages scattered around her.'\* With this fair and reasonable judgment before us we need have no scruple in rejecting as utterly absurd and preposterous the rhetorical figures of the declaimer Aristides, who asserts that Rome extended to the sea, which is hardly nearer to the truth than his other assertion, that, if all the stories of her houses were laid together on a single basement, they would reach across the whole breadth of Italy. Nor need we fear to reduce to its just value as a mere trope of oratory the statement of the more respectable Pliny, that the buildings which extended beyond Rome from the gates of the city, had added to it a multitude of towns. The exaggerating style of the later Romans was one of their most inveterate and most pestilent errors. Grave geographers and historians were hardly more exempt from it than professed poets and declaimers. Pliny estimates the circuit of the Servian enclosure at thirteen miles, whereas it is certain that it can hardly have exceeded eight at most. Vopiscus declares that the walls of Aurelian measured fifty miles, which, as we shall presently see, do not exceed (for their dimensions can be brought to the test of actual observation at this day) the moderate extent of twelve. Here are figures which it is incumbent on modern inquirers to face fairly, and not, while they shrink from adopting the exploded amplification of the ancient authorities, still hanker after the inadmissible results of such erroneous calculations.†

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\* Nardini, i. 62, ed. Nibby, 1818, quoted by Dureau de la Malle.

† Dureau de la Malle remarks, apparently with justice, that the exaggerated notions about the suburbs of Rome have been fostered in some measure by not observing the loose way in which the words *suburbium*, *suburbanum*, and *suburbicarius* were used by the ancient writers. These terms are applied not only, as we should ordinarily restrict them, to buildings connected with a city, but to large tracts of country, including towns and cities of their own, which are viewed in a certain dependence upon the capital. Thus Cicero calls Sicily a pleasant suburb of Rome. Martial and Pliny call the Tyrrhene the suburban sea. Tacitus

speaks

At last in the third century of our era arose an opportunity for defining more accurately what were the actual suburbs, or connected outbuildings of Rome, at the period when its extent and population were perhaps at their greatest height. In the reign of the emperor Aurelian the conquering people, who for four hundred years had repelled every foreign foe from their most distant frontiers, were suddenly alarmed by the possibility of a barbarian invasion, and even of the approach of a new Pyrrhus or Hannibal to the sacred shrines of Romulus. The brave Aurelian, unwearied in his efforts to check the surging waves of Goths and Scythians on the utmost bounds of the empire, was not too presumptuous to neglect the calls of policy at home, and actually directed that a new line of fortifications should be drawn round the capital. The walls of Aurelian have been rebuilt more than once since his time, and present now few or no vestiges of the original masonry; but the foundations remain the same. The existing walls of modern Rome, a world too wide as they are for her shrunk shanks, stand with not more perhaps than one or two trifling deviations, precisely where stood the walls of Aurelian, of Honorius, and of Belisarius. To the line of the old Servian enclosure we can now only approximate by conjecture; but we may estimate pretty nearly the distance to which these new walls were advanced from it, namely, about a mile on each side along the Appian and Flaminian ways, but not more than two or three hundred yards along the Nomentane and Salarian. It cannot fail to strike us, even at first sight, how little appearance there is of the new line having been determined by considerations of defensibility. On every side from the Flaminian gate round to the Ostian, the slope of the Servian ridge sinks almost imperceptibly into the Campagna; but there is hardly a point throughout at which the wall might not just as well have been advanced five hundred yards further, had there been any *important suburban buildings which it was desirable to embrace* within it. In the Transtiberine region there can be no doubt that it would have been advantageous in a strategic point of view, to comprehend the Vatican, as it is at present comprehended, in the defensive enceinte; and had there been many habitations in that quarter, its exclusion would seem, as far as we can judge, unaccountable. Extensive as the circuit of these walls is, measured by D'Anville at 9338½ toises = 19,922 yards, or about 11½ miles, we cannot imagine that the Romans in the time of Aurelian could entertain any apprehension of wanting men to

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speaks of the suburban trips of Tiberius, which extended to Campania. At a later period the word *suburbicarius* was regularly applied to Etruria, Picenum, and other provinces of Italy.—De la Malle, *Economie Politique des Romains*, i. 371.

defend

defend it, or one much wider.\* Comparing the fact of these walls thus standing where they do, with the previous reasonings we have produced with regard to the extent of the suburbs of Rome, we seem driven strongly to the conclusion that they actually marked the limits of continuous or dense habitation round the ancient city in every direction.

What the actual extent of extramural habitation may still have been it is of course impossible to reduce to calculation, even approximatively, but we have shown that it is quite undeserving of our consideration. Not so the area of the intramural space upon which the mass of the population of ancient Rome was evidently collected. If we wish to acquire a just idea of the population of the famous capital of the ancient world, in the absence of precise statements in antiquity, even could such statements always be implicitly trusted, our first and most obvious step would be to ascertain the size of the area on which it stood, and compare it with the areas of modern cities, of which the population can be accurately determined. We know of no other calculation of this kind but that of M. Dureau de la Malle, which, as he asserts, has been repeatedly verified, at his desire, by able mathematicians, and which at least we have never seen impugned. These calculations refer, 1. to the enceinte of Servius, and 2. to that of Aurelian, embracing of course the Servian in it. The first amounts to 638½ hectares; the second to 1396½ hectares, that is, to only a little more than double the first. As, however, the limits of the Servian inclosure are not accurately known, and are represented with some variation by different topographers, it is possible that De la Malle may have taken a larger Servian city than Bunsen, Becker, and more recent authorities. Certainly to the eye the enceinte of Servius, as drawn by Bunsen or Becker, is nearer one-third than one-half that of Aurelian. But this is of no importance as affecting the general inquiry, nor, as we have shown, does it at all impugn the accuracy of De la Malle's measurements. The main fact remains, that *the entire area of Rome equals just 1396½ hectares, or 3262 acres* (the hectare is about 2·340 acres), *or 5 square miles, 63 acres*. Let us proceed to compare this area with those of such of our modern cities as can be correctly estimated:—

1. West London, viz.:

	Acres.	Population.	Average Density.
St. George's .. .. .	1161	72,230	63
St. Martin's .. .. .	305	24,640	80
St. James's .. .. .	164	36,406	222
Westminster .. .. .	917	65,609	71
	<hr/> 2547	<hr/> 199,885	<hr/> 75

\* We have calculated at the rate of 1 toise = 6·394 feet English.

2. Central London, viz.:	Acres.	Population.	Average Density.
St. Giles and St. George ..	245	54,214	221
Strand district .. ..	174	44,460	255
Holborn do. .. ..	196	46,621	238
Clerkenwell do. .. ..	380	64,778	170
City, with E. and W. London	723	129,128	179
St. Luke's .. ..	220	54,055	248
	1938	393,256	203
3. Liverpool, parish of, or central	1830	255,055	131
4. Calcutta, excluding the suburbs	4796	413,182	86
5. Florence .. ..	1297	95,927	74
6. Frankfurt-on-Main .. ..	1312	66,244	50
7. Paris .. ..	8026	1,050,000	130

It will be seen that computing the area of Rome at 3263 acres, it would contain if peopled on the scale—

	Population.		Population.
Of No. 1 .....	274,224	Of No. 5 .....	259,536
„ No. 2 .....	662,389	„ No. 6 .....	159,150
„ No. 3 .....	379,487	„ No. 7 .....	424,190
„ No. 4 .....	280,618		

These standards of comparison have been chosen from among the few cities of which the areas are precisely defined. There is none of them perhaps which admits of very accurate comparison with ancient Rome in the style of building or mode of inhabitation. There can be no doubt that the density of building in Central London, for instance, is greater and more uniform throughout, while on the other hand it is possible that the density of inhabitation was proportionably greater in Rome. We should be glad to have the means of comparing closely the area and population of modern Naples with the ancient capital of Italy; but while the population of Naples may be taken at 450,000, our knowledge of the precise extent of ground on which these numbers are located is less definite. If, however, the extreme length of Naples is four miles, extreme width two and a half, and circumference ten, its area can hardly be less than that of Rome.

It seems hardly possible to pursue our inquiries further, and estimate, on a comparison of the mode of life and social demands of the ancient Romans with those of populations nearer our own era, the numbers which might have been accommodated, according to the fashion of the time, within the limits which we have been enabled thus closely to define. We must make an allowance, no doubt, for the ordinary habits of out-door life among the Romans, vast numbers of whom may be said to have dwelt in the circus, the theatre, and the baths, and only to have slept in the miserable dark cabins they called their homes. It may be believed that during part at least of the year multitudes of the lowest class even

even slept in the open air, or under the shelter of colonnades, as in Naples. We are sometimes told indeed to look to this modern city for an example of the conditions of life in ancient Rome. But though at the present day the temperature of Rome is said to suffer less violent extremes than other places in Italy, the well-known passages in Horace, Livy, and Dionysius, do not allow us to question the great severity of the winter there in ancient times. Ancient Italy had the climate of the Crimea, and Rome perhaps that of Sebastopol. Great allowance, however, is unquestionably to be made for the treatment of domestic slaves, who were huddled, we may believe, without reference to their comfort, or even their health, in the holes and corners of their master's houses, often confined at night in the basements or vaults of the mansion, and particularly of the temples and public buildings. Yet the English traveller in some of our continental cities, who has risen a little earlier than usual, has been often surprised to find that the *salle à manger* of his hotel has been the common dormitory of the waiters of the establishment, and the cellars of Liverpool swarm with human life not less densely than the garrets. The vaults of a public building might hold a vast number of public slaves, as hundreds of revolutionary captives have been confined beneath the floors of the Tuileries; but it may be questioned whether the service of the temples and basilicas of Rome required the attendance of so great a multitude. Indeed the question of this density of inhabitation turns very much upon the numbers of the slave population—a problem of which no reliable solution has yet been found, and which the most careful of modern inquirers, M. Wallon, has prudently abstained from attempting. Mr. Dyer seems to agree with Bunsen, Gibbon, and others, who venture generally to divide the population equally between the servile and the free, though all inclining apparently to a still higher ratio of slaves. Other writers, however, would reduce the proportion very much lower, and it would be difficult certainly to point to any known example of domestic slavery at all approaching to this extent. Generally, the Roman citizen, being himself fed almost gratuitously by the government, must have felt more sensibly than the modern the burden of servile mouths to be supplied at his own private expense.

But after all, however many impalpable angels may dance upon the point of a needle, the Romans were corporeal existences, and required space to run to and fro on their daily avocations; the Roman men, and women too (*Sabinæ quales*), were stalwart flesh and blood, and required to be nourished by gross material substances. The statist who insists upon locating a certain

number of such beings on a given spot is bound to show some probable means by which they may have been fed. Now let us remember what was the condition of Rome in regard to its means of subsistence. In the time of its greatest development the country round it for miles on every side had become, according to all accounts, either a garden or a desert, but in either case almost equally inapplicable to the production of the staple food of man. There were many luxurious parks and villas about the Campagna, but hardly an acre of arable land in cultivation. How then was Rome supplied with grain? From beyond sea—from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa—is the ready answer. But this is only half an answer; how did this supply reach Rome? We will not insist upon the number of vessels which must have been required for the supply of two millions of human beings, for certainly we know little of the maritime resources of the Roman world. But we may remind the reader that down to the time of Claudius the whole of this bulky produce was poured upon the shores of Italy at a point no nearer to its ultimate destination than Puteoli, that is to say, a hundred and twenty miles from Rome. From this haven every quarter of grain, or sack of flour, was conveyed to the capital by land carriage, along the well-frequented Appian Way, upon a causeway of twelve or fourteen feet in width. When Claudius constructed the harbour of Ostia, in order to abridge the labour and expense of transit, there were still twenty miles of towing against a rapid stream, before the corn transhipped into the lighters of the river could reach the granaries of the city. But, for whatever reason, the port of Ostia does not seem to have answered effectually the purpose for which it was intended; for one of the projects of Nero, which seems to have had public utility as well as magnificence to recommend it, was to construct a ship canal from Puteoli to Rome. In the time of Domitian, according to the testimony of Statius, the annual fleet from Alexandria still came to anchor in the roadsteads of the Bay of Naples. Now Bunsen, Höckh, and Mr. Dyer, place the whole population of Rome at about two millions, or two and a quarter. What should we think of the feasibility of bringing all the cereal food of London in carts from Bristol?\*

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\* The classical reader need hardly be reminded how uniform is the complaint of the neglect of agriculture throughout Italy in the Imperial period. The soil is represented as hardly adequate to the support of the rural population; and we are given to understand that Rome at least, if not the cities generally, was entirely dependent on supplies from abroad. These accounts may partake of the usual rhetorical exaggeration of the times; but the critics who insist on the ordinary statements of the size and population of Rome are bound to respect them. At the present day Naples, we believe, is supplied in a great measure by the produce of the

Such are some of the considerations which induce us to view with great distrust the estimates of the population of Rome still current among the learned. For our own parts we should be willing to leave the subject without expressing any positive opinion as to the highest amount it ever actually reached; and it is with no disposition to dogmatize, but merely with the view of leaving on record a figure for the consideration of future inquirers that we specify from 500,000 to 700,000 as the furthest limits to which it can possibly have attained between the reigns of Augustus and the Antonines. We cannot imagine the enceinte of Aurelian to have contained a greater number. As regards the population of the suburbs we cannot believe it to have been very large, but it seems impossible to make any approximation, however wide, to it, by estimate or conjecture.\* There are of course other considerations besides those of space to be weighed in arriving at a legitimate conclusion upon the subject, of which the principal are the statements of Augustus himself regarding the numbers of the urban plebs to which he gave his largesses; the enumeration of the houses in the city, according to its regions on the late and questionable authority of the *Notitia* and *Curiosum*; and, finally, the testimony of Spartian to the amount of corn distributed in the time of the Emperor Severus. But the discussion of these authorities would involve points of criticism little suited to the taste of the general reader, upon whose patience we have already trespassed too long. We believe that we have considered the subject in all its bearings, and have found no reason for doubting the reasonableness of the moderate estimate we have just now ventured to give. At all events we submit finally to all inquirers, that the area of Rome is the first and most important element in the question before us. Texts may differ, manuscripts may fail, authors may run wild, but the laws of space remain inviolable; and bold indeed must he be, who shall persist in asserting that a population almost equal to modern London, from Hampstead to Shooter's Hill, from Kensington to Stepney, could find room to eat, drink, and sleep, upon two-fifths only of the area of Paris.†

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the Abruzzi, brought on the backs of mules from the interior. To some extent the demands of ancient Rome may have been met from similar sources; but the more we admit this the more violence we must be prepared to do to our authorities. . . \* The apparent populousness of Rome was increased, no doubt, by the influx of day labourers from the outskirts. Thus at Calcutta it is estimated that not less than 100,000 persons enter the city from the suburbs every day.—Simmons, '*Report of the Survey of Calcutta*,' 1851.

† The Population Returns for 1851 give a total of 2,362,236 for London; but this includes Hampstead and Clapham, Kensington and Lewisham, an area altogether of 78,029 acres, or twenty-four times that of Rome.



Rome was growing for a thousand years, to the middle perhaps of our third century; but her decay was rapid, and her fall three centuries later was, to all appearance, complete. The first great blow she received was the effect perhaps of the wide-spread ravages in the population of the empire produced by natural causes soon after the era of the Antonines. 'The period from the year 170 to 270 after Christ, is the most melancholy,' says Carl Zumpt, 'of all Roman history, the era of the fall of antiquity in respect both to the State and to Nature.' The armies of Marcus Aurelius brought back a plague from Seleucia on the Tigris, which soon spread over the whole empire to Gaul and the Rhine, which reappeared repeatedly at short intervals, destroying both the soldiers and the people, and prostrating the spirit of the whole population. Famines followed upon pestilence, and pestilence in turn was generated again by famine. The barbarians penetrated into the provinces, and spread both the one scourge and the other. Earthquakes succeeded at a later period, and overthrew the works of an earlier and more vigorous age, which the exhausted nations had not the skill or the energy to repair. Cities lay in ruins, the arts died out, the rude processes of husbandry required an effort beyond the strength of perishing humanity. The Pagans Dion, Trebellius, and Zosimus, vie with the Christians Jerome, Eusebius, and Orosius, in describing a state of chronic affliction, which both parties in the state referred to the judgment of Providence, though of course with very different views. The great capitals of the provinces might offer asylums for the wretched and impoverished children of the soil, and the population of Rome, Milan, or Nicomedia might not yet suffer in numbers from the ruin which fell generally upon the Empire; just as Cork, Limerick, and Dublin have been swollen in our days by the fugitives of the great Irish famine: but the throngs of needy creatures thus admitted within their walls were not reproductive, and the sources of supply were the sooner dried up by this unthrifty and sudden influx. Before the end of the third century the condition of the Empire began slightly to improve, but Rome herself was already struck at her vitals. The reign of Diocletian marks her first sensible decline; the vast extent of that Emperor's Baths on the Quirinal, which exceed every other building of the kind at Rome, shows of itself how much the value of the soil had fallen almost in the heart of the city.

But Diocletian and his successors abandoned the city of Romulus, and the absence of the government showed how factitious were the grounds of its outward prosperity. For centuries Rome had been supplied with its population from the provinces; the deaths undoubtedly had very far exceeded the births within

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the walls. In vain did Maxentius, and after him Constantine, erect some handsome buildings in the doomed city; the injury inflicted upon it by the final transfer of the seat of power to Byzantium was final and irremediable. Rome, still the capital of Paganism, was stricken with the palsy of the ancient faith. She became the outward symbol of decline, degeneracy, and destruction. In the fourth century she was visited by the Emperors with curiosity, and contemplated with respect, but with no remains of political interest; a small class of nobles continued to haunt her still sumptuous palaces, and to make a show of wealth, by spending all their fortunes in ostentatious luxury; but the mass of the people was sinking more and more deeply into irretrievable misery, or disappearing in successive generations from the scene, while none arrived from a distance to supply its place. The fifth century opened with the two abortive sieges of Alaric; in the third Rome was for the first time captured and sacked. About half a century later she was pillaged by the Vandals under Genseric. Again, in 472, she was plundered by Ricimer, and once more by Totila, in 546. The fifth and last of the barbarian conquests followed only three years later, when Totila made himself master of the city a second time. Thus, often taken and retaken, Rome suffered much from the evils of war and the horrors of licensed spoliation; but, in fact, the triumphs of peace over the old Roman civilization were more complete than those of war. The history of these vicissitudes, all tending in the same direction, is recorded by Gibbon and Bunsen, and now in still more detail by Mr. Dyer. It has been long agreed that Christian bigotry was more destructive to the works and monuments of Pagan art than Gothic fire; but neither the one nor the other, it may be believed, was half so ruinous as the slow unremitting sap of indifference and idleness, appropriating the materials of abandoned edifices to the vulgar necessities of the day. And yet after all, the activity of man's hands seldom keeps pace either in constructing or overthrowing with the steam power of Nature, and the elements themselves have undoubtedly borne the largest part in disintegrating the mightiest work of ancient pride and labour. Water and fire, alone or combined, have ever been the great creators and destroyers. Fires, lightnings, earthquakes, and inundations are ever changing the face and undermining the foundations of all human monuments; when they choose to put forth their powers, to these awful agents cities are no more than ant-hills, and the Colosseum than a house of cards.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Carl Gustav Carus : Symbolik der menschlichen Gestalt.* Leipzig. 1853.  
 2. *Ueber Grund und Bedeutung der verschiedenen Formen der Hand in verschiedenen Personen.* Stuttgart. 1846.  
 3. *Atlas der Cranioscopie.*  
 4. *Die Proportionslehre der menschlichen Gestalt.* Leipzig. 1854.  
 5. *La Chiromnomonie, ou l'Art de reconnaître les Tendances de l'Intelligence d'après les Formes de la Main.* Par Le C<sup>aine</sup> S. D'Arpentigny. Second Edition. Paris. 1856.  
 6. *Notes on Noses.* London. 1852.

HE that professes to teach men how they may, with little trouble, ascertain the characters of their neighbours, might excuse himself from the task of proving that his doctrine has a foundation in true science; for in the large majority of minds, curiosity, self-interest, philanthropy, policy, or the pure love of truth, would insure a favourable hearing for the promises of such knowledge. It might, therefore, seem a waste of time to preface a system of physiognomy with an essay to show that it seems, in all its parts, consistent with admitted facts and rules of science; but Carus, as becomes an accomplished comparative anatomist, has done this in the works before us; and we will follow his example, or, rather, go beyond it, in the design of justifying, by general considerations rather than by particular instances, the belief that each man's mental nature may be discerned in his external form. There are few, perhaps, who do not hold such a belief, few who do not often act on it in the ordinary affairs of life, but there are far fewer who could give good reasons for it, or who could not be dissuaded from it by the improbabilities which it seems to involve. Moreover, if it be generally admitted that certain indications of the mental character may be discerned in the body, yet some will hold that they are to be read in the face alone, which is the art of physiognomy as commonly practised; or in the head alone, as in phrenology; or in the transient expressions alone, as in the 'anatomy of expression;' few will believe that symbols of the mind are to be found in the fixed forms of every feature and member of the body, and that there are sound reasons why it should be so.

Now, the first general argument for the probability of such a science of symbols in the human form may be drawn from the nearly universal assent to it, implied in the practice of judging of men by their personal appearance. 'Every one,' says Addison, 'is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of *Physiognomy*, and naturally forms to himself

himself the character or fortune of a stranger from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour, rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, I think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and his relations. I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company—"Speak that I may see thee." But with submission I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance.' Nor is the art confined to those who are grown up; for little children have, as by intuition, their loves and fears, their attractions and aversions, founded on the unreasoned judgments which they form from the aspects of those around them. Nay, we may go beyond our own race, since even the brutes that we bring about us in domestic life seem to judge of our minds from their observation of our features.

The same general assent to the symbolic science is implied in the numerous familiar terms used to express the whole character of a man by speaking of a single member of his body. Such terms as 'long-headed,' 'shallow-brained,' 'brazen-faced,' 'supercilious,' 'hard-featured,' 'stiff-necked,' 'open-faced,' 'hard-mouthed,' 'a good hand,' 'a cunning hand,' and a hundred more that we could cite, are expressive only because it is generally true that the bodily characters which they describe are symbolical of the mental natures which they imply. Such terms are not all arbitrary or fanciful; many among them express the general belief in the correspondences not only of mind and body, but of mind and shape.

It is true that this general belief is vague, and not intelligent; but so are all general beliefs, and it is their wide diffusion, not their precision, which gives them weight in evidence. And, if it seem that an argument for any doctrine, drawn from the general assent to it, is enfeebled by the fact that the same assent is given to many popular errors, such as those about some of the influences  
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of the moon on weather and on mental disease, those about prophecies of death, and many similar fallacies, we answer, that these are all traditional errors; every child learns them from its elders: but there is no such tradition in physiognomy; no child is taught it; rather every child practises it, as if by instinct, and every man who practises it improves his knowledge by his own unaided experience. Whatever probability, therefore, a doctrine may claim on the ground that it is generally assented to, this may be claimed for the physiognomy of the human form.

But the assent is not only popular and inconsiderate. The best authorities among men, the keenest observers of all classes, have believed the doctrine, and have applied it. Those have done so who have been most eminent for 'knowledge of the world;' for this knowledge includes the ability to tell, or guess well, at sight, what a man is, or will feel or do in certain events. It comprehends a swift and intuitive perception of character as displayed in form, and such a perception as penetrates far beneath the surface of emotional expressions, right into the foundation form, in which are the true symbols of the mind's nature. 'I conceive the passions of men,' says that consummate painter of character, Henry Fielding, 'do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.' His novels abound with instances of his faith in such indications. 'If Mrs. Tow-ouse,' he says in *Joseph Andrews*, 'had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.' And he adds a minute description of all her features in accordance with the characteristics which observation had taught him belonged to similar dispositions. So little did he hold the opinion which he puts into the mouth of one of his personages, that nobody would dream of looking in a man's face except to see if he had had the small-pox. In fact every novelist aims at a certain keeping between the nature and the appearance of the characters he depicts.

It would not be difficult to collect a volume of passages from poets, implying their belief in the symbolical meanings of every imaginable form of feature; indeed, in all the poetry of human forms such meanings are assumed. 'I am very much of Lavater's opinion,' says Cowper, 'and persuaded that faces are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time, and are much less likely to deceive us: in fact,  
I cannot

I cannot recollect that my skill in physiognomy has ever deceived me.' Southey was accustomed to assert the same thing. If the power to which Cowper and Southey laid claim really existed, and there is no reason to doubt it, it does of itself prove the point. It is no answer for others to say that they themselves are often mistaken in their conclusions. This only shows that they are not possessed of the art.

The testimony of wise men and of men of science has in many instances been as clear as that of poets and men of the world. 'A man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him. A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait, show what he is.' Such is some of the wisdom of the Son of Sirach. From Aristotle we have a complete treatise on physiognomy, in which he not only maintains the correspondences, through sympathy, between minds and bodies, but enumerates the characters which are severally indicated by varieties of form in the whole body and in each part, in the complexion, the hair, the several features, the voice, and gait. Bacon says, in speaking of physiognomy and the exposition of natural dreams:—'Although they have of late time been used to be coupled with superstitious and fantastical arts, yet, being purged and restored to their true state, they have both of them a solid ground in nature and a profitable use in life. . . . The lineaments of the body do disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in general; but the motions of the countenance and parts do not only so, but do farther disclose the present humour and state of the mind and will. And therefore a number of subtle persons, whose eyes do dwell upon the faces and fashions of men, do well know the advantage of this observation, as being most part of their ability; neither can it be denied but that it is a great discovery of dissimulation, and a great direction in business.'

Haller admitted the truth of physiognomy—at least, in the interpretation of the fixed or engraven expressions of the habitual emotions. So too Sir Thomas Browne says, 'There are mystically in our faces certain characters, which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that cannot read A B C may read our natures.' And again: 'Since the brow speaks often true, since eyes and noses have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations, let observation so far instruct thee in physiognomical lines, as to be some rule for thy distinction and guide for thy affection unto such as look most like men.'

To conclude our list of authorities we might bring in the whole body of artists; for the whole application of the fine arts

arts to the representation of men is based on the principle that the minds of those who are represented may be indicated by their forms. Let any one reflect how and why it is that such works of art affect him, according to their various designs, and he will find that it is because he discerns in them the images of minds. And if he would learn how ready is his own natural apprehension of character expressed in shape, let him look closely into the familiar sketches by such artists as Cruikshank or Leach, and see by what it is, by what mere dots and lines in the place of features, that he discerns the mind of each person whom they represent. It is true that artists, in depicting character, often help out their designs by adopting either some transient emotion or some action significant of the mind they would portray: but this is not the custom in the highest art; it looks deeper than the emotions or transient actions of men, and seizes the fixed, unchanging forms, because in these it discerns the real symbols of their minds. Their representation is, indeed, much more difficult than that of any action or emotion, just as it is more difficult to tell the meaning of a tranquil face than of one ruffled by passion; but in the works of every true artist the difficulty is overcome, and the general admiration of such works confesses to the general belief that the interior nature of men is indicated by their external forms.

Thus is the nearly universal popular assent to the truth of physiognomy justified by the expressed or implied testimony of observant and reflecting men. We may derive another argument for it from the probability that the outer form would be designed *on purpose* to represent the mental character. None can deny the significance of the expressions of transient states of feeling, as of rage, or grief, or fear,—or of those which, by frequent use, become impressed, or, as it were, wrought into the form. Now, these expressions are of no human invention; they are not learned by imitation; but are natural, and divinely designed, on purpose that the inner mind may be known to those who watch the outer man. Except as symbols, the curled lip of scorn, the wrinkled brow of anger, the settled frown of spleen, and the blush of shame, are purposeless. The several emotions and their appropriate expressions have no known connexion, apart from the design of causing the external to signify the internal state. But, if it be thus intended that men should be able to read in features the transient or the habitual state of each other's minds, it is surely very probable that the deeper and more abiding characters of minds should be similarly though less openly declared. If the face, for instance, is made to tell, by its undulations, the  
breath

breath that gently moves the surface of the soul, or the storm that troubles it to its very depth, it may surely, in its fixed, unalterable forms, symbolise the permanent characteristics of the man. It is true that we know, instinctively and without study, the meanings of the transient expressions, while those of the fixed forms are often difficult to read; but this difference is quite consistent with the belief that both are alike significant and designed. The ready understanding of the casual emotions is often instantly essential to our well-being, for they commonly require an immediate response; such an understanding, therefore, is provided, without study, for all. But that the symbols of the mind's enduring character should need a deeper study is no evidence that they are less sure. The most useful and important branches of knowledge are not always the most easily acquired; geology is less difficult than medicine.

This argument, in the instance of the face, will hold equally of other parts. The expressions of the face are, indeed, the most perfect and most quickly understood, and there may therefore seem more evident design in them than in others. But the clenched hand, the stamping foot, the tossed-up head, the bended knee, are as significant, and as naturally symbolical, as any movements of the features; and while these parts, in their action, thus disclose the movements of the mind, we may well expect that, in their repose, they may indicate its settled character. To symbolise is not, indeed, the chief or primary object of the construction of these parts; but neither is it so of any of the features of the face. The general law of symbolical construction is, that forms are made to be significant without interfering with the fitness of the parts for other purposes than those of symbolising. The features in which the symbols are most evident, as the lips and nose, have their fitness for breathing, &c., as their primary design. But their being perfect for the purposes of breathing, speech, and smelling, does not hinder their having also a symbolical meaning. In like manner, the breathing chest, the prehensile hands, the locomotive feet, may be designed to indicate the nature of the mind, without impairing their fitness for their primary purposes. Besides, we might be nearly sure, from the general consistency and correlation of all parts of the body, that all would be symbolical, if any are; and that as all minister to one design in the maintenance of the body, so all would be corroborative in their mental testimony. They might differ in the fulness or the clearness of their expressions; but it would be a difference of emphasis, not of language. And what we might thus expect is, indeed, proved in practice; for what Carus says of the lower limbs is equally true of the upper and of the trunk,



trunk, that if a skilful artist were shown the fragments of some of the best antique statues, he would not for a moment doubt about the meaning and design of each; he would discern, in each, its peculiar fitness to share in the portrayal of some definite mind.

It has been often urged as an objection against all attempts to discern the mind in the outer form, that it is absurd to suppose either that the mind can determine the shape of any part of the body into an image of itself, or that the form or size of the body, or any part of it, can affect the character of the mind. Such suppositions may be as absurd as they seem; but neither of them is necessary to explain the correspondence of mind and body maintained in the doctrine of symbols. The body and the mind, the sign and the thing signified, do not correspond as effect to cause, but as things derived from a common origin, and planned with one design. They are in no relation of sequence, either to the other; nor is their correspondence the result of mutual sympathy; but, because one Divine Mind has made them both, according to one idea, there is perfect congruity between them; the body is the image of the mind, and, in the visible, the invisible is revealed.

In this view, the study of symbols in the human form is but a branch of that which seeks them in the whole world; and which, as Carus expresses it, 'strives to regard and understand the world at large as the symbol of the most high eternal mystery of the Godhead, and man as the symbol of the Divine Idea of the mind.' The study is justified and encouraged by the belief which very thoughtful men, in all ages, have entertained, that the Creator has impressed, on all his works, signs by which their essential nature might be clear to the human reason. As Sir Thomas Browne has expressed it, 'The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts and operations, which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their natures.'

In this view, also, it is no inconsiderable argument for the doctrine of symbols that men have, in all ages, been accustomed to symbolise their own ideas. For this is an evidence of their consciousness that immaterial things may be aptly expressed in corporeal forms; it is an admission of the existence of a natural faculty for interpreting such forms, and of being affected by them as by the ideas which they incorporate.

Such are the chief general evidences which may establish the antecedent probability of the doctrine of symbols in the human form,

form, even before entering upon the observation of particular facts, or the discovery of any rules for their interpretation. These rules of study and interpretation must next be explained; and they form the chief grounds on which Carus builds his system, and by which, connecting it with other parts of modern science, and especially with physiology, he claims for it a superiority over any previous scheme of physiognomy.

The first and best series of symbols are such as may be collected from those generalities of form which are characteristic of large groups of individuals, and are associated in them with equally characteristic generalities of mind.

Amid all the diversities that may be observed in each of the sexes, certain peculiarities of form and feature are so characteristic of the man, that we naturally call them masculine; while we call other shapes of the same parts feminine, because they are as characteristic of the woman. The lower stature, the smaller head, the narrower shoulders, the rounder throat and limbs, the smaller plumper features, the smaller hands and feet, the softer texture of every part, the longer hair, and the less coloured skin, are the chief peculiarities of the feminine form; and they generally correspond with a more sensitive and feeble constitution, a predominance of the feelings and affections over the intellect and the will, a quick perception with comparatively small power of reasoning, a singular readiness to be impressed, and a proneness to concentrated attachment. Seeing, then, that these characteristics of form and of mind are generally so found together, that no reasonable person doubts as to what is manly and what is womanly, in either form or mind, we may regard what we see in the one as the symbol of what we cannot see in the other. Then, in the same proportion as the forms, in any person, whether man or woman, tend towards that which is perfectly characteristic of the one or other sex, so do they indicate that, in the mind of that person, the characteristics of the same sex predominate. Feminine features in a man, and masculine features in a woman, always reveal a corresponding misplaced cast of mind. The commonest observation would prove this, in general; but the rule is applicable in more instances than at first appear, and, as an example of correspondences between form and mind, is incontrovertible.

A similar rule holds for the interpretation of child-like features in adults. The little features, the large head free from undulations of surface, and with a smooth round forehead, the thick and plump short-fingered hand—in a word, the imperfectly-developed forms, elemental and as yet undetermined, which  
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are normal in the child, and symbolise its elemental and undeveloped mind, will, in the adult, declare a child-like character.

In like manner, the evident coincidence between national features and national mental characteristics presents us with a large series of symbolical forms admitting of rational interpretation. The more the features of an European, for example, tend towards those that are typical of any other race, the more will the mind be deflected from the European standard to that of the race whose features are imitated.

Let it be observed now, that, with few exceptions, we are unable to assign any but a symbolical meaning to all these differences of form. For example, we are wholly unaware of any purpose (unless it be that of symbolising) for which women's features should be generally smaller than those of men, their hands plumper and more sensitive, their feet more slender, their hair longer, or their noses shorter. We know why children must be small; but we know no good reason, in the economy of their own existence, why their hands and feet, and (after the first few years) their heads, and eyes, and noses should not, in their smallness, have the adult shapes. As little can we say what special use the negro finds in the thickness of his lips, the length of his forearms, the flatness of his feet, or the prominence of his jaws. In short, for all the multiform peculiarities of shape that mark the distinctions of race and nation, of sex and age, there are very few to which we can assign any similar peculiarity of purpose. Can it be then that, in the midst of nature's all-pervading purpose, these things are purposeless and unmeaning?—or are their purpose and meaning revealed when the mind is revealed through them?

A second series of symbols is obtained by extending this line of study to the correspondences between forms and minds in the lower animals—on the principle that an unusual likeness between the features of any person and those of some lower animal will indicate a corresponding likeness of their minds. This was the main foundation of Aristotle's Physiognomy; and Porta adopted it as fully, though with somewhat better discrimination. It is popularly recognised, both in many *soubriquets*, and in the general judgment of men's characters by their appearances. And it may seem to have a foundation in reason. For if, as Oken expresses it, 'Man is the sum-total of all animals, as well in regard of his form as of his mental powers;' and if, in many of the instances in which his form falls short of its ideal perfection, it seems to rest in or near some state which is, normally, characteristic of a lower animal, it cannot be strange if the mind be  
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arrested in a corresponding state; rather we might expect that the idea imperfectly elaborated would be expressed in a similar and corresponding shortness of perfection in both mind and body.

Other symbols are derived, by Carus, from supposed analogies of human forms with objects in the inorganic world. Thus he interprets the flat or perfectly smooth surface of any part of the skull by its likeness to what is inorganic, dead, and empty; and the undulating surface of a similar part by its likeness to that in which there is movement, signalling the activity of vital movement in the parts beneath the surface. The symbols hence derived may form a third group, together with those which are indicated by the modes of growth of certain parts. For example, the broad forehead is generally associated with a comprehensive and analytic power of the intellect; and the narrower high forehead with a habit of concentration of the intellectual powers. It may be just to explain this symbolism by the statement that the formative power has been exercised in the brain, in the one case, with an analytic divergent tendency, and in the other with a synthetic concentrative energy, corresponding with the several characters of the minds.

A fourth series of symbols may be collected from the likenesses of the natural and constant features in some persons to those expressions which, more commonly, disclose the transient or habitual states of minds. These transient expressions, to whose import, as symbols universally acknowledged, we have before referred, and by which the natural pantomime of life is carried on, indicate, in their ordinary occurrence, only the present or passing state of the mind: they tell what the mind is; but, by frequent repetition, the marks of any of them may become fixed in the features, and now they indicate the acquired character—the second or habitual nature of the mind; they tell now what the mind has become. But both the transient and the habitual expressions must be distinguished from those symbols which, though like them and interpreted by them, are inborn; or which, as the features are gradually formed, become more marked, even though the dispositions which they commonly symbolise may be resisted, or, by education, quite suppressed. For these natural permanent expressions are among the symbols which tell not what the mind is or has become, but what it was, or might have been, or always has been. That the native propensities, as indicated by the appearance, are often subdued is a matter of common remark. ‘I have seen,’ says Addison, ‘many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which has appeared

appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and body do not seem to be fellows.' And he proceeds to relate the story of the physiognomist pronouncing Socrates to be a lewd fellow, to the ridicule of his followers, when the philosopher confessed that he was by nature addicted to the very vices which had been specified, and had only conquered them by the most vigorous efforts.

Thus, then, four series of symbols are derived from different sources. We must add now some brief general rules respecting the meanings and relative values of the symbols in different parts.

Each part symbolises, chiefly and primarily, that power or faculty of the mind with which, in its office in the economy, it is most nearly associated, *e. g.* the forehead, the intellect; the hind-head, the will.

The symbols of different parts have generally different degrees of value, according as their official connexion (if we may so name it) with the mind is more or less intimate. In the first rank is the brain, represented by the skull; then the organs of the higher senses, each of which symbolises chiefly that mental power with whose portion of the brain it is most nearly associated; as the nose, the intellect; the eye, the feelings: then, in a next rank, are the hand and foot, and so on. Additional symbolic value belongs to those parts in the form or size of which the chief specific characters of man reside: hence an additional value is given to the size of the head, to the nose, the hand, and the foot.

The gradation of symbolic values is not the result of successive dependencies of the lower, or more remotely mental, on the higher organs. Each part, of whatever grade, is formed according to a common design; in each the same idea should be embodied. Hence there is generally a manifest mutual fitness among all the parts of each body; but the defect of one part, or its deflection from the common design, does not necessarily implicate another.

The mutual fitness and correspondence of all the parts of the body is often such, that the character symbolised by all may be clearly discerned in any one, especially in any of those that have the highest symbolic value: hence the success of such essays as those of D'Arpentigny on the Hand, and of the author of 'Notes on Noses,' and others who have studied the symbols of character in one part exclusively. But such special studies are unsafe. Excepting, perhaps, certain forms of the head, there is probably no form of any part, the import of which may not be outweighed by the indications of other parts concurring against it; and the chief

chief difficulty in physiognomic practice is to form a just estimate of character by rightly balancing the indications of the several features when they are, or seem to be, at variance.

For every part there is a standard, whether of size or peculiarity of shape, beyond which if it extend, it turns to an unmeaning, or an ill-meaning, caricature. A very large bowed-out forehead, for example, is more likely to belong to an idiot than to a man of sense; an excessive Roman nose, especially in a woman, becomes an unmeaning hyperbole.

Generally, those parts of man are least likely to be fallacious in their indications which earliest attain or approximate to their perfect size and shape, and whose development is therefore least exposed to the disturbing influences of the outer world. Such are the brain, eye, and ear. The liability to fallacy increases in the same measure as the organs or modes of action are alterable after early life, and especially when they are alterable at will. Hence the comparative uncertainty of the gaits of men, of their voices, and manner of speech. Naturally, the significance of these symbols would be clear and strong, and, in many men, nothing can obliterate or veil it; but many can deceive in these particulars, or can be educated out of them, or can change them for fashion's sake, or for any other motive; and thus they become uncertain indications of character, unless we can tell whether they are natural or assumed. Still less reliable are the symbolisms of dress and hand-writing, on which some would rely. They are not unmeaning; but as they may be assumed under any other guidance than that of nature, so may they indicate anything but the truth.

By the observance and extension of rules such as these, the 'Symbolics of the Human Form' may be studied as a science; but it must not be forgotten that there is an art, also, in the study, and that as yet the art of common Physiognomy is much in advance of the science of Symbolics. Independent of all rules of science, most persons may generally rely on their natural perception of the fitness and correspondence between certain forms and certain characters of mind. Beginning with the interpretation of well-marked features, they may by study, but still without scientific rules, proceed to the understanding of the finer differences of men, and may become good symbolists. To many, indeed, it may seem vague and irrational to speak of such a power of discerning minds through the shapes of matter as it were by instinct; but the ordinary exercise of the physiognomical art is inexplicable without the assumption of such a power, and some of the best practical physiognomists have largely relied upon it. Among these was Lavater. He was evidently

guided in his estimates of character by a rapid intuition; by a kind of sentimental perception, much more than by careful observation, measurement, and comparison. He felt, rather than studied, in physiognomy; and his assurance of its truths was a hearty unintelligent conviction. Doubtless, however, different persons differ widely in the degrees in which they possess this perceptive power, and, probably, some are wholly devoid of it. Being without it themselves, they deny its existence in others; but it would be as fair to deny that there is an art and even a science of music, because to many the fitness of musical notes to express ideas and passions is an unintelligible mystery. If one person can discern the mind in the form of the body, his capacity is of more weight in favour of physiognomy than the incapacity of many is against it.

In the study of all the symbols in the human form it is necessary to assume a certain standard of stature, weight, colour, and other properties, by comparison with which those of each individual form may be estimated. What the true standard is we do not know; but it is probably sufficient for practice, to assume the average or mean stature and other properties of large masses of persons, as the standard with which the individuals of the same race may be compared. Again, whatever be the stature of the body, we have to assume a certain law of proportion among its parts; that proportion which in a human body of the standard size would constitute the ideal-perfect human form. But, again, we are in doubt; for the true law of proportions, earnestly as it has been sought by both anatomists and artists, is probably not yet discovered. The essay of Carus to ascertain it must, however, be mentioned, both for the sake of future reference to his results and because, though he may not have discovered the law, he has invented a useful rule for comparative measurements. He has looked for the law in the dimensions of the spine or vertebral column; and here probably it should be found; for this is the first-formed structure of the fixed, shape-determining framework of our bodies; and all the parts of the framework that are developed after it, manifold as their varieties may appear, are yet fitted to it in an harmonious plan. In the spine, therefore, should be the unit of measurement; the 'organic module;' the dimension, in simple fractions or in multiples of which those of all the members of the body may be expressed. Carus assumes that the true unit or module is one-third of the length of the moveable part of the spine; that is, one-third of the distance between the base of the skull and the top of the sacrum. The choice is  
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certainly arbitrary; the grounds by which he justifies it are fanciful; but it supplies us with a convenient unit of measurement, and one to which the dimensions of many important parts are closely and very simply adjusted.\*

In entering now on a very brief description of particular symbols it may be necessary to observe that, generally, only certain typical forms, whose meaning seems well marked, can be described; and that just as very few persons are of exactly the average size or weight, so there are very few in whom any part has exactly the form described as the type. In studying each person, therefore, estimates must be made, first, of the meaning of each part by its approximation to one or more typical forms; and, secondly, of the sum-total of these meanings, if they accord, or of the balance among them, if they differ.

We will speak, first, of the symbols in the stature of the whole body, and then of those in each part. It will be understood that all merely transient or acquired expressions are excluded.

In stature, the extremes of both largeness and smallness are always associated with defective mental power. Not an instance, we believe, is yet known of either a giant or a dwarf being distinguished for capacity of mind. Moreover, in both alike, the weight to be given to any bad feature, or erroneous proportion, is more intense than in a person nearer to the average size. It is the same with the extremes of size which are measurable in circum-

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\* We subjoin some of the chief measurements, copied from Carus. A much fuller table of them is given in his 'Proportionslehre.'

	Modulus.
Long diameter of the head .. .. .	1
Height of the head without the lower jaw .. .. .	1
Greatest circumference of the head .. .. .	3
Arch of the lower jaw, from angle to angle .. .. .	1
Trunk (moveable part of the spine) .. .. .	3
„ in front, from the top of the sternum .. .. .	3
Length of the sternum .. .. .	1
Each half of the breadth of the shoulders, along the collar-bone .. .. .	1
Length of the shoulder-blade .. .. .	1
Length of the arm (including the upper arm, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; fore-arm, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; hand 1) .. .. .	3
Length of the thigh .. .. .	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Length of the tibia .. .. .	2
Length of the back of the foot .. .. .	1
Length of the flat foot .. .. .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Length of the whole stature .. .. .	$9\frac{1}{2}$

These measurements would represent the proportions (according to Carus) of the true mean human form—of “a form thoroughly correct and beautiful, but so abstract that it excludes even those characters of stature and dimensions which are severally proper to the sexes.” When the individual module cannot be ascertained, it may be reckoned at just less than 7 inches: an estimate which will seldom be very wrong, because stature depends so much more on the length of the lower limbs than on that of the spine.



ference rather than in length. The Lamberts and the living skeletons of the human race are alike persons of poor intellect.

Within these extremes, the symbols of the mind discoverable in the stature are much more conditional. They are different according as the peculiarity of stature is natural or acquired. In the former case, we may apply the rule of interpretation derived from the correspondences of mind and body in the two sexes. Excess above the mean stature may lead one to expect a proportionate manliness of character; the falling short of it will often indicate the feminine mind. Especially, this symbolism of great stature is well exemplified among women. The cool strong will, energy for self-service, choleric temperament, dominant intellect, and large grasp of mind, are rarely found in women without a correspondent manliness of stature, and a strongly built frame, large-boned and sinewy. And, in contrast with these, the majority of little men are so far effeminate that they are guided by their feelings more than by their intellects; they pass in the world as warm-hearted, or hot headed, impulsive men; their hearts, as Aristotle says, are very near their brains; their most prominent mental feature may be courage, or self-conceit, or devotion to a single object, or a hasty temper; but they are much less often than men of average height eminent for intellect or an iron will. There are, however, numerous remarkable exceptions to this rule—as, for instance, Aristotle himself and Napoleon; and Lord Clarendon, after mentioning that Chillingworth ‘was of little stature,’ adds, ‘that it was an age in which many great and wonderful men were of that size.’

Among the acquired, but not extreme, deviations from the mean size and weight, both corpulency and leanness are symbols capable of interpretation; yet, like varieties of stature, they will indicate only the most general outlines of character, and even these only conditionally on the proportions and forms of the several parts. Corpulency, though it may be associated with a great variety of understandings, is rarely found with intellectual activity, with a fervent disposition, or an earnest, energetic will. It most commonly indicates quietude and slowness of mind; a mind which may be very genial, and gentle, and good humoured, as being sluggish alike in passion and in action, but which will never be self-wasting in intellectual production or in deep contemplation. This is, especially, the case among women, in whom, ‘at a certain age,’ corpulency is much more apt to occur than it is in men, and in whom, particularly in that event, the mind, if not naturally well endowed and fully occupied, is apt to fall into apathy, and a sort of quiet submission to the senses, degenerating with the body, the increase of which is a measure of its failing energy. In  
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men, with stronger will, the phlegmatic temperament, in which corpulency is most apt to occur, more often passes into a certain coarseness and Boëotianism of character; or the good-humour which is so often found with fatness, may, with a manly intellectual power and acuteness, be accompanied with the most pointed wit.

‘If,’ says Carus, ‘in corpulency the symbol be seen of a certain dulness, inactivity, slowness, and in a word, corporeality, so is there in leanness, as such, rather the symbol of a certain lightness, activity, rapidity, and mental power.’

But this leanness must be of the right kind. For there is an extreme leanness in which, though it be not from disease, even the higher organs appear to degenerate and waste. Such is the leanness of want or of avarice; the leanness of starvation, whether miserable or miserly. The types of these two kinds of leanness are well marked, and in strong contrast. In the mental leanness, the body is commonly slim and elastic, and the slender limbs all wear the expression of clear refined perception, and of quick and apt response; with a sensitive or cerebral constitution, and a psychical or sanguine temperament, the whole body has a psychical expression. But in the miserable leanness there is a repulsive aspect: the eyes are hollow, the skin dry and deep-wrinkled, the nails and hair are withered. The minds which are thus symbolised are as different as the bodies: the one sort of leanness, in a well-proportioned body, indicates talent, or, more rarely, genius; and, especially, delicacy of feeling, refined intellectual power, and a mobile but energetic will; the other tells, at the best, of an ordinary mind, or of one degraded.

The symbolics of the HEAD are to be studied in the proportion which its total size bears to the rest of the body, and in the several proportions and forms of each of its three chief divisions. The nature and meaning of these divisions may need some previous explanation.

The brain consists of three chief parts, which are severally the organs of the three chief manifestations of the mind, namely, the intelligence, the feelings, and the propensities. We do not stop to discuss the questions that might justly be raised about this statement, for the diversity of opinion on the matter is not sufficient, among physiologists, to affect Carus’s application of his own view to symbolics, with which alone we are now concerned. The three divisions of the brain are—1, the cerebral hemispheres, the great masses of nervous substance which nearly fill the skull; 2, the encephalic ganglia, which lie beneath and are covered-in by the hemispheres; and 3, the cerebellum, which lies in the  
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hinder and lower part of the cavity of the skull. In their first formation, these parts are much more distinct and more nearly alike than they are in later life. In the embryo, their rudiments are a series of three vesicles, of nearly equal size and seeming import, and it is only with advancing development that the increase of the anterior vesicle, as it forms the cerebral hemispheres, so far exceeds that of the other vesicles that it overwhelms them by its extension backwards. But, however unequal in size they thus become, the probabilities of physiology justify the belief that the three primordial structures of the brain retain through life their difference of office, and the equal significance, which their near equality at the outset appeared to indicate.

In close relation with these divisions of the brain are three divisions or segments of the skull, three cranial vertebræ, *i.e.* three bones, or groups of bones, which, not only in development and plan, but in their office of incasing the brain, correspond with the several segments or vertebræ of the spine which incase the spinal marrow. In the fully-formed skull, indeed, the relations of its several vertebræ to their proper portions of the brain are disturbed, and the whole of their upper vaulted parts appears planned only to fit and incase the cerebral hemispheres. But, in the embryo state, the distinctness and correspondence of the three cranial vertebræ and the three divisions of the brain are evident; and as, in their first construction, they thus correspond and answer to each other, not because either determines the formation of the other, but because both are formed on one design, so, through life, each vertebra in its size and form represents its proper division of the brain, and symbolises the mental power of which that division of the brain is the instrument. Through life, therefore, the fore-head, the mid-head, and the hind-head—*i.e.* the vaulted parts of the three cranial vertebræ—severally answer to, and reveal the conditions of, the fore-brain or cerebral hemispheres, the mid-brain or encephalic ganglia, and the hind-brain or cerebellum; and, through these correspondences with the brain, they severally symbolise the conditions of the intelligence, the feelings, and the propensities, or, in other words, of the knowing, the feeling, and the willing, faculties.

Moreover, the nerves of the higher senses—of smell, sight, and hearing—are severally connected with these three chief divisions of the brain, appearing to issue from them, and passing beyond the cavity of the skull at or near the places of meeting of the corresponding vertebræ. The organs of sense receiving these nerves thus, also, become symbols of the mental powers associated with the corresponding parts of the brain; the nose symbolising

bolising chiefly the intelligence; the eye, the feelings; the ear, chiefly, the propensities.

Now, as already stated, the whole skull, and each of its divisions, are symbolical both in its size and shape,\* and the symbols of the head have every claim to be reckoned in the first rank; for, as representing the brain, the head is, of all tangible parts, the nearest in relation to the mind; its early development and early attainment of almost its full size make it, less than other parts, alterable by external influences; it is unalterable by the will or any ordinary customs; and it is, of all parts, the most eminently human, because, among all the material distinctions between man and brutes, none is so great as the predominance of the apparatus for his mental life over that for his mere corporeal life.

In estimating the significance of skulls (or, during life, of heads *minus* the faces, but including the foreheads) we may omit all consideration of those enormous skulls which are enlarged by disease; as well as of those very diminutive heads which are found in Aztec and other idiots. So far as we yet know, these enormities produced by disease do not either elucidate or interfere with the meaning of the healthy skull.

The judgment to be formed from the size alone of a head can be only very general: in all but its main points it must be conditional on the proportions of the chief divisions of the head, and on the form of each of them. In general it may be held, that a large head, *i. e.* one which evidently exceeds the average of twenty-one inches, or three modules, in circumference, will indicate a masculine mind, a cerebral, plethoric, and choleric constitution; an energetic, psychical, and sometimes melancholic

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\* The following are the average measurements of the three cranial vertebræ according to Carus. They are generally confirmed by those of Huschke (*Schädel Hirn, und Seele, folio, Jena, 1854*), which, however, though much more complete, can scarcely be used for comparison with living heads:—

	Inches.
Frontal, or fore-head—	
Length (chord) of the arch, from the junction with the nasal to that with the parietal bones .. .. .	4½
Height, from the orifice of the ear to the frontal eminence .. .. .	5½
Breadth, from one frontal eminence to the other .. .. .	5½
Parietal, or mid-head—	
Length, from junction with frontal to that with occipital bone .. .. .	4½
Height, from the orifice of the ear to the top of the head .. .. .	5½
Breadth, from one parietal eminence to the other .. .. .	6½
Occipital, or hind-head—	
Length, from the apex of its angle to the hinder margin of the foramen magnum .. .. .	3½
Height, from the orifice of the ear to the apex of the same angle .. .. .	4½
Breadth, just above and behind the mastoid processes .. .. .	4½

temperament;

temperament; while a small head will, as usually, indicate a feminine mind, a sensuous, feeble, and lymphatic constitution; a sanguine, elemental, and sometimes a phlegmatic temperament. In heads of similar construction the larger will generally mark the more powerful mind; and, among different races of men, the larger-headed are those with the greatest mental superiority. But to enable us to form a more precise judgment, the proportions of the parts of each head must be examined.

In all cases, the degree in which either of the three main divisions of the head preponderates over the other two will mark the chief force and prevailing tendency of the mind. A well-formed large head, in which, with a general good proportion of all its parts, there is some predominance of the forehead, is always symbolical of great mental power, and particularly of great intellectual power. Even genius is often disclosed by such a head; especially the scientific genius, which manifests itself in the apprehension and mastery of a great abundance of ideas. Such must have been the head of Aristotle.

When in a large head there is a more than usually dominant development, and a full and high arch, of the mid-region, we have a sure symbol of a mind in which the feelings predominate over the other faculties. Such are the heads of fervent men, who devote themselves with earnest zeal to art or to religion, the men of warm heart and of deep feeling.

And, again, the large head, in which the strength and chief mass are in the hinder region, marks the character which is distinguished by work and practical ability. These are the heads in which the mental strength of the mass of a people shows itself; the heads of a race, not of philosophers, nor of poets, nor of men of high intellectual or moral power, but of men with strong and earnest will, rough and elemental, and from whom, in future generations, we may be sure will spring persons whose names will become historic.

The large forehead which is especially broad, indicates, if it be well modelled, a capacious, wide-expanding intellect, capable not only of holding crowds of ideas, but of apprehending each of them clearly and distinctly, and of retaining them in strong, sure memory. The large high forehead, on the other hand, represents the power of the mind in following out one and the same train of ideas. Napoleon I. had one of the most remarkable large foreheads of this kind. The notion of the correspondence between the size and development of the forehead and the powers of the mind is so universally recognised, and seems to be proved by such an infinity of examples, that there can be no doubt that it has its basis in truth.

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The high-raised mid-region of a large head symbolises ardent feelings that are apt to be concentrated on one object, and commonly on a supersensuous one; feelings prone to superstition or to fanaticism. A broad mid-region in a large head discloses rather those warm feelings that direct themselves with all their force to definite realities.

Again, when the head is large, a preponderance of its hinder part in height, rather than in width, indicates concentration of action and strength of will for some one fixed purpose; while a preponderance in width, rather than in height, marks the strength of will excited by external things—the strength of propensity rather than of intellectual fixedness of purpose.

These last rules are illustrated particularly by that form of head which, according to Carus, is especially frequent in Britain, and the merit of which is proverbial—the large, long head, with both forehead and hind-head remarkably elevated, indicating intelligence and practical ability, while the feelings are subordinate.

A large head, then, on the whole, augurs well for the mind that it belongs to; but, to make it certainly significant of good, many conditions must be fulfilled. There are just as many, on the other hand, by which heads that are, within certain limits, below the average of size may vindicate for themselves something better than that ‘small esteem for small heads’ entertained by the older physiognomists, as well as by many of later date. Form, it must be always remembered, is symbolical as well as size; and excellence of form may compensate for some defect of size, though no size can compensate for error of form, or for that egg-like smoothness which, in comparison with the undulations of the well-made head, may be called the absolute negation of form. If proportionate largeness of head, without regard to shape, were always characteristic of mental power, the child’s mind should have more power than the adult’s.

In the interpretation of small heads those rules hold good which have just been stated respecting the several imports of the three chief parts of the head. It speaks as well for these as for the large heads when the chief development is in the forehead. If the large heads thus well formed are often symbolical of genius, the small ones are as often symbolical of talent. A frontal development always gives a small head superiority over a large one in which the forehead is defective. Women with heads thus formed have ascendancy over men, notwithstanding their naturally smaller brains; and among both men and women, very considerable minds have been often found acting in small heads with

with dominant frontal regions. Raphael, Charles XII., and Frederick the Great, are instances.

On the other hand, heads that are altogether small, and have the forehead even less developed than the other regions, are most commonly found in those who, for want of the restraining and guiding powers of the understanding and the reason, are moved by every breath of wind, and are apt to give way to immoderate excitements of feeling, or to desires of every kind. 'A great part of the misery of society issues from these heads,' says Carus. They who have them are not, indeed, to be regarded as positively bad, or naturally prone to crime, still less to any special crime; for, in favourable conditions of life, with good training, and removed from great temptations, they may live very harmlessly, and be, in some measure, useful members of society; but they are not to be expected to rise above this: and, if they lack these advantages of life, they will be either insignificant or worse.

The foregoing symbols in the head—the capital symbols, as they may be well called—are such as can be measured and expressed in numbers. Others, less general and not less clear, are to be found in forms of the surface which can be better measured by the expert eye and touch.

Those forms may be excluded from our study which are due to disease or to artifice. Among the natural diversities of form, the chief symbols are in the contrasts between smoothness and variety of surface in the several parts of the skull. The general significance of smooth and level surfaces as implying emptiness and dulness, and of undulating surfaces as symbolical of active life beneath them, has been already referred to. In the head the natural inequalities of surface are forms produced only in its later development, concurrently with the development of mental power. Smoothness and simplicity are natural in the child's head, and in it are beautiful and may be hopeful: they are consistent with mere prettiness in woman; but, as symbols of the adult mind, they indicate, at the best, one that is child-like and feebly developed.

When the surface of the skull is not thus smooth, we must distinguish between inequalities which are angular and abrupt and those which are curved or undulating. If we compare a well-formed human skull with that of any brute, the contrast is scarcely greater between their respective sizes than it is between the succession of smooth surfaces and abrupt projections in the latter, and of alternating gentle curves rising and falling in the former. If the human skull have any abrupt projections at all, they

they are almost always at its hinder part, where the least noble parts of the human mind are symbolised. And, generally, the more the human skull approaches the features of the brutal in angularity of surface, the more does it indicate a degradation of the mind.

The varieties of surface should be studied, like the dimensions of the head, in each of its three chief vertebral divisions.

In the forehead, where the varieties of surface are most numerous and most significant, five principally different symbols are to be traced.

Certain foreheads are smooth, featureless, with one uniform arched surface from the orbits upwards. Such a shape always augurs badly for the intellect; but peculiarly it does so when the forehead becomes narrower as it ascends. They who present foreheads of this last shape may be only feeble-minded, vacant, 'empty-headed;' they may be only child-like in intellectual simplicity; but many of them have too little of the higher mental force to control their lower passions, and the shape is, therefore, frequent among criminals. It is no better augury when a forehead, of whatever size, is all flat—'complete perpendicularity from the hair to the eyebrows is,' as Lavater says, 'the sign of a total want of understanding.' Nor is it better when the forehead is bowed with one strong arch overhanging the face: 'Such foreheads,' he says, 'belong to feeble and contracted minds, and which will never attain to maturity.'

Secondly, there are foreheads in which the chief elevations of the undulating surface are on the median line—most marked, therefore, in the very profile. These elevations decidedly exalt the expression of objective force of intellect in a forehead whose general dimensions are good, and provided the hollows between the elevations be not too deep (for all such deep hollows bear the impress of feebleness, symbolising vacuity within). It is of the well-formed foreheads of this kind that Lavater says, 'Always consider as the sign of a clear and sound understanding and of a good complexion, every forehead which presents in profile two proportioned arches, of which the lower advances.' Such arches are the symbols of acuteness of observation, of thoughtfulness, and the habit of reflection. They are generally developed late, and are especially masculine forms. The child's forehead, in one of its most beautiful shapes, has a single prominent arch, rising up its middle line, and reaching onwards to the mid-region of the head. Such an arch, in the adult, unvaried by alternate curves, and extending to the region of the feelings, will indicate a child-like mind, kind-hearted, trusting, and amiable.



amiable; it may be often seen in gentle and benevolent people, especially women.

A third variety of foreheads includes those in whose undulating surfaces there are two chief lateral elevations, two well-marked frontal prominences. These strengthen that expression of analytic power already assigned to the broad expanded foreheads; they symbolise the sharply discriminating, analysing intellect. They are much more frequently well marked in the male than in the female head—as indeed are all the strongly marked undulating forms of the forehead—a fact which may seem to accord with an ungallant sentence of Lavater, that he does ‘not love to employ this term,’ that of a *thinker*, ‘when speaking of the female sex. The most rational women are little, if at all, capable of thinking.’

In a fourth variety of foreheads the chief elevations of surface encompass the upper borders of the orbits. These elevations correspond with the prominent orbital margins of the keen-eyed animals and birds; they indicate the degree of development of the sense of sight, and the corresponding psychical character. They are frequent in the clear-sighted observers of nature: in good painters from the life; in those generally whose organization is especially fitted for occupation in the world of light. The deep-set eyes, overhung and guarded by the prominent brows, are as if that natural expression were fixed with which, transiently, we knit the brows, and feel as if we drew back the eyes when we would see clearly into anything; and in this likeness they properly symbolise the mind that, with natural power and inclination, looks out into the visible world. Their opposite is in that less depth of orbits, and less dominance of the sense of sight, in which the eyes look large and prominent, gazing but not fixed, and like the eyes of one listening. In these, as Gall, in his first cranioscopic essay, rightly discerned, are the signs of verbal power, in so much as they are a mark of the mind naturally directed to the world of sound and speech.

And, lastly, we see foreheads chiefly characterised by elevations at their sides, tending towards the ears. Some foreheads, of whatever other shape or size, are, in their temporal regions, and just above them, nearly flat; others here swell out; and this prominence of the fore-brain towards the ear symbolises a mind especially influenced by sound. It is strongly marked in the heads of Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.

In the mid-region of the head varieties of modelling rather add to or detract from the significance of its various dimensions than serve in themselves to symbolise the mind. When beautiful  
modelling

modelling is added to large size and elevation of the top of the head, one will seldom err in suspecting the existence of strong feelings, inclined, perhaps, to the poetic or fanatic. When the same part is low and narrow, or flat, it implies a cold, prosaic, passionless nature. When there are elevations at the sides of the mid-region of the head they corroborate the indication of large size as symbolical of feelings turned towards realities ; and at the same time, as they tend more or less towards the ear, they symbolise timidity and caution :—‘For the ear, as on the one hand it may be called the organ of profound understanding of the world entering into man, so on the other hand is it evidently the organ of fear. The animals with sharpest hearing are the most timid, as the most keen-sighted are the boldest ; and as the direction of the higher intelligence to the ear may lead to finer sense of music, so is it, on the contrary, clear that a strong determining of the region of the feelings through the ear is apt, with a general defective energy of the mind, to awaken fear and carefulness, and to lead a man to constant anxious foresight.’—*Carus ; Symbolik*, p. 169.

Thus it is that we find in cautious, timid people the mid-head strongly arched above the ears ; while in the careless and light-hearted the same part is always small.

Lastly, in the modelling of the hind-head, we may trace chiefly the symbols of the infinitely various power of the will in its two principal relations. The more raised the upper half of the arch of the occiput is, and the more prominently (if not too harshly) modelled, the more does it indicate force of the intelligent will. The more the same characters are seen in the lower half of the arch, the clearer is the sign of organic or mere instinctive will, or of mere propensity. The soft, gentle roundness of a hind-head, if the size be good, always indicates a quiet energy of the intelligent will. If the size be defective, the same form marks feebleness of will. A hind-head with strong prominent angles as constantly signalizes hard and rough self-will.\*

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\* Unwilling to interrupt the foregoing summary of the craniology of Carus, or to obscure it by another set of terms, we have not referred to the numerous instances in which, as he admits, his conclusions agree with those of Gall and his followers. The differences between them are seldom those of contradiction ; but the statements of Carus are always the more general, and, as phrenologists will think, the less satisfactory and less complete ; neither does he attempt to decipher, in particular forms of the head, more than a few of the special directions or inclinations of the mental powers, of which phrenology professes to have found and measured the several organs in the brain. It is not our purpose to discuss the relative merits of the two craniologies, or to try to determine with what degree of truth practised phrenologists can discern, in the form of the skull, minute differences of mental character. But, if the general doctrine of symbolics of the human

In studying the fixed forms of the head we, as it were, look through its coverings; but these are themselves not unmeaning. The skin, especially that of the forehead, tells somewhat, by its various modes and depths of wrinkling, of the habit and chief occupation of the mind; and by the study of these the old art of metoposcopy 'had something in it.' But these, like other transient or habitual expressions, are not to be considered here; the curious may find the best account of them in Lavater.

There are less changing and less easily alterable symbols in the HAIR. They are not, indeed, of the first rank in significance; yet they are not inconsiderable, whether as corroborating by their conformity the augury of other parts, or weakening it by their contrariety.

Indications of the hair-symbols may be traced in the general differences that it presents at different periods of life, and in the two sexes, and in the several races of men; and the apparently greater variety of the capacities and dispositions of men in the most civilised races may be represented by all the characters of the hair being so much more various among them than among the less civilised.

In these numerous varieties, long, soft, and light hair, which is the more natural to women and children, will in a man betray a feminine or a childlike character; and dark coarse hair in a woman will reveal her hard and too masculine nature. In a man dark coarse hair symbolises strength and firmness, in whatever direction may be indicated by the rest of his organization. Generally, the coarseness or the fineness of the hair is the signal of an analogous solidity or delicacy of mind. Brown and black hair are chiefly seen in those of active character: red and blond hair are oftener associated with a certain passiveness (an observation certainly not made in Britain). Red hair (Lavater relates) characterises a man singularly good or singularly bad; and, he adds, 'a striking contrast between the colour of the hair and the colour of the eyebrows inspires me with distrust.'

Natural loss of the hair in men often indicates a richly productive power of mind. Its abundance and persistence late in life betray poverty and inactivity of mind. 'Long hair little brain,' says the Turkish proverb. Often, too, the manners of wearing and dressing the hair are significant of character; but they cannot be generally or safely studied as symbols, because

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human form be true, it is evidently sufficient to explain whatever truth or certainty there is in phrenological practice; and we might believe in the possibility of discerning characters with great accuracy in the shapes of heads, though holding, as we do, that the phrenological division of the cerebrum into the assumed 'organs' is utterly inconsistent with physiology.

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the modes of hair-dressing are swayed and generalised by fashion, instead of being guided by the instinctive art which would lead men to display the most prominent features of the individual character.

It is chiefly in the symbols of the FACE that we have to distinguish carefully the three groups already often mentioned: those, namely, which are transient, and imply only the present or passing state of the mind; those which are habitual, or wrought by frequent repetition; and those which are unchanging, inherent, and, in the fullest sense, natural. Of these three groups the last alone is to be here discussed. They are such as depend partly on the form of the skeleton of the face, partly on the form and qualities of its soft parts in repose.

In general the upper half of the face has the symbols of the intellectual character and the feelings; the lower half, those of the propensities and the will. In general, too, as already explained, the nose is chiefly and primarily symbolical of varieties of intellect; the eyes, of varieties of disposition; the mouth, of varieties of sensuous character. Moreover, the nose, as the head-piece of the organs of respiration, has a symbolism accordant with theirs, representing by its size and fulness of form the activity, courage, and energy of life; and the primary symbolism of the mouth, especially of its lower part, is confirmed by its being the head-piece of the digestive organs.

Of this mystic triad of features let us take first the NOSE, and collect the interpretation of its symbols, not from Carus alone, but from the author of the 'Notes on Noses,' and from the older physiognomists. The agreement among them is, on the whole, very striking; and many of their observations, though independently made, afford such mutual confirmation as can hardly be explained, except on the belief of their being true.

A first division of noses includes all that are, in proportion to the face, too small, *i. e.*, all such as are decidedly less than one-third of the length of the face, or less long than the forehead is deep. The varieties of these are numerous in the snub, flat, retroussé, and upturned, or celestial noses. The natural types to which they are generally referable are either the little noses of children or the flat, broad noses of negroes; and it is consistent with this that in men of civilized races all such noses indicate defective intellectual power; and do so with a certainty of symbolism which nothing but excellence in the form of the head, as in the case of Socrates, can neutralize. They tell of an unfinished intellectual development; and the lower and flatter, and more snub they are, the more certainly do they indicate feebleness and  
meanness

meanness of intellect, and of a mind in which bad temper more than good judgment will have sway. It is not quite so with women. In them the whole organization, in its gradual development, diverges less than that of men does, from the almost similar form which they both have in early childhood. The retention, therefore, of the little childlike nose implies no such grave defect in the woman's mind. If her head be well formed, such a nose may express *naïveté*, or, perhaps, smartness of wit and dexterous intelligence. But even in women such noses need to be associated with good features. If they are not, they add much to the expression of insignificance or even of coarseness.

The thicker and larger forms of snub nose in either sex commonly indicate the predominance of the material sensuous character; and a turn-up nose with wide obvious nostrils is an open declaration (so far as a nose can make one) of an empty and inflated mind; of a mind in which there is but the spurious imitation of that strength and loftier pride which the wide nostrils in a well-formed nose might indicate.

Large noses, in men, are generally good signs: especially, they add emphasis to the good indications of a well-formed head; but they must not be too fleshy or too lean. If they are long (yet short of being snout-like), they mark, as prolongations of the forehead, the intelligent, observant, and productive nature of the refined mind. If Roman, arched high and strong, they are generally associated with a less developed forehead and a larger hind-head; and they disclose strength of will and energy, rather than intellectual power; they show also the want of that refinement which is indicated by the straighter nose. The Jewish or hawk-nose commonly signifies shrewdness in worldly matters; it adds force to the meaning of the narrow concentrative forehead symbolical of singleness of object; and its usually narrow nostrils wear the unfailing sign of caution and timidity. The Greek, straight nose 'indicates refinement of character, love for the fine arts, and *belles lettres*, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect rather than direct action' (Notes, p. 9). 'Perpendicular noses,—that is, such as approach this form, . . . . . suppose a mind capable of acting and suffering with calmness and energy' (Lavater, iii. 364). A nose slightly bifid at its end, extends and corroborates the indication of the analytic forehead. Such noses, large and broad pointed, are frequent in men with acute practical knowledge of the world. The same bifid end is often seen in the cogitative or wide-nostrilled nose, wide at the end, thick and broad, indicating a mind that has strong powers of thought, and is given to close and serious meditation. With these symbols, Lavater's *dicta* fall in: 'A nose  
whose

whose ridge is broad, no matter whether straight or curved, always announces superior faculties. I have never been deceived in it, but this form is very rare.' And again, 'A small nostril is the certain sign of a timid spirit.'

The thick fleshy nose tells its own tale, and sometimes highly colours it. With a well-formed head, and lively temperament, it may shed on the face a Falstaff-glimmer of easy sensuality and jovial humour; but what better than this can, possibly, be meant by a mass of flesh and blood heaped on what should be the very index of intelligence! The opposite of this form, the lean sharp nose, if it be not due to the withering of age, or associated with a very well-formed head, tells only of the shrivelling of all the freshness of life; of a dry sagacity in the place of intelligence; of the negation of every fervent disposition, and a miserly, selfish adhesion to the empty so-called realities of life.

When the basal line of the nose forms an obtuse angle with the upper lip, the shortening of the nose connected with such a form implies less strength of character, but the form itself betokens gaiety and cheerfulness. The opposite form, with a lengthened nose whose base forms an acute angle with the upper lip, is usually associated with melancholy, and fondness for gloomy thoughts.

In all the foregoing interpretations of large or justly sized noses, those of men are alone considered. In a woman, a large nose is of more uncertain augury; for it is apt to extend into caricature. If it be well-formed and finely modelled, a rather large nose, and especially one which is nearly straight, or slightly arched, is, in a woman, often characteristic of excellent mental power. But any of the more peculiarly male forms of nose, if large and coarsely formed in women, denote a too masculine character; and those that are of ill omen in men, are much worse in women, since the evil of being inappropriate is added to that of malformation.

The EYES, in the physiognomy of daily life, are, certainly, the most telling features of the face. They are so because no other part reveals so instantly, or so clearly, the various changes of the feelings; and because it is for these changes that men watch when they would learn their influence on others. But their deeper meaning, as signals to tell, not the movements merely, but the very character, of the mind, is mysterious and hard to read.

Primarily, the eyes symbolise the feelings rather than the intelligence or the will. The evidences of this, already cited, are strikingly confirmed by the relation of the eyes to the tear-glands.

And many of their symbols become intelligible by comparing the human eyes with those of lower animals.

If we had a table of the proportionate sizes of eyes and brains in man and a large scale of animals, the proportion between the human eye and brain would hold nearly a middle place. Therefore, eyeballs which are either very large, or very small, have an animal expression; the former being suggestive of brute-force, the latter of meanness and feebleness.

Again, in comparison with the eyeballs of animals, the human eye has, proportionally, the smallest transparent, and the largest, opaque, or white, part; and, in the same proportion, it has a larger nervous expansion, a larger structure in direct relation with the mind, than the eye of any other animal. A small cornea, or transparent part of an eye, is, thus, a proof that the retina or nerve-structure of the eye is comparatively large; and a large cornea proves a small retina. The mental character may be often measured by the retina; thus, an eye with a large cornea, and a comparatively small white part, gives a strong but too animal expression; while an eye with a smaller cornea (if it be not extremely small) expresses delicacy, a higher sensibility, and spirituality. The ancients gave the former to their Juno (Βοώπις): the early Christian artists gave the latter to their figures of saints and angels.

Eyes set too near, or too far asunder, are alike animal in expression and in meaning: the former are like the eyes of apes; the latter like those of oxen, dogs, and horses.

It is not very rare to see one eyeball somewhat higher than the other:—if the difference be very slight, it is likely to mark a thinking, considerate man, who looks at every side of a matter. When the eyes sink a little towards their inner angles, they denote warmth of mind directed to realities; when they rise towards them, they denote a similar mind directed to the supersensuous and ideal.

A long opening between the eyelids, showing much 'white,' gives the eye an expression of taste and sensibility. A short high opening has a more animal look: it is usually associated with a large eyeball, and occurs especially in persons of athletic constitution, and choleric temperament, and great working power; but a similar form may, as Lavater says, occur in feeble, heavy-eyed, phlegmatic persons. Short and small openings between the eyelids indicate feebleness and want of spirit; but this must be conditional on what Lavater notes,—that when the inner angles are lengthened, acute, and pointed towards the nose, their possessor is either very judicious or very cunning. He adds, 'When the

the eyelid draws itself almost horizontally over the eye, I usually expect a man of much acuteness, extremely dexterous, and of superior cunning ;' and, 'When the border of the upper eyelid describes a complete arch, it is the mark of a good disposition and much delicacy ; sometimes, also, of a character timid, feminine, or childish.'

In the colours of the eye, both the white and the various tints of the iris must be studied. In a clear pure white we see, intuitively, a mind that might be so described ; a dirty or yellowish white makes us suspect the opposite character ; a white that is too blue, like that of a delicate child, is significant of an immature mind ; one that is blood-shot, if it does not confess to intemperance or over-work, suggests plethora and violence of temper.

Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature ; light blue, and much more, grey eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have, generally, the same meaning as the grey : Lavater says they are,—'in some sort, a distinctive sign of vivacity and courage.' 'Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound ; just as genius, properly so called, is almost always associated with eyes of a yellowish cast bordering on hazel.' (*Essays*, iii. 338.)

The brightness and the dullness of the eye are as evident in their opposite meanings as are the contrasts of light and darkness. And scarcely less clear, is the glance or flash of the eye, like a light, to illuminate and show the depth of meaning in every expression with which it appears. A volume might be written on it, inexplicable as it is, and in each person so inimitable by others, and therefore so characteristic, that, as Carus suggests, instead of saying 'Le style c'est l'homme,' we might more justly say, 'der Blick ist der Mensch.'

Lastly, with the symbols of the eyes those of the Brows must be arranged.

As marking the boundary-line between the intellectual region of the forehead and the sensuous region of the eyes and cheeks, it is a general rule that the higher the eyebrows rise the more do they symbolise the encroachment of the sensuous on the intellectual nature ; the lower they are placed the more is the opposite relation marked. So, in persons of warm open heart, guided chiefly by their affections, we see generally the regular high-arched brow ; in profound thinkers, the lowered rectilinear brow. Generally, too, brows that are gently arched harmonize with modesty and simplicity ; those that are straight and horizontal with manliness and vigour. In the very melancholic, the raising of the inner extremity of the brow is often a natural and



fixed expression. In those of restless, changeable disposition, or liable to sudden outbursts of passion, the brow is outstretched, not in a straight line, but undulating, as it were fluctuating and stormy.

As the only portion of the intellectual region of the face which at all answers to the strong hair which covers all the face in brutes, the eyebrows may, by excessive quantity, thickness, and coarseness, indicate a too coarse animal nature. If their form be good and their arrangement orderly, their abundance adds strength to whatever they import; in other conditions, they indicate a mind that might be described in the same terms as themselves. Smallness of eyebrows always denotes defective force of character, and the more the higher they are placed.

Among all his fervent rhapsodies, Lavater has none more fervent than that in which he would sum up his thoughts on MOUTHS: 'Eloquent even in its silence, this part of the body is so sacred in my eyes that I scarcely have the courage to attempt to treat of it' (iii. 394). And, indeed, what may the mouth not symbolise, seeing that it includes two sense-organs, and the organs for the first process to which our food is subjected, for occasional breathing, for speech and song and kissing?

The characteristic of the opening of the human mouth, as compared with that of brutes, is its medium size; and its transgression on either side of certain limits is at once repulsive by its deviation from exact humanity. A somewhat large mouth is manly, and denotes energy; one somewhat small is feminine, and a sign of less power.

In the two lips, the opposition of the upper and lower halves of the face is repeated. In the upper lip the chief varieties of the higher psychical character are intimated; in the lower those of the more corporeal nature; and it is, therefore, essential to a noble face that the upper lip should extend beyond and govern the lower. In both, the contrast of the thick protruded lips of the negro and of the tense, finely-drawn lips of the Caucasian race may indicate the characteristics which belong to those varieties of form to which they are severally appropriated. So Porta sums up: '*Labia crassa stultum demonstrant*' (p. 208); and Lavater, '*Fleshy lips have always a struggle to maintain with sensuality and indolence*' (iii. 397). Among the thinner lips, the best-marked forms are—the large, thin, indrawn lips of the dry, passionless men of intellect; the soft and beautifully chiselled, in those of refined sense and poetic nature; the tense and strongly-marked, in strong-willed men of practical ability; the lean and hard-lined, in the timid or avaricious.

In the upper lip, the best form is that in which it is itself short,

short, and its connexion with the nose is finely modelled. If it be deeply hollowed in the middle, it tells of wit and liveliness. A long upper lip, especially if its middle portion be prominent and swollen, is generally found in persons of rough nature. In the lower lip, one of the clearest symbols is its being upraised and compressed on the upper. Such a position of it, when transient, indicates scorn or repulsion; when habitual or fixed by nature, it is a sure sign (in any but a toothless man) of a self-reliant, grudging temper, scornful or full of hate. In the same way the constant or general positions of the angles of the mouth may be interpreted by their likeness to those of which, in the transient expressions, the meaning is always clear.

The CHIN is an eminently human feature, and, by its characters in the several races of men, and in the animals which follow the lowest race of men, we may trace, as the chin retreats, the retreat from the predominance of the nobler human faculties. This is especially true in men; for, generally, the fuller chin marks the manly character, the smaller chin the feminine. Of the three principal forms of chins—the retreating, the perpendicular, and the projecting—Lavater says the first may always excite a suspicion of some weak side; such chins have a negative import: the second may inspire with confidence, and, if deep, are signs of sagacity and reflection: the third, if not too pointed, denote acuteness and activity of mind. A chin deeply dimpled in its middle line has the same meaning as the slightly bifid nose. The accumulated flesh and fat that make the double chin distinguish the soft, phlegmatic, and Bæotian nature; and for other forms we may thus enumerate Lavater's judgments: Angular chins are, generally, signs of sense, firmness, and benevolence; flat chins, of coldness and dryness; small ones, of timidity; round and dimpled ones, of goodness.

To conclude the symbolics of the face, we ought to write of those of the cheeks, and the beard and other facial hair. But even a part of the great beard-question would be too large for discussion now; and the cheeks are chiefly significant in their corroboration of the testimony of the lips and chin, and may be passed by with only this observation, that the predominance of their size over that of the eyes, nose, and upper lip will generally indicate the predominance of the senses over the intellect.

The EAR must have a fuller notice. It is far less expressive, and less communicative than the eye; as it ought to be, to be in accord with the deep-concealed proper organ of the sense which is especially recipient of mystery. It is remarkably significant of this relation of the external ear that, in man, it is incapable of any of those active movements which, in animals, reveal so plainly

plainly the mental state. Still, even in complete repose, the ear may tell something of the mind.

Like many other parts, the ear has, in man, a medium size in proportion to the rest of the body. The extremes, of both largeness and smallness, indicate, therefore, a deflection towards the lower animal world: the former is often seen in idiots with ill-shaped heads. In less than these extremes, large ears, including all such as are longer than the nose, are signs of timidity and defect of mental power, especially when their upper parts are very large. They have their natural types in the large long ears of many timid animals. Small ears (if not extremely small) imply mental energy; their type is in those of the carnivora.

The thinning and levelling of the border of the ear, so that it is not turned over, has generally a bad import. It is animal-like; and, with an angular upper border, it gives the character of low sensuality, which the old masters painted in the ears of Fauns. A deeply and roundly sculptured ear is a sign of intellectual capacity; and one that is largely and broadly hollowed out often occurs in men with great plastic talent. Smoothness and want of contrast among the several windings of the ear imply feebleness of mind. Ears that stand out belong, generally, to persons in whom the sense of hearing is dominant, such as the musical, the mysterious, those with strong memories, and the timid. Close-lying ears are more frequent among those in whom sight prevails, as the light-headed, the reckless, the courageous.

The symbols which come next to be explained are those of the neck and trunk. There are indications for discerning them similar to those illustrated in the foregoing instances, and similar reasons for believing them. We naturally take them into our estimate when we are judging of a man from his appearance; and they are sometimes among the most impressive forms. Lavater ascribes to an observation on the turn of a neck the first germ of his studies. The likeness of two noses had, indeed, greatly impressed him, and made him very observant of forms; but it was the significance of the neck that convinced him. And he who believes that the body does symbolise the mind, and that nothing in nature is unmeaning, will find it hard to doubt that there may be, in all these parts, forms and habitual gestures through which some of the characteristics of the mind may be disclosed. But we shall pass by the symbols of the trunk, both because of the obvious difficulties of studying them, and because we want space for the fuller exposition of those of the hands and feet, to which Carus has devoted particular study.

The symbols of the HAND have no relation to the old fortune-telling

telling chiromancy. The lines on the palm which that art professed to read may tell the occupation and habitual movements of the hand ; and, because they are most deeply engraven in the harsh dry skins of the phlegmatic and melancholic, they may tell somewhat also of the general constitution and temperament ; but they can indicate no more than this. It is in the size and shape of the hand, and of its several parts, that we are to look for the real indications of the mind, of which it is at once so instructive and so obedient an instrument. In these particulars it is a real hand-book, in which the character may be read almost as clearly as in his head or face.

We need not stay to point out the perfect humanity of the hand, or to tell all its distinctive features, the perfection of its utility, and the mathematical exactness of its construction. Its chief contrast with the paws that are most like it is in the fingers of these last being so short, in proportion to the length of the metacarpal part (*i. e.*, of the hand without the fingers and the thumb), or else in their being altogether so small. The bear's paw illustrates the first of these contrasts ; and few things can mark intellectual inferiority more than do short convergent incurved fingers. The ape's hand illustrates the second ; and mental weakness may always be suspected where, with a very small hand, the thumb is especially short and weak and apish. By similar comparisons may be interpreted the hardness and horny stiffness of the palm which one sometimes finds independent of hard labour or disease ; the excessive brute-like growth of hair and nails before old age, and other similar signs.

The differences of hands, according to sex and age, are equally significant. The woman's hand, independently of the effects of different occupations, is naturally smaller, narrower, softer, less hairy, and more delicate than the man's, and its fingers are more roundly formed. When these characters are reversed, they mark, as clearly as any other misplaced features do, the similarly misplaced mind : they betray the too strong-minded woman, and the effeminate man. In advancing years, from childhood onwards, the changes of the hands are scarcely less significant and striking than those of the face, and they have the same meaning. Like the smooth round forehead, proper to the child, so the small, soft, delicate, childish hand, when it is retained in manhood, is a sure sign of a childish disposition, with no great intellectual gifts and no strength of will. And when, before old age, the hand is lean, bony, and dry, it indicates that want of warmth of feeling and of fancy, and that predominance of cold sagacity to which old age is naturally prone.

Independently of these general differences among hands, manifold,

fold, even thousandfold, varieties of individual form are to be found. They may be described, in about four chief groups, by referring them to as many types of form. Carus adopts four, fusing some of those six which D'Arpentigny, the first true chiromnist, arranged. These four he names, severally, the elemental, the motor, the sensitive, and the psychical hands.

Elemental hands are such as betray a certain approximation at once to the hand of the little child and to the paw of the most man-like brutes. They are distinguished by the metacarpal part being both long and broad ; the palm large, thick, and hard ; the fingers short, thick, and squared at their ends, the thumb stumpy and often turned back ; the nails short, strong, and hard. These characters are modified according to sex, having more of refinement in women, and of coarseness in men ; but, in general, their chief feature is a coarseness, and, as it were, a want of finish, in the construction of the hand. And such hands symbolise a rough, unfinished mind, a mind lowly developed, obtuse intelligence, slow resolution, dullness of feelings. They are found especially among the common people ; and combined, as they often are, with large though coarsely modelled heads, they represent the material strength of a nation, its work, its man-power. These make the show of hands at the hustings ; these are the mighty unwashed. But they are found in higher classes, too ; and there, though washed and gloved, and never seamed or hardened by appropriate toil, the elemental hands betray the same want of mental refinement, the same rough unfinished nature.

The Motor hand, which is especially the male hand, is characterized partly by its great size, partly by its strength of bone and muscle, and its strong projecting joints and sinews. The palm is nearly square ; the fingers longer than in the elemental hand, but very strong, large-jointed, and broad-tipped ; the thumb especially strong, and with a full ball ; the nails suitably large, and of elongated quadrangular shape ; the skin of the back firm and strong, and usually but slightly hairy.

Such a hand symbolises strength of will, and aptness for strong sustained efforts of mind. They who have such hands are likely to be less finely sensitive and less intelligent than resolute and strong willed. The old Roman character might be the type of the motor-handed men ; and the hands of Roman senators and emperors in works of art have almost always the genuine motor characters. The thumb, which is in all hands the most significant, because the most essentially human, member, is especially so in these ; its large size always symbolising an energetic nature.

The Sensitive is the proper feminine hand. It is never very large,

large, and is often rather below the module in its length, and all its textures are delicate. In the palm, length predominates a little over breadth; the fingers are not proportionally longer than in the motor hand, but the thumb is decidedly smaller, and much more delicate. The fingers are divided in soft and oval forms, with full rounded tips; the nails, nearly equilateral, are remarkably fine and elastic.

Men with hands thus formed are generally distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and by wit, more than by intellectual acuteness and strength of will. They commonly are of sensitive, sometimes of psychical, constitution, and, generally, of sanguine temperament. But good specimens of sensitive hands are seldom found except in the higher and well-educated classes (the forms that are near the type will be mentioned presently); in the lower classes of northern countries they are seen only in women.

The Psychical hand, the most beautiful and the rarest of all the forms, is that which is most unlike the elemental and the childish hand. It is of moderate size in proportion to the whole stature. It should measure in its length just one module; the palm is a little longer than broad, never much furrowed or folded, but marked with single large lines. The fingers are fine, slender, and rather elongated; their joints are never prominent; their tips are rather long, taper, and delicately rounded; and they have fine nails of similar shape. The thumb is slender, well-formed, and only moderately long. The skin of the whole hand is delicate, and, even in a man, has but very little hair.

In their perfection psychical hands can be seen in only the bloom and strength of life. In childhood and in youth the form is not attained; in old age, it is spoiled by the comparative increase of the bones and joints and by the wrinkling of the skin.

Such rare hands are found with none but rare minds. They indicate, Carus says, a peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling, combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will. And D'Arpentigny speaking, as usual, of the hands as if they were the whole mind, says,—‘Such hands add to the works of the thinker, as the artist does to the work of the artizan—beauty, ideality; they gild them with a sunbeam, they raise them on a pedestal; they open to them the portals of men's hearts. The soul, forgotten and left behind by philosophic hands, is the guide of these; truth in love and sublimity is their end, expansion their means.’

But, it must be repeated, good examples of psychical hands are rare, unless where, through many generations, the mind has been highly educated. When they occur among the crowd of men,

men, they often mark those who fail, because an inner vocation to some higher and unattainable sphere of action unfits them for the rough handicrafts of the lower classes. D'Arpentigny believes that psychical hands are most frequent in Asia, in the countries of the Caucasian race, and that in Europe they occur most often in Germany; but Carus gives the honour (may we say the palm?) to England, especially to the English women of the higher ranks.

These are the grand types of hands. But of hands, as of all other parts, the great majority fall short of the typical form, and have such intermediate or mixed forms, as must be interpreted by an estimate of the degrees in which they approximate to one or more of the types. The most frequent of all hands are such as are intermediate, or transitional, between the elemental and the motor or the sensitive. Those that make the transition from the sensitive to the motor type, in which, with a sensitive foundation-structure there is a more motor character, and strength of the fingers and their joints, are the hands which D'Arpentigny called 'artistic' and 'useful.' They are the eminently 'handy' sort; and are often seen among mechanics, artists, and musicians. Transition-forms between the sensitive and the psychical are not rare; they may indicate a poetic mind, but they are especially met with when high training and refined care of the whole organism, and especially of the hands, has been maintained for many generations. These might be called the 'well-bred,' or the 'aristocratic,' hands: D'Arpentigny has named them 'Mains de race.' Lastly, transitions from the motor to the psychical form symbolise great thinking powers: they are the 'philosophic' hands.

Whatever be the form of the hand, its significance will be modified if it be not according to rule in the characters appropriate to sex and age. For example, if a man have a feminine psychical hand, he will lack the grandeur and clearness of thought which the psychical hand should, in his sex, testify: and a woman with a manly psychical hand will want something of the complete beauty of the true feminine mind. So, as we have already intimated, the roundness, softness, and fleshiness, appropriate to childhood, will mark, whatever be the form of hand with which they are combined, a comparative feebleness of character; while the leanness and dryness, that should be delayed till old age, will, in earlier life, tell of hardness and narrowness in the character, whatever it may be, that is symbolised by the general form of the hand.

The Foot has symbols very similar to those of the hand. On the

the general principle, that those parts, which present the most distinctive specific characters of man, are most significant of the human mind, none should be more symbolical than the feet, whereon Man rests and moves in that erect posture, in which he bears himself above all other creatures, and is *ἄνθρωπος*, the being with the upturned eye. Their forms are, indeed, various, and always characteristic: or, if less so than those of the hands, it is in those respects in which the hands, as being peculiarly sensitive organs, are more than the feet significant of the mind's sensibility.

Of course, all those forms of the human foot are indicative of a low mental state which are like the feet of other mammalia. And, the chief errors in this direction are,—the flatness of the foot (independent of disease), which makes it like that of a bear or other plantigrade: the diminutive size, in comparison with the leg, in which it lacks its characteristic fitness for supporting an erect body; and the narrowness, with shortness of the great toe, and defective projection of the heel, by which the contrast between man's foot and the ape's is lessened. These characters, by which the foot loses its human distinction, may be read in the same way as the corresponding lowered forms of the hand; and so may those in which the childish form is retained; or the womanly, or the manly, form is misplaced.

The typical forms of feet are described, by Carus, as the elemental, the sensitive motor, the pure motor, and the athletic motor. The elemental foot, like the hand of the same name, is that which, though it has grown to its full size and proportion, has not been developed beyond the childish form. It is coarse, plump, and clumsy; too flat-soled; short, broad, and fleshy. The ancles are thick and shapeless; the balls and joints of the toes are large. Such feet are commonly found in conjunction with elemental hands, and have the same import; they are the feet of the mass, singly powerless, in multitude mighty.

The motor-sensitive foot, corresponding with the sensitive hand, is the proper foot of woman. It is small, and smooth, and slender; a narrow foot, with but little projection of the heel, and no projection of the joints or sinews; the ball of the heel and of the great toe are not large or prominent; the nails are small and finely textured. The ideal of this foot is in the Venus de' Medici; the caricature of it in the outstretched, flattened, ape-ward foot of the Negro. In a man, the sensitive-motor foot will stamp a feeble and effeminate character, unless it be associated with a well-developed and harmonious form of the head and of all other parts. Thus associated, such a foot indicates great elastic power, and energetic speed of action: such is the foot of Mercury in antique sculpture: and among different races it is most frequent (though with



with characteristic varieties in each) in the Negroes, Hungarians, Poles, and Celts, the which are nations most given to dancing. It is the form with which the sentiment of the ballet may be most perfectly expressed; and in some of the antique statues of Minerva it is represented with a sharpness, simplicity, and grandeur, such as might claim for it the name of psychical and an analogy with the psychical hand.

The pure motor foot has the true medium form of the well-made foot, especially that of the man. It has neither the stumpy-ness of the elemental foot, nor the slenderness of the sensitive-motor, nor the great muscularity of the athletic; but, avoiding all these extremes, it is, with variations according to sex, justly adapted to its simple purpose of supplying a well-formed strong support for the weight of the body.

The motor-athletic foot is distinguished by its great size, its strength of bone, and its muscularity. It is typified in the foot of the Farnese Hercules. It always marks a powerful, athletic constitution; and in its possessor we may look, perhaps, for vehemence of will, but not for the profound insight of the reason or the vivid creation of the fancy.

We have now placed before our readers nearly all that we think can be fairly said for the symbolics of the human form. We have seldom interrupted our statement with any doubts; for with a subject in which every assertion is suggestive of discussion, it seemed the best course, first, to state it fully and then to express a general judgment on it. Thus, then, we would conclude:—

1. That in the general evidences adduced in the first part of this article there is sufficient foundation for the doctrine, that each man's mental nature is indicated or symbolised by his bodily forms; by the forms, namely, not of one or a few, but of all, parts of his body; and of these, not only in their gestures or acquired expressions, but in those fixed forms, which depend, at least in part, upon the skeleton.

2. That there is in most persons a natural faculty of discerning characters in the forms of their fellow-men; a faculty which is capable, in certain persons, of being so cultivated that their judgments of character derived from it alone are very generally true.

3. That much is yet needed to give the study the rank of a science. Especially, the several observations of correspondence between mind and form need to be much more numerous and more exact, and to be expressed with specific detail instead of being confined to general statements. The exceptions which we may find to nearly every rule derived from them need also to be explained; and the theory and the art require to be more closely

closely bound together. Carus has, indeed, done something towards this end, by reducing many physiognomic observations to rules connected and consistent with those of physiology; but much more remains to be accomplished by minds of a less imaginative tendency than that of Carus.

4. This want of sure connexion between the theory and the art is, however, no disproof of either. The same defect, though in a much less degree, is chargeable against all the studies that are occupied with life and mind. In all ages, for example, there have been truths in the science of physiology, and truths in the art of medicine; and in every age it has been thought that the two were united by close bonds; but in every succeeding age many of the bonds have been changed, the truths alone abiding; and even now, those who are wisest hold by the science and by the art as branches of knowledge nearly related, indeed, and in some parts mutually supporting, but in many parts self-subsisting, and in some dissociated. So, we believe, it will long be with the art and the theory of symbols in the human form.

ART. VII.—*Port-Royal*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris. 1840-48. 3 vols. 8vo.

‘AN event,’ says M. Sainte-Beuve, ‘which happens sometimes even to philosophers,’

‘has happened to M. Cousin. He has fallen in love with Madame de Longueville in person; yes, with the Great Condé’s sister. The place in which he has most particularly shown his passion for her is where he has to deal with La Rochefoucauld. He does not speak of him as a judge or a critic would speak, but as a rival. “She never truly loved but a single person,” says he; “it was La Rochefoucauld;” and this leads him to add, “I don’t deny it; I do not like La Rochefoucauld.” La Rochefoucauld is for him the great adversary, the rival who, two centuries ago, supplanted him.’

The sarcasm launched against M. Cousin by M. Sainte-Beuve was not without a personal motive. The author of the *History of Port-Royal* was the first to rescue the subject from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and he had no sooner entered the holy monastery than he would fain have shut the gates on all after-comers. Among the poachers upon his domain M. Cousin has been the most persevering and successful. In fact, his depredations were not confined to Madame de Longueville. Notwithstanding her noble birth, her remarkable beauty, and the important part which she played in the intrigues of the Fronde, she was, after all, but a secondary actor in the scenes of Port-Royal. A far greater

greater offence of M. Cousin was to have denied to M. Sainte-Beuve the privilege of showing Pascal in a new light. Before his narration could reach the period at which this surprising genius shone forth in all his glory, his discoveries were anticipated, and his principal hero torn away from a frame which, it must be confessed, was too narrow for so illustrious a man. Others joined in pursuit of the game which had been started, and there was even a contest for the right to use the manuscripts preserved in the public archives. In compliance with an old and mischievous usage students are permitted in France to borrow and retain as long as they choose the books and documents which are necessary for their researches. The right gives rise to incessant inconvenience and frequent abuses. The manuscript which is taken at first for the honest purpose of investigation may afterwards be kept to prevent a rival from making use of it. Whether this was the motive in the Pascal chace we will not attempt to determine, but certain it is that M. Faugère, who published a new edition of the *Pensées*, was obliged to have recourse to a ministerial order to obtain some papers detained by a fellow-hunter. The republic of letters has hitherto rather gained than lost by the emulation which has been excited, but we should be of a different opinion if M. Sainte-Beuve allows himself to be driven away by this irruption into his territory. The hedge sparrow, it is said, forsakes the eggs which have been handled, and, fearful for the safety of an offspring which she is too weak to protect, refuses to give them life. But the stronger eagle fights for her young, and, if an enemy succeeds in ravishing one from the nest, the remainder of the brood does but become the dearer. Let M. Sainte-Beuve copy the example of the nobler bird, and, after an absence already too prolonged, return to his beloved nest of Port-Royal. If M. Cousin has not yet conquered his resentment against his fair Longueville for having been admired by La Rochefoucauld, M. Sainte-Beuve should be more generous, and forgive her for having been loved by M. Cousin.

The Monastery of Port-Royal exists no longer. All that remains of it are some shapeless ruins, situated in a dark and marshy valley not far from Versailles. It is supposed to have been founded by Bishop Eudes of Sully, and Mathilda of Garlande, in the year 1204, that prayers might be said there for the happy return of Mathieu I. of Montmorency, Mathilda's husband, who was fighting in the Holy Land. A Bull, in 1223, conceded to the convent the privilege of receiving secular ladies, who, disgusted with the vanities of life, might wish, without taking the vows, to give themselves up to God. It was perhaps the admission of these worldly recruits, who were not wholly detached  
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from the frivolities of society, which was the cause of that taste for fashion which was reprov'd at the beginning of the sixteenth century by the superior of the house. The inmates had committed the enormity of wearing sleeves which were wider at the bottom than at the top, and the abbess was ordered to have them made narrower. Later it was found necessary to prohibit the use of masks, gloves, and starched linen. These trifles were the symbols of more serious irregularities. The service was not duly attended, the rule of seclusion was violated, and dances and banquets had greater charms than the offices of religion. Such deviations from monastic strictness were then general throughout France. The reform in Port-Royal was brought about by a girl who was forced against her will into the office of abbess, and who not only succeeded in making her community a model of discipline and virtue, but who attracted into her sphere so many persons illustrious for piety, for learning, and for genius, that, of all the institutions of the kind which ever existed, this is the one which has obtained the largest renown and the most universal admiration. No glory was wanting to it—not even the distinction of bearing nobly a long and cruel persecution. The means by which these results were obtained are a rare example of the power of simple and persevering rectitude, and give a perennial interest and importance to the history of ‘Mother Angélique,’ though the house over which she presided is in ruins, and the succession of her disciples was not permitted to continue.

Antoine Arnauld, the representative of an ancient and distinguished family in Auvergne, married the daughter of M. Marion, an *avocat-général*. This M. Marion was a favourite of Henry IV., and obtained from him the abbacies of Port-Royal and St. Cyr for two of his grand-daughters. The eldest, Jacqueline Marie Arnauld, was then only seven and a half years old; the younger, Jeanne, was six. Abuses of this kind were frequent at that era, but it was not always easy to obtain the ratification of the appointments at Rome; and Antoine Arnauld, who was noted for a famous speech which he had delivered against the Jesuits, was not likely to obtain much indulgence from the Pope. In consequence the fraud was committed of representing the sisters to be older than they were, and, the better to dissemble the truth, they were described not by their true Christian names, but by the names which they received at confirmation, and which became their religious appellations. This was the reason why Jacqueline was ever after called Mother Angélique, and Jeanne, Mother Agnes. The opening of the drama does not prognosticate reform. The next scene in the history was still less promising.

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The two child-abbesses, who were set to preside over religious communities long before they were themselves emancipated from the bondage of the nursery, first spent a year together in the convent of St. Cyr, which belonged to Mother Agnes, the younger sister. At the close of a life devoted to humility, she still reproached herself with an outbreak of domineering authority, when, in a quarrel with her elder sister, she asserted her right, if she pleased, to turn her out of her abbey. 'She was proud and romantic,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'to such a degree as to ask God why he had not permitted that she should be born *Madame de France*!' It would be idle to moralise on traits like these. The whole case may be summed in the fact that she was six and an abbess.

Mother Angélique, with whom we are more immediately concerned, next spent two years at the abbey of Maubuisson, the last place which was calculated to inspire a young girl with religious sentiments; for it was presided over by Madame d'Estrées, the sister of the fair Gabrielle, so famous for her beauty, and the visits which the royal lover paid to the convent were an open insult to morality and religion. It was from Madame d'Estrées that the future reformer of Port-Royal was named Angélique at her confirmation. This most assuredly was not a very edifying beginning.

At first Mother Angélique was only the coadjutor of Jeanne de Boulehard, the existing abbess. The latter died in 1602, and her successor, when hardly eleven years old, was definitively installed in her office, and invested with all its functions and prerogatives. One day, when Henry IV. was hunting in the neighbourhood, he took it into his head to visit M. Arnauld, who was at Port-Royal with his daughter. The little abbess went out to meet him at the head of her community, and marched gravely along with ludicrous dignity upon thick-soled shoes, some five or six inches high, that she might appear to have the stature of a woman. That merry monarch could not fail to be delighted with the mock-heroic scene. He left with reluctance, and kept shouting as he rode away, 'I kiss my hand to Madame the Abbess.'

Nothing as yet seemed to foreshadow the changes which were soon to take place. On the contrary, Mother Angélique felt no vocation for a religious life. She regretted the world from which she had been cut off so young, preferred the reading of Plutarch's *Lives* to her Breviary, and often meditated joining two of her aunts who had embraced the Protestant religion and resided together at La Rochelle. She even desired to marry, for she justly thought that a holy domestic life was more agreeable to the  
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Almighty than the unnatural austerities of a monastic seclusion. By degrees the conflict of her feelings reduced her to a state of melancholy which impaired her health, and she was taken home to be nursed. She was not then sixteen. Her father detected the causes of her despondency, and with the vehemence of will which was the characteristic of his race he one day entered her room with a document in his hand, and said, 'Sign this, my child.' Awed by the profound respect which she entertained for her father, but her heart bursting with rage, as she instinctively divined the purport of the unread paper, she complied with his demand. She felt that her honour was pledged, that she had definitively engaged herself against her will to lead a religious life. And, in fact, the act was the ratification of her vows; it was her sentence upon herself!

Her health restored, she returned sad but resigned to the convent, which she accepted henceforth for her destiny. The renewal of her vows, it is true, had been obtained by a trick, but it was a trick played by a beloved father. Filial respect threw a veil over the artifice, and the poor child only thought of her signature, and forgot the mode of obtaining it. Religion had as yet no part in her resolution, but it was close at hand. One evening at the approach of twilight, as she came from a walk in the garden, a Capuchin friar arrived at the convent and requested to preach. A sermon was an entertainment which broke the monotony of the ordinary convent life, but as it was growing late the abbess was on the point of refusing the offer. Suddenly she changed her mind, and ordered the bells to toll. What the Capuchin said she did not herself recollect; but while the discourse, which was on the humility of the Saviour, was proceeding, a complete revolution took place in her feelings. 'God so touched me,' she said, 'that from this moment I found myself more happy to be a nun than I ever before was unhappy at being one.' She perceived, however, that the Capuchin preacher was not capable of guiding her in the path which a divine light had just displayed to her, and she kept her emotions to herself. The new thoughts which now agitated her heart again affected her health, and she was removed to her father's country-seat of Andilly. 'That dwelling appeared to me so lovely,' said the poor girl, 'that I would gladly have remained for ever amidst such beautiful scenes, for God had not yet given me the eyes of a Christian.' Nevertheless she assumed a coarse dress, lay on a hard couch, and curtailed her sleep to go and pray secretly in the remotest parts of the house. Sometimes she was found inflicting punishments upon herself that she might become accustomed by degrees to bear bodily pain. Dreading the effects of such

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austerity, her family, who had hitherto employed their endeavours to engage her in a monastic life, now united their efforts to check her enthusiasm. The nuns, when she got back to Port-Royal, were not less averse to the new spirit which had come over her. In spite of relations and nuns she followed her own conscientious convictions, and resolved to persevere. The first change she introduced was to bring back the community to the strict observance of their vow of poverty. It was not the easiest part of the undertaking, for the best were those who were most opposed to the step. They remarked with some reason that when everything was in common, clothes included (for such was the rule), all providence would cease, and nobody would have any interest in economising. Mother Angélique did not hesitate to acknowledge that in a temporal point of view the rule might be disadvantageous, but temporal considerations had no longer any weight in her mind. Her principal aim was the spiritual good of her flock. She considered that the sole choice lay between not being abbess at all, or fulfilling to the letter the requirements of the office, and while the contest was pending she was once more seized with a deep melancholy accompanied by fever. The nuns asked her what made her so sad. She replied that they knew the cause well enough, and that it depended on them to put a period to her grief. 'Tell us what you want of us,' they said, at last, touched by her sorrow, 'and, provided you are satisfied, we promise to do anything.' She reiterated that what she required was that they would renounce the system of individual property; and the following day they brought her their clothes. One nun, named Johannet, who was deaf and dumb, had not been informed of what was going on, and it was intended, in consequence of her infirmity, to exempt her from the law; but on seeing the others produce their wardrobes, she guessed the meaning of the action, and imitated their example. From that day, which was the eve of St. Joseph, 1609, and which was religiously inscribed in the *Fasti* of Port-Royal, the community of goods was permanently re-established, and the Mother Abbess was cured of her fever.

There still remained one refractory member in the person of an aged nun, Dame Morel, who fondly cultivated a little garden. She brought everything except the key of this garden. 'We all of us have our little garden,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, with his usual grace, 'and we often cling to it more strongly than to the large one. Dame Morel flew into a passion whenever any nun or father Capuchin sorrowfully spoke to her of that unlawful reservation. At last, one day, when no one had breathed a word on the subject, she surrendered by a sort of inward miracle. She sent

sent in a letter the key of the garden, as of a last citadel. In fact, it was the key of her heart.'

When Mother Angélique had overcome this difficulty, and established the community of goods, she made up her mind to strike the great blow. She was determined to restore the rule of seclusion, to sever herself from the world, and with her nuns devote herself completely to God. This involved the separation from her family, whom she so dearly loved, and by whom she was so tenderly beloved. But the Arnaulds were not to be disunited by this daring act of filial disobedience, by this richly rewarded sacrifice of feeling to duty. One by one, sisters, brothers, mother, nieces, and nephews, came clustering round the young saint whom they began by opposing, most of them attracted by her virtues, her example, and her insinuating charity. She began by drawing to her her little sister, Mother Agnes, abbess of St. Cyr, whom we have already seen priding herself on her official supremacy. In a few months she renounced her once cherished dignity, and took her vows as a simple nun at Port-Royal.

The law-courts rose, and Antoine Arnauld, as was his custom in vacations, repaired to Port-Royal. In one of the huge family coaches of the period were the father, the mother, the eldest sister Mme. Le Maître, a younger sister named Anne, who was then fifteen, and the eldest brother Arnauld d'Andilly, who was twenty. It is difficult for us now to realise the full force of the paternal authority of that age, and the immense hardihood which it required to resist its will. Mother Angélique was hardly seventeen, and had never swerved from the most profound obedience, which was seconded by such love as strong minds only are capable of feeling. Prayer was her weapon against the coming attack, and the nuns of her party joined with her in her supplications. She had taken possession at dawn of every key to prevent a surprise, and, with her supporters, waited the arrival of the dreaded coach 'like a little force under arms awaiting the enemy.' So daring did the act appear, that few of the inmates could believe she would have the courage to persist. At length the noise of wheels was heard in the outer court, and Mother Angélique, advancing to the wicket, announced her resolution to her father, and begged him to proceed to the grated parlour, where alone she could receive him. No sooner did she utter the words than he flew into a passion, knocked louder than ever at the door, and fiercely demanded admittance. Madame Arnauld joined in the clamour, called her daughter an ingrate, and swore an oath which afterwards cost her many a tear, that if she was not admitted at once she would never again set her foot in Port-Royal. M.



d'Andilly, with the impetuosity of youth, went further still, and declared that his sister was a monster and a parricide. The Abbess stood firm. M. Arnauld, unable to prevail by force, had recourse to stratagem. He demanded to see his two other daughters, Mother Agnes and Marie-Claire, intending to rush in as these were let out. But they were sent round by the church-door, and the opportunity was lost of surprising the citadel. As they joined the infuriated group, M. d'Andilly poured forth bitter reproaches against Mother Angélique. Mother Agnes immediately took up her defence, observing that her sister had done nothing more than was prescribed by the Council of Trent. 'Oh forsooth,' exclaimed M. d'Andilly, excited beyond endurance, 'this is a pretty case; here is another little pedant who quotes to us canons and council!' All this while there were some dissentients in the camp, and among them was old Dame Morel, who clung so fondly to her little garden, and who now exclaimed, 'It is a shame not to open to M. Arnauld.' Mother Angélique was of another opinion, and at last her father, without relinquishing his anger, yielded to her entreaties and went to the reception-room. Pale and agitated, he spoke to her through the grating of all that he had done for her, and of the love which he bore her. Henceforth he renounced it; he would see her no more, and as a final request he conjured her to take care of herself and not ruin her health by reckless austerities. This pathetic adieu, in which tenderness mingled with resentment, proved too much for the overwrought mind of Mother Angélique, and she fell senseless on the floor. A paroxysm of alarm now took possession of M. Arnauld. He called wildly upon his daughter, he stretched out his arms to the opposing grate, he vociferated with all his might for help, and his wife and children screamed as loudly as himself. The nuns, believing that the uproar was only a renewal of the original contest, kept carefully out of the way, and it was some time before they could be made to comprehend the situation of their Abbess. Her first words on opening her eyes was to request her father not to leave that day. She had a couch prepared for herself by the grating; a calm and loving conversation ensued, and Mother Angélique was victorious over her family. Her ecclesiastical superiors afterwards gave permission for Madame Arnauld and her daughters to enter the convent when they pleased. But the fatal oath was for a year an insurmountable barrier. At the end of that period she heard a sermon in which hasty and foolish vows were declared not to be binding, and she immediately ordered her carriage and set out for Port-Royal. The day of her reappearance was ever after kept as an anniversary in her heart by the delighted Mother Angélique.

The

The grand contest which had taken place was known in the annals of the monastery by the name of 'the day of the wicket.' M. Royer-Collard used to speak of the scene as one of the great pages of human nature, and one which was not surpassed by anything in Plutarch. His admiration, all must agree, was not misplaced. The object for which Mother Angélique contended was indeed mistaken, or rather the mistake was in her vocation itself. But what is beyond all praise is, the unflinching adherence to what she conceived her duty—the sacrifice to conscience of every opposing feeling of her heart.

‘————— unmov’d,  
Unshaken, unseduc’d, untterrified,  
Her loyalty she kept, her love, her zeal;  
Nor number nor example with her wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change her constant mind  
Though single.’

This was her true glory, her chief distinction, and it was this quality which enabled her to produce such wonderful results.

‘Let us,’ says M. Sainte-Beuve, ‘recapitulate the actors in the events of the day of the wicket—Mother Angélique, M. Arnauld, Madame Arnauld, their three young daughters—Agnes, Anne, and Marie-Claire—Mme. Le Maître and M. d’Andilly. Well, these actors or spectators, M. Arnauld excepted, who died in the world respected as an honest man and a Christian, all, with Madame Arnauld at their head, entered finally into Port-Royal.’ Marie-Claire, who, we have seen, was already domiciled with the Abbess at the time of the battle, had been a lovely child, but was completely disfigured by the small-pox. When she first caught sight of her face in the glass, she covered it with her hands and cried out, ‘It is no longer I.’ The involuntary exclamation was true in a sense which she little imagined. It was probably not only her face but her heart which was changed by the event, and her moral being profited by the destruction of her beauty. Anne, who was six years older, had her religious impressions strengthened by the same disorder. Her convictions continued to gather force until in 1616 she renounced the world for Port-Royal. ‘When I first entered,’ she wrote, ‘I felt a painful void in my soul, and, having mentioned it to Mother Agnes, she answered that I need not be astonished, because, having quitted all the things of the world, and not being yet consoled by God, I was as between heaven and earth. About a year afterwards this void was filled.’ From this time she considered the convent a paradise. The marshy and unwholesome valley, the damp and narrow cell, seemed delightful to her spirit, soothed by the religious exercises which were indissolubly associated with the locality, and she imagined, as she gazed at the sky,

sky, that it was more serene than elsewhere. She once, when she was alone, danced with joy at the recollection that she was a nun, and when she saw one of the sisterhood sorrowful she thought if she did but look at her black veil she would be sad no longer. But mortification was the rule of the house. Her passion was prayer and solitude, and she was subsequently set to perform the uncongenial task of instructing children. For fifteen or sixteen years she continued to obey, but it was, she said, as it were at the point of the sword. Mother Angélique set the example of self-denial. 'It would be difficult,' wrote her niece, 'to find such another piece of serge as she used for her dress—so coarse, rough, loose, yellow, and greasy. What I say of her clothes I might say of everything; she never took for herself anything but the refuse.' M. Arnauld had been accustomed to assist in defraying the expenses of the establishment, and she endeavoured by economy to dispense with his gifts and render the house self-supporting. In spite of the poverty which resulted, she managed to relieve the poor families in the neighbourhood. To the inmates she compensated for the deprivations she imposed on them by redoubling her tenderness. It was on the sick sisters especially that she lavished the tokens of her inexhaustible charity, nursing them and rendering them the most repulsive services. Whenever she was wanted it was almost always in the infirmary that she was to be found. She was discovered there one day lying on the feet of a sick nun, whom nothing would warm, and she said, with a laugh, that she was performing the office of a blanket. In fact, the irresistible gift of persuasiveness which Mother Angélique possessed consisted mainly in this, that she was more severe towards herself than towards her flock. She oftener taught by example than by precept. When she had determined upon suppressing the use of meat in the community, she began by trying the practice upon herself. For a month she ate nothing except a piece of omelette, and, to conceal the fact, she had it covered with a thin slice of mutton. A petty deception like this does not accord with the nobler proceedings of the holy Angélique; but tricks in some shape or other seem an incurable vice of the Roman Catholic religion. Having undergone the probation in her own person, she invited the rest to repeat the experiment, and abstinence was embraced by the entire community.

Port-Royal set in order, Mother Angélique was called upon to perform the same duty for another establishment. Her former mistress and namesake, Madame d'Estrées, still presided at Maubuisson, where matters had proceeded from bad to worse. She locked up and illtreated the monks who were sent to inquire into the scandals which prevailed, and her last feat in this kind was to

to imprison one M. Deruptis in a tower of the abbey, keep him on bread and water, and have him flogged every morning. It was determined, as she refused to vacate her office, to remove her by force and shut her up in the house of the '*Filles pénitentes*,' though it was certainly not to this body that she belonged. The king's archers arrived on the 5th of February, 1618, and, being denied admittance, they scaled the walls, broke open the doors, and carried away Madame d'Estrées on her bed. On the 19th of February Mother Angélique left Port-Royal to supply her place. It was the day after the profession of her sister Anne, who remained unmoved while the rest of the nuns were weeping for the loss of their beloved Abbess. The gloom which overcast a portion of the noviciate of sister Anne was passed, and she had entered into that joy at her calling, of which we have seen the evidence. 'God,' she said, when astonishment was expressed at her seeming indifference to the departure of Angélique—'God conferred too great a favour upon me yesterday to permit me to mourn to-day.'

The reception which Mother Angélique met with at Maubuisson was a complete contrast to the regrets she left behind. The report of the reform of Port-Royal had frightened the dissolute nuns, and they pictured to themselves a stern mistress whose very aspect would cause them to shudder. They had none of them the slightest idea of the duties of their profession. They attended the holy services without reverence, and spent all the remainder of their time in entertainments. They gave numerous parties, played comedies to divert their guests, had collations served in gardens where they had had summer-houses built, and often walked to the ponds on the road to Paris, where they were joined by monks who danced with them. The age was dissolute, and there was nothing of primitive innocence and simplicity in these rural amusements, which, even at the best, were a contravention of the rules of monastic discipline. The ignorance of the Maubuisson nuns of everything which appertained to religion was hardly credible. To confess is one of the first demands of the Roman Catholic church, the very alphabet of its faith; and people whose lives were supposed to be passed in pious exercises knew not how to discharge a duty which was performed by the meanest peasant.

'They presented themselves for the purpose to a Bernardin monk who did not bear the name of their confessor for nothing, since it was he who always made their confession for them, and named the sins that they were to acknowledge, although perhaps they had not committed them. It was all that he could do to get them to pronounce a "Yes," or a "No," upon which he gave them absolution without further

further inquiry. At last, wearied with the incessant reproaches of this father, on account of their ignorance, they hit on what they thought an excellent method. They composed in conjunction, with much difficulty, three kinds of confessions—one for high festivals, one for Sundays, and one for working-days, and, having written them in a book, each took it when they went to confess, which they might just as easily have done all together, since they all repeated the same thing.’

Mother Angélique did not underrate the difficulties of her task. She believed that she was sacrificing herself to others, and that her health and energies would be exhausted in the task. She took with her her young sister Marie-Claire, ‘and before setting out,’ says M. Sainte-Beuve, ‘she showed her the bed she would one day have to occupy in the infirmary of Port-Royal on her return from this rude and ruinous campaign, as a general might point out the *Invalides* to his soldiers on the eve of a battle.’ The Abbess began by endeavouring to win the co-operation of the old nuns whom she had known in her childhood. Her gentle manners diminished by degrees the fright which her arrival had caused, and at last terror was changed into admiration. She next, to infuse a better spirit into the house, introduced thirty new nuns of tried piety, lodged them in a separate quarter, and bestowed all her care upon their training. As in Port-Royal, she was the first to perform the tasks she imposed. She swept the house, carried the wood, washed the porringers, and weeded the garden. Her cell was the narrowest, darkest, and most uncomfortable in the house; a sewer near the window rendered it unwholesome; insects made it a place of torture; and, to complete the self-imposed hardship, she slept in serge sheets upon a straw mattress which was placed on the ground.

Maubuisson was destined like Port-Royal to have its ‘day of the wicket,’ but the contest was of another kind. Madame d’Estrées had been violently ejected by the King’s archers, and she resolved to copy the tactics of her enemies. She had escaped from the house of the *Filles pénitentes* in the night, and appeared suddenly at Maubuisson, accompanied by the Count de Sanzai and an armed escort. She went up to Mother Angélique as she was entering the choir, and, addressing her, said—‘I have come to thank you for the care you have taken of my abbey during my absence, and to request you to return to yours and leave me to manage my own.’ ‘Madame,’ replied Mother Angélique, ‘I would do it gladly if I could, but you know that our superior has ordered me to take charge of this house, and that having come here from obedience it is only from the same obedience that I can depart.’ Having said these words, she sat down in the choir in the seat of the Abbess. ‘What audacity,’ exclaimed  
Madame

Madame d'Estrées, 'to assume my place in my presence!' and rushing out she demanded the keys of the house. She was answered that they were in the possession of '*Madame.*' 'Is there any other *Madame* here but myself?' she cried out in a rage. The storm soon after ceased for a while, but was renewed when Mother Angélique and her nuns returned after dinner to the chapel. Count Sanzai and four gentlemen advanced towards her, sword in hand, and exhorted her to yield. One of them, to terrify her, fired a pistol. She still replied with calmness that she would not stir until she was turned out by force, since this alone could justify her before God. The nuns thronged round her to protect her, while Madame d'Estrées poured upon her a torrent of abuse, and at last took hold of her veil as if to tear it from her head. 'Immediately,' she says, 'my lamb-like sisters became lions, and one of them advanced towards Madame d'Estrées, and exclaimed, "You wretch! do you dare to pull away the veil of Madame de Port-Royal? Ah! I know you well. I know who you are."' And upon this she caught hold of the veil of Madame d'Estrées and flung it away. The gentlemen now seized Mother Angélique by the arm, and hurried her into a coach which was waiting for the purpose. The nuns rushed in a crowd to the carriage; some ascended the box, some got up behind, or on the roof, and others clung to the wheels. 'Drive on,' said Madame d'Estrées to the coachman, but he answered that he dared not, for he should kill the nuns. Mother Angélique alighted, formed them into a procession, and two and two they walked to Pontoise. The plague was in the place, but the people thronged about them, exclaiming 'that they had left the real plague behind in the person of that infamous and abandoned woman who had turned them out.' Their sojourn at Pontoise was short. At the first outbreak Madame Angélique sent to Paris to announce what was going on. A troop of the King's archers were immediately despatched, and Madame d'Estrées and her bravos fled at their approach without waiting to dispute the field. At ten at night Madame Angélique and her nuns set out from Pontoise, escorted by a hundred and fifty archers, each carrying a torch in his hand and a musket on his shoulder. It is evident that exciting episodes like these would only increase the sense which the community might before have entertained of the importance of their mission, and would give an impulse as marked as it was unexpected to the efforts of Mother Angélique.

The danger from the myrmidons of Madame d'Estrées did not entirely cease with this memorable day. They sometimes appeared at the convent, and fired under the windows. A garrison of fifty archers was ordered to watch over the safety of the inmates,

inmates, but Mother Angélique refused to retain them. Her religious faith was equal to all emergencies, and that calm and enduring heroism, essentially feminine, which she displayed before the drawn swords of the brutal creatures of the infuriated ex-abbess was the only shield she desired against a renewal of the outrage. She continued for five years her work of reform, and was offered the appointment of abbess, but refused to accept so rich a post. Madame de Soissons was named to the office, and Mother Angélique remained some months to assist her. Disagreements, however, arose, and one of the complaints was that she had filled the monastery with poor girls without dowry. 'I answered,' she said, 'that if a house with thirty thousand livres rent was too much burthened by thirty nuns, I should not consider that Port-Royal, which had only six thousand, would be incommoded by receiving them.' She accordingly removed them there the 3rd of March, 1623. The Port-Royal nuns chanted the *Te Deum* on the arrival of their sisters from Maubuisson, 'welcoming them as a present from God to enrich the house more and more with the inexhaustible treasury of poverty.' Mother Angélique, who had business in Paris, was unable to accompany the adopted thirty to their new home: and fearing that the sudden influx of such numbers, when she was not there to keep order, would occasion an inroad on the strictness of the rules, she commanded them not to utter a syllable till her return. Each had a label on her sleeve, upon which was written her name, for the guidance of the officials of Port-Royal. It was not till the 12th of March that Mother Angélique returned, and unlocked the tongues of her thirty mutes. They had already been trained to preserve frequent silence, and, above all, to a general unquestioning obedience. A novice, on proceeding to the cell which had been allotted to her, and which was supposed to be furnished, found nothing but faggots. She accepted the accommodation without one word of inquiry, and slept on the faggots for several consecutive nights. On another occasion, some medicine was carried by mistake to a nun who was in perfect health. That it was brought to her was sufficient, and she immediately swallowed it. The excesses of a system, if they lead to nothing worse, at least result in the ridiculous.

The Abbé de Saint-Cyran was intimate with M. Arnauld d'Andilly, the eldest brother of Mother Angélique. He happened to be present when she sent to ask for carriages to take the poor nuns of Maubuisson to Port-Royal, and he was so deeply impressed with the disinterestedness of the transaction that he wrote the abbess a letter of congratulation. Such was the commencement of her connexion with this remarkable man, who

who exercised so large an influence over the present fortunes and future fate of Port-Royal. Richelieu, who appreciated his talents and feared his worth, made great efforts to attach him to himself. He offered him several sees, and the persevering refusal of Saint-Cyran to accept the bribe was the principal cause of the persecution to which he was afterwards subjected. 'The narrow way,' he once observed, 'obliged me to marry a prison in preference to a bishopric, because the refusal of one led necessarily to the other under a government that could tolerate only slaves.' 'Richelieu,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'like Bonaparte and all despots, could never bear that a person of any consideration should remain beyond the sphere of his power. He did not scorn to make advances, but woe to those who did not yield to them! Whoever was not for him, and wholly his, was soon deemed to be against him.' In truth, the aims of Saint-Cyran and Richelieu were as remote as ambition and humility, as statecraft and simplicity, as worldliness and Christianity. While the Cardinal was intent upon wielding the sceptre of kings, the Abbé was engrossed with dreams of reforming the church. 'Formerly,' said he, 'it was like a large river, of which the waters were clear, but now it seems nothing but mire.' The evil was notorious, and was bewailed by every man who had the slightest pretension to goodness. 'My daughter,' said St. François de Sales to Mother Angélique, 'to talk of such disorders to the world would give rise to useless scandal. These sick people love their diseases; they do not choose to be cured. I know this as well as the doctors who speak of it, but discretion prevents me from mentioning it. We must weep and pray in secret to God, that His hand may be laid where men are not qualified to set theirs.' The man who uttered these expressions cannot certainly be taxed with an over-scrupulosity, for he believed that he would be justified in cheating at cards for the purpose of increasing his alms! It was the same in Italy as in France. 'Zeal and affliction for the disorders of the Court of Rome,' said Frederico Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, 'incited me to write a book on the subject three fingers thick. But, having seen every avenue closed against reformation, I burnt my work, well assured that these moral truths did but cause scandal, and proclaim the excesses of those who refuse to mend.' The whole soul of M. Saint-Cyran was up in arms against the spirit of an age like this. The world, the flesh, and the devil were in the Church, and, while Richelieu was in league with them, the business of the abbé was to fight against them to the death.

Before the acquaintance of Mother Angélique with M. Saint-Cyran had ripened into intimacy, some disastrous changes took place



place in the Port-Royal community. 'This house, so inconvenient and so small,' wrote one of their number, in allusion to the influx of nuns from Maubuisson, 'became suddenly enlarged by the ample charity of those who desired to be straitened for the advantage of others.' The sentiment was admirable, but the walls did not expand with their hearts, and they felt the annoyance of being crowded too closely in their hive. The marshy valley, too, generated fevers, and fifteen of their number had died in two years. They consequently purchased a house in Paris, and thither the colony was transferred in 1626.

The Mother Angélique, who had long been desirous of resigning her post of Abbess, petitioned the King, about the period of the change of residence, to allow the nuns to choose their own superior. The prayer was granted, and a triennial election was substituted for the appointment for life by the Crown. A short time before she abdicated her own authority she became acquainted with M. Zamet, bishop of Langres, and gave him the directorship of Port-Royal. If M. Zamet had been a M. Saint-Cyran, his fervour and wisdom would have supplied the place of the watchful piety of Mother Angélique, and rendered her resignation innocuous. But she was deceived in her man. Cautious as she was, she had mistaken the character of this wily bishop, who was of Italian descent—

'For oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems.'

Through the new Abbess he began with all speed to undo the work which Mother Angélique, with endless toil and prayer, had laboured so many years to effect. In lieu of the customary plain fare served up on stoneware, they had now delicate viands on enamelled china. The dresses of the nuns were of beautiful white shalloon, their scapularies of brilliant scarlet, and perfumes, fine linen, and nosegays were employed to give an air of luxury to the chapel. In short, M. Zamet avowed that he desired to introduce all the refinements which could please the young ladies of the Court, and allure rich and highborn maidens into the house. The discipline was relaxed to keep pace with these indulgences, and the nuns were encouraged to cultivate jesting, ridicule, and mimicry. It was evident that Port-Royal, under such influences, would soon relapse into the indolence and sensuality which experience shows to be the natural tendency of monastic institutions. Mother Angélique's heart was hot within her, but she held her tongue. 'I often felt grieved,' she says, 'but I did not speak; and when I asked

asked myself, What is the good of all this? I answered, To confound my own judgment.' But though she forbore to remonstrate, her demeanour told what spirit she was of. 'Your shadow is obnoxious to us,' said M. Zamet to her one day. 'Then send me where you please,' was her reply. Her submission did not disarm his indignation, for he wanted her to be as worldly as himself; and since he could not subdue her goodness, he resolved to persecute it. The nuns were forbidden to talk to her, lest she should give them bad advice. On several occasions an account of her life, filled with calumnies, was read aloud in the refectory. She continued eating all the time, and on the Abbess expressing surprise at her composure, she replied, 'I did not give it a thought.' Once she was taken into the room with a large paper mask on her face, and the nuns who escorted her said, 'Sisters, pray to God for this hypocrite; pray to God that she may be converted.' Another day she was ordered to rise from the table, a basket filled with dirt was tied round her neck, and as they led her round the room they exclaimed, 'Sisters, behold this wretched creature, whose mind is more stuffed with perverse opinions than this basket is with filth.' After acts like these, to walk barefooted and bareheaded was a trifling penance. The meekness with which she endured every insult that could be devised is the surest proof of the extraordinary worth of her character and the depth of her Christianity. In her reforms she appeared as a leader and a model; like a captain who goes in advance of his soldiers that he may conduct them to victory. Admiration, success, and obedience were a full compensation for past self-denial; and the stimulus to new. But when she who lately ruled was mocked and reviled by her former pupils—when austerity only provoked contempt—when piety was branded as hypocrisy, and innocence as guilt—she had nothing to sustain her except the reality of a religion which was all-sufficient for itself. Of the many signal passages in the history of Mother Angélique this is the chief; the unflinching resolution of 'the day of the wicket' fades before her un murmuring submission to protracted persecution.

There is little interest in the events which restored Mother Angélique to the favour of M. Zamet, and which, ultimately destroying his authority, placed the monastery under the direction of Saint-Cyran. We pass at once to the year 1637, which was marked by an event that produced a new appendage to Port-Royal, and was a fresh source of distinction to it. The nephew of Mother Angélique, Antoine Le Maître, was the most eloquent advocate who had been heard at the bar in the memory of man.

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'The days on which he pleaded,' says M. Saint-Beuve, 'the preachers, out of prudence and for fear of speaking in a desert, left their pulpits to go and hear him. The Great Hall was too small to contain his audience.' These famous speeches were published after the revision of the orator himself. M. Sainte-Beuve confesses that they do not vindicate the admiration of his contemporaries. They are filled with quotations from poets, historians, and fathers of the church. The ancient mythology is freely introduced, and Mars and Neptune are cited in the case of a servant-girl seduced by a locksmith. It was the age of pedantry, and all antiquity was ransacked for precedents and allusions. An advocate once talked of the Trojan war and Scamander. 'I beg to remind the Court,' said the counsel on the opposite side, 'that the name of my client is not *Scamander* but *Michaut*.' In the time of Le Maître the Scamander would have been thought a rhetorical ornament, and such frigid interpolations were the admiration, however little they may have moved the feelings, of the auditors. The pious mother of the great advocate dreaded his fame, and thought it a snare of Satan to inflame his pride. She prayed fervently that the danger might be averted, and the request was heard. His aunt, the wife of that M. d'Andilly who inveighed so frantically against Mother Angélique on 'the day of the wicket,' fell mortally ill in August, 1637. M. Saint-Cyran attended her on her death-bed, and M. Le Maître heard the words he addressed to the dying penitent. As the prayer for the flitting spirit was read,—'Depart, Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Almighty God which has created you,'—the young advocate thought of the terrible day when this tremendous order should be pronounced over him. The sudden impression did not pass away. He determined to abjure the bar, and went to impart his resolution to Saint-Cyran. 'I foresee,' replied the holy man, 'whither God is conducting me in intrusting me with your salvation: but no matter; we must follow him, even to prison and to death.' The Port-Royalist historians explain the allusion. 'Cardinal Richelieu could not endure that persons on whom he had views should quit the world and escape from his hands, so exclusively did he consider them as his property and his creatures;' to which M. Sainte-Beuve subjoins, 'And what indeed would Bonaparte have said if a Saint-Cyran had converted and carried off from him one of his marshals? He likewise would have had a Vincennes for the converter.'

It was settled that M. Le Maître should continue to plead till the arrival of the vacation enabled him to withdraw less obtrusively than in full term. But his mind was no longer in his profession,

profession, and his addresses diminished in power. Mortified by the disparaging comments of a rival advocate, he summoned up all his energies to render his last speech worthy of his reputation, and he succeeded to his desire. He believed he had renounced in his heart, as he was about to renounce in fact, the pomps and vanities of the world, but he could not endure that his fame as an orator should suffer an eclipse, and he did homage to the glory he thought he despised at the very moment of abjuring it.

He had a brother, M. de Séricourt, who was in the army, and who visited him in his retreat. 'Will you, who appear so surprised to see me in this condition,' said M. Le Maître in greeting him, 'do me the same honour as some in the world who report and believe that I am mad?' 'No,' replied M. de Séricourt, 'from the moment that I heard the news at the army I wished often I could imitate you. I came here more than half-conquered, and this finishes me.' Nor did the results stop here; a third brother, M. de Saci, entered into orders and became confessor at Port-Royal. It is a singular instance of the rigid pride which mingled in the domestic relations of those days that the Le Maître who voluntarily renounced the fairest prospects of worldly ambition, and was content to bury himself in a secluded oblivion, underwent the severest conflicts of soul before he could bring himself to accept M. de Saci for a confessor. The eldest son could not serve the younger. He could exchange distinction for insignificance, but his pride revolted at the notion that he, the first-born, should show any symptom of obedience to his brother. He at last, at the instance of his ecclesiastical superiors, vanquished his scruples, and he wrote to M. de Saci to tell him that he entirely resigned to him his heart.

The recluses at first were lodged in a building contiguous to Port-Royal of Paris, which was run up for the purpose. The persecutions which were commenced soon after caused them to retire to the original Port-Royal in the Fields, from which they were driven in turn. But they finally settled there, and it is there that M. Sainte-Beuve exhibits to us the eloquent ex-advocate performing the functions of a day-labourer, 'digging, reaping corn, making hay in the heat of noontide, wiping away the perspiration in summer, his beads in his hand, and refusing a fire in the hardest of winters; then plunging deep into study on his return from manual labour, devouring Hebrew that he might penetrate into the hidden meaning of Scripture, examining all the doctrine of the fathers, translating them, compiling little treatises, composing learned biographies, and collecting materials for the writings of M. Arnauld his uncle.' He once resumed his ancient functions,  
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and pleaded for the nuns of Port-Royal before a village magistrate who had never heard anything so beautiful. He loved to teach the pupils at the schools, and it was still the master of eloquence which spoke in his lessons. 'He read to me and made me read,' says Du Fossé, 'different passages of the poets and orators, and pointed out to me their beauties both of sense and elocution. He taught me also how to pronounce both poetry and prose, which he did admirably himself, having a charming voice and every other quality of a great orator.' But what more than all shows how his affections lingered over the profession he had renounced, and with what fond recollections he reverted to the arena of his triumphs, is that, having detected the genius of young Racine, he wanted to make him an advocate!

The forebodings of Saint-Cyran were not long in being realised. On the 14th of May, 1638, he was arrested and conducted to Vincennes. M. d'Andilly met him as he was carried guarded in a coach, and, not guessing what had happened, said to M. Saint-Cyran, 'Where are you taking all these people?' 'Oh!' said M. Saint-Cyran, 'they are taking me.' The exact cause of his imprisonment was never declared. He himself enumerated seventeen reasons for it, but tyranny does not want seventeen reasons for persecuting virtue. The papers containing the vast labours of his studious life were seized and carried away. Two or three volumes escaped the search, and they were burnt by his nephew M. de Barcos, for fear they should furnish materials for an accusation. They were the memoranda for a gigantic work on the Sacrament. 'The thoughts,' said M. de Barcos, 'are not lost, for they have returned to their source.' M. Saint Cyran did not regard their destruction with equal complacency. 'If,' said he, 'a man has amassed by the pious studies of years those riches of the divine word which are infinitely more precious to him than pearls and diamonds, and which he loved as having been given to him by the hand of God, and if this man consents that God destroys them by an unexpected accident, it is an excellent preparation to lead such a person to the voluntary abnegation of himself.' In effect it was to acknowledge that if he could resign himself to the destruction of his theological labours he could resign himself to anything. Of all the losses of property none would seem so disheartening as to lose the proceeds of protracted mental toil, and it is surprising with what patience these trials have usually been borne, and with what fortitude and resolution they have been repaired. The resignation of Fénelon surpassed that of Saint-Cyran himself. His papers were consumed in a fire which burnt down the palace of Cambrai. The Abbé de Langeron hastened to Versailles to inform

inform him of the disaster. He found him quietly conversing with some friends, and the Abbé endeavoured to break the news by degrees. 'I know it,' interrupted the Archbishop; 'but it is better that my house should be destroyed than the cottage of a poor man;' and he tranquilly resumed the former conversation. When Cooper, the author of the Latin Dictionary, had been employed eight years upon his work, his wife, who was a shrew, put it on the fire. The indomitable lexicographer commenced it anew, and in eight years more completed his task. Porson spent ten months of incessant toil in copying in his beautiful hand the almost obliterated manuscript of the Lexicon of Photius. When the copy was burnt he sat down unruffled to make a second, which he completed in the same perfect style as the first. Audubon likewise, the American ornithologist, had one thousand of the drawings for his great work on birds destroyed by fire. 'The burning heat,' he says, 'which rushed through my brain when I saw my loss, was so great that I could not sleep for several nights, and my days were oblivion; but I took up my gun, notebook, and pencils, and went forth to the woods again as gaily as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before. In three years my portfolio was filled.' All authors, however, have not displayed the same self-command. A fire consumed the observatory and manuscripts of Hevelius, and such was his regret at the destruction of some astronomical notes that he wrote eight years afterwards that he never thought of it without shedding tears. Father Simon, the author of the well-known 'Critical Histories of the Old and New Testament,' was denounced by the Jesuits to the Intendant of Rouen, and, fearing that his manuscripts would form the ground of a charge against him, in the first impulse of alarm he committed them to the flames. No sooner was it done than his regret brought on a violent fever which killed him in three days. An accidental fire destroyed a work of Uræus, which he had just completed. Pouring forth a torrent of abuse on the Virgin and the saints, he rushed into a wood, where he spent the day in a continuous delirium. He passed the night on a dunghill, and next morning took refuge in the cottage of a poor joiner, and remained with him six months, renouncing alike the companionship of his books and his friends. What an effectual antidote it would have been to his grief if he could have rated his works at the same value as they were rated by the world! But the best consolation was that which awaited Thomas Gale, the learned author of the 'Court of the Gentiles.' The great fire of London burnt the house of the friend who had care of the manuscript. Gale had scarcely subdued his mind to resignation when his friend came to tell him that the manuscript was saved.

The male recluses who lived within the precincts of the monastery of Port-Royal at Paris were ordered to leave on the arrest of Saint-Cyran. It was then that they took refuge at the old *Port-Royal-des-Champs*, which had been now twelve years uninhabited, and was going to decay. The cells within were damper than ever, the grounds without more marshy, the surrounding woods more dense and gloomy. The enemies of Saint-Cyran grudged his disciples even this retreat, where they were cut off from all possibility of working mischief, and where malaria promised to deal more rigorously with them than tyranny itself. One M. Laubardemont, of infamous memory, was sent to interrogate them, that he might extract some evidence against M. Saint-Cyran. 'The examination of M. Le Maître in particular,' says M. Saint-Beuve, 'excites at once laughter and disgust. It is folly, but wicked and cruel folly, and it is just that it should tarnish the grandeur of Richelieu.' Among many other puerile questions, Le Maître was asked if he had not had visions. 'Yes, certainly,' he replied; 'when I open one of the windows of my chamber I see the village of Vaumurier, and when I open the other I see the village of Saint-Lambert. These are all my visions.' The ex-advocate was in his element here, and he triumphed as easily over M. Laubardemont, when performing the office of Inquisitor, as he would have done if of old he had been pitted against him in the courts. The recluses, driven from their solitude, took lodgings in Paris; but in the summer of 1639 they went back secretly to *Port-Royal-des-Champs*.

The Prince of Condé interceded for M. Saint-Cyran with Richelieu, and the Cardinal replied, 'Do you know for what kind of man you are pleading? He is more dangerous than six armies.' Hope of mercy there was none; and it was not till the death of Richelieu, five years afterwards, that M. Saint-Cyran was released from his confinement, the 6th of February, 1643. 'All Vincennes,' says M. Saint-Beuve, 'was in transports; the monks of the place came to congratulate him, and the guards wept with joy and sadness to see him depart.' Mother Agnes was the first who heard the news, when the community were assembled in the refectory, which was a period of the day devoted to silence. Not choosing, even on such an occasion as this, to infringe the laws of the house, she unfastened her girdle to intimate that the bonds of their beloved director were broken. The sign was instantly understood. Every face beamed with gladness, and in the midst of their silence the nuns spoke a language more expressive than words.

The health of M. Saint-Cyran was undermined by his long imprisonment, and he died in the October of the year that witnessed

nessed his release. He bequeathed his heart to M. d'Andilly on condition that he withdrew from the world; his bowels were claimed by Mother Angélique for Port-Royal of Paris; and his hands, 'which had been so often raised to God, and which had written so many truths,' were cut off for M. Le Maître. These ghastly relics of corruption, which are shocking to men of another faith, wear to the eyes of Roman Catholic superstition a hallowed appearance. But if the Port-Royalists honoured his remains, they also endeavoured to emulate his spirit, and at least in this instance did not substitute for saintship the worship of a fragment from the body of a saint.

Several ladies of rank were attracted by the piety of Port-Royal, and had occasional relations with it. Marie de Gonzague, the future Queen of Poland, possessed an apartment there to which she frequently retired. In her high estate her counsellors exhorted her to save, but she answered that it was needless, for that she should always have enough to be received into Port-Royal by her old friend Mother Angélique. 'No, no,' replied the Abbess, when these words were reported to her; 'unless a queen is completely holy she causes a relaxation of the rules. Kings and queens are nought before God, and the vanity of their station rather excites his aversion than his love.' There is not a little religious pride in this speech, which was unworthy of Mother Angélique. Another of the frequent visitants at Port-Royal was the Princess de Guemené, and above all the Marquise de Sablé, who built a house within the precincts of the monastery. There she led a placid and agreeable existence, receiving excellent company, and allowing herself a thousand dainties. Her retreat was an odd compound of *bel esprit*, devotion, politics, and confectionary. 'Here is all my stock of maxims,' La Rochefoucauld wrote to her; 'but as people give nothing for nothing, I beg to have in return a carrot-soup and a mutton-stew.' And again—'You cannot do me a greater charity than to allow the bearer of this note to enter into the mysteries of marmalade and of your genuine sweetmeats, and I most humbly entreat you to do all you can for him. If I could hope to receive two platefuls of those sugarplums, of which I do not deserve to eat, I should hold myself indebted to you all my life long.' How did Mother Angélique put up with these excellent carrot-soups, these exquisite stews, and these mysteries of marmalade? We are not informed; but her ardent wish to return to the beloved *Port-Royal-des-Champs* serves as an indication of her opinions. Paris, it is easy to perceive, marred her work, and she felt the necessity of a deeper retreat.

It was not till the 13th of May, 1648, that Mother Angélique  
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and a portion of the nuns returned to Port-Royal in the Fields. The dilapidated mansion had been repaired, and the surrounding grounds, drained and cultivated by the exertions of the increasing band of recluses, were healthier than before. Mother Agnes asserted that the place inspired a devotion which was not felt elsewhere; and if, she said, the nuns of Paris, of whom many preferred to remain in the city, had experienced the sensation, they would desire the wings of the dove, that they might fly there and be at rest. She seemed unconscious, like her sister Anne, that her feelings were derived from incidents associated with the locality, and not from the locality itself. It was here that conviction first dawned upon her mind when the fascination of novelty and the ardour of youth conspired to maintain her in a perpetual joyfulness. These were days never to be renewed, and the recollections of that glorious time haunted the scenes in which they were born, and impregnated every nook with the primitive spirit.

The war of the Fronde, at the commencement of 1649, gave for a while a new aspect to the monastery. The people of the neighbourhood brought their moveables to this sanctuary to preserve them from the ravages of the hostile armies. The courts were crammed with beasts and fowls till the scene reminded the nuns of Noah's ark. The church was closely packed with corn, peas, pots and pans, and all manner of miscellaneous effects. The dormitory was full of sick and wounded. Many of the peasants who took refuge at the monastery were crowded together with the animals to such a degree, that, except for the coldness of the weather, Mother Angélique was convinced that the plague would have broken out. Even the cold itself was an evil, for their wood was exhausted and they did not dare to stir abroad to cut more. Many of the people were starving in consequence of the general pillage, and they owed their lives to the charity dispensed at Port-Royal. But what, above all, gives a shocking idea of the wanton brutality of the soldiery is, that the inoffensive inhabitants of the surrounding villages were obliged to forsake their houses and hide themselves in the woods to avoid being killed by their countrymen.

Such as we have seen Mother Angélique she always remained. We pass on to the year 1651 that we may get a glimpse of another remarkable woman, Jacqueline Pascal, who then entered the monastery. 'Heaven,' says M. Cousin, 'had granted her, with the loveliness of a woman, all the gifts of genius. She was inferior to her brother Pascal neither in intellect nor in character.' At the age of fourteen she won the annual prize which was given at Rouen for the best poem on the Immaculate Conception. When her name was announced, Corneille rose on her behalf

behalf and thanked the President in verse. M. Cousin considers that the poem of Jacqueline surpasses that of the author of the 'Cid,' and it must be confessed that the woman who was the equal of Pascal and the superior of Corneille must have been one of the marvels of the world. But we cannot accept the estimate of M. Cousin, who is prone to exaggerate the merits of his heroines to a degree which we should not have expected from the rigorous precision of a metaphysician. Whether or not he has fallen in love with them, according to the theory of M. Sainte-Beuve, he certainly writes of them with the blindness of a lover. Jacqueline Pascal, in moral force of character, was not inferior to her celebrated brother, but she was no more his rival in intellect, if we are to judge from her writings, than she was a hundred feet high.

In 1646 her father fell upon the ice and broke his leg. Two brothers in the neighbourhood, who, though they were not surgeons by profession, had acquired great skill in the setting of limbs, attended him on the occasion. They were as well versed in the Port-Royal divinity as in the treatment of fractures, and introduced the Pascals to the writings of Saint-Cyran, Jansenius, and Arnauld. In the autumn of 1647 Jacqueline accompanied her brother to Paris, and, having been strongly impressed by the treatises of the Port-Royalists, she was induced to go to their church. The sermons completed what the books had commenced, and she made up her mind to become a nun. She at last disclosed her desire to her father. He answered that his days would probably not be many, and he entreated her to have patience till he was in his grave. In the mean time he promised that she should live as she pleased. She thanked him, gave no direct reply to his request that she would not desert him, but said that he should not have reason to complain of her disobedience. It is seldom that good qualities are mixed together in the mind in their just proportions. Jacqueline's grand merit was the homage she paid to the conclusions of her conscience, and the inflexible resolution with which she acted upon her convictions. Her defect was to yield too much to her personal desires, and to give too little weight to the feelings of others. She was not by nature deficient in domestic affection, but it was overborne by her conventual aspirations, and the intensity of her individual will. The touching appeal of her father deserved a warmer answer, and a more hearty compliance. In truth, in all her traits, Jacqueline was a complete personification of the virtues and errors of Port-Royal. Within its walls there was a bond of affection which rivalled in its strength the ties of nature, but the tone adopted to those without was hard and chilling. The fountain  
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of love in the monastery itself was never dry, but the stream was not suffered to flow beyond.

In 1649 she went with her father to stay with her sister Madame Perier in Auvergne. She never left her room except at meals or to go to church, and if any one intruded on her privacy it was evident that the interruption was irksome to her. She passed the winter without a fire, and would never approach it when she came down to dinner. Her abstinence was so great that she destroyed her health, and when it seemed necessary, from her debility, to increase the allowance of food, her stomach was unable to bear it. The candles she consumed showed how little she slept, and it is surprising that exhausted nature did not sink under the discipline. The dress of the monastery was so trying to novices, that by fretting the body it acted injuriously on the mind. Jacqueline resolved to prepare herself beforehand for the change. She discarded her corset, cut her hair, and wore a head-dress which was larger and more troublesome than the veil. Prevented from entering the convent, she adopted the conventual life in her home. The moral courage this required was immense, for it was opposed to all which prevailed around her, and was certain to provoke incessant censure and ridicule. In Port-Royal it was the system, and everything there contributed to make it as easy as it was difficult in the world. But here again we come upon the errors and follies which mingled with her high resolves, and deprives them of much of their praise. It almost seemed as if the votaries of Port-Royal held pain to be piety, and comfort to be wickedness. They were not content to declare war against criminal sensuality; they thought that physical deprivation was an essential part of moral beauty. Jacqueline expressed a doubt whether dirt was the most perfect state of man; but it was encouraged and practised by some in the monastery, and was quite as rational as many of their other observances. It would be difficult to say whether particular portions of their rules are most fantastic or revolting. In the dreary directions which Jacqueline drew up for the management of the children at Port-Royal, she states that in the brief periods of recreation each must play by herself to avoid making a noise! As if the noise of childish sports was a sin! They were strictly forbidden to caress each other, or to show marks of fondness, for nature was not to be directed, but extinguished. Good and bad, they confounded it all in a common anathema, and, not content to root out the weeds from the heart, they converted it to a desert.

During the sojourn of Jacqueline with her sister, a monk employed her, as she had a turn for poetry, to translate some of the Latin hymns of the church into vernacular verse. She imparted the

the project to her friends at Port-Royal, and they enjoined her to desist. They told her it was a talent of which God would not demand from her an account, and that humility and silence were the attributes of her sex. It was still the same delusion. They would not permit the use of gifts for fear they should be abused. The notion was at the root of the monastic system itself. They fled from the world they should have ameliorated and adorned, for fear the world should overcome them. It was not strength but weakness which drove them into retirement, and to preserve their individual health they ran from the infected, whom they should have remained to cure. When it was literally a physical malady instead of the moral plague with which they had to deal, they acted like true heroines. Jacqueline sat day and night for an entire fortnight by the bedside of a niece who had the confluent small-pox, and hardly left her for a moment. She had, however, passed through the disorder herself, which diminished very greatly the danger of infection.

In September, 1651, her father died. Being now her own mistress, she determined to gratify her cherished project without further delay and enter Port-Royal. Her brother fondly hoped that she would defer her intention for a couple of years, and remain to soothe his grief and relieve his solitude. He was hurt when he found she was bent upon leaving him, although she spoke of it at first as a temporary trial of the conventual life. She entered the monastery in January, 1652, when she was twenty-six years of age, and two months afterwards she wrote to her brother to declare her final resolution. 'It is just,' she said, 'that others should do a little violence to their feelings to compensate me for what I have done for the last five years.' To compensate her, that is, for not abandoning a loving father! Such was one side of the spirit of Port-Royal, often selfish in its seeming self-denial. When she sent word to her brother that she should take the veil on All Saints' day, he went to her nearly wild with the pain produced in his head by the announcement, and implored her to postpone the final step, that he might have time to get reconciled to the project. He could only obtain a fortnight's respite, which he rejected as useless. To have satisfied the affection, consoled the sorrow, participated in the thoughts, and cheered the home of Pascal, will not seem to healthy minds a less worthy and religious act than to have shut herself up in Port-Royal.

Irritated perhaps by the ungenerous obstinacy of his sister, Pascal availed himself of his legal rights to avoid putting the portion bequeathed her by her father into her power. This step threw her into an agony of distress which nearly cost her her life. Unable to endow the monastery with her inheritance, she must

must either forego the vocation which was the predominant passion of her soul, or submit to be received gratuitously, which was gall to the proud independence of her mind. To escape the alternative she desired to be admitted as one of the lay sisters who were the menials of the establishment, and in fact worked for their scanty board. But this request was refused. Mother Angélique and Mother Agnes thought the dowry a matter so indifferent that they gaily advised her to renounce the property and trouble her brother no more upon the subject, but M. Singlin, the director of Port-Royal, replied that, if some maintained their rights with too much warmth, others relinquished them with too much facility; that it was necessary always to stand neuter, and, regardless of interest on either side, to consider what was right; and that, if a person was disposed to be unjust to ourselves, charity to him obliged us to endeavour to show him his error and bring him back to his duty. After delivering this wise counsel he yielded to the opposite opinion, and Jacqueline was instructed to write to Pascal and abandon her claim. She would have been inconsolable if he had taken her at her word; but when he found her resolution to assume the veil was unalterable, he paid her portion of his own accord with perfect good will. Thus ended Jacqueline's 'day of the wicket.' It was as much more trying to her fortitude than the grand conflict of Mother Angélique as it was inferior in dramatic interest and less justified by the circumstances. The Abbess had been compelled by her father himself to take the vows against her will, and having subscribed them she did but claim the right to keep inviolate the solemn obligations she had been forced to contract. Jacqueline, on the contrary, insisted on taking the veil against the wishes of her relations, and forsook a greater duty for a less. The result justified her obstinacy to the person whom it chiefly concerned, for Pascal himself was won by her example to follow her into seclusion, and outdid her in the observances of monastic austerity.

Later events displayed under a more favourable aspect the true grandeur of her character. The Jesuits, who hated Port-Royal because, being famous and influential, it was yet not Jesuit, procured at Rome the condemnation of five propositions which they professed to have extracted from the 'Augustinus' of Jansenius the friend of St. Cyran. A formulary, as it was called, founded on the bull of the pope, was drawn up in 1656, and ordered by the parliament in 1657 to be signed by all the ecclesiastics of the kingdom. The command slept till May, 1661, when it was determined to put it in force, and the nuns of Port-Royal—the very focus of Jansenism—were required to sign it. For some time previously this party was satisfied to draw a distinction  
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between a question of fact and a question of doctrine. They admitted that the doctrine was false, and that the Pope was empowered to pronounce upon it, but they denied that it was to be found in the work of Jansenius. To satisfy the conscience of the Port-Royalists a declaration was attached to the formulary, of which the substance, according to Jacqueline, was to require simple silence as to the fact, and obedience to the bull as to the doctrine. The Jansenist divines consented to the compromise, but the inflexible Jacqueline repudiated it with indignation. She treated it as an evasion, and a cowardly relinquishment of the truth. To bind themselves to silence and to leave their adversaries free to speak and to triumph was for practical purposes to admit that the propositions were in Jansenius. This she said was consenting to a lie if it was not denying the truth, and she protested loudly against virtually signing a statement that a doctrine was in a book where they themselves had not seen it. Nor was she a whit more willing to give up Jansenius himself. While admitting that they were bound to obey the Holy See in matters of faith, she in reality rebelled against it, maintaining that the author and his doctrine were alike holy, and that they ought to defend them to death. Her position was a triple invasion of Roman Catholicism. Not only was it a *private* judgment, not only was it a *lay* judgment, but it was the judgment of a *woman*. She herself alluded to this objection. 'I know it is not for women to defend the truth, although unhappily it may be said that, when the bishops have not the courage of women, the women ought to have the courage of bishops. But if we are not to defend the truth we can at least die for it, and suffer all things rather than abandon it.' That the Ministers to whom God had confided his gospel, should be so unfaithful to it pierced her, she said, to the heart. 'What is it,' she exclaimed, 'we fear? Banishment and dispersion, loss of property—if you will, imprisonment and death; but is not this our glory, and ought it not to be our joy?' Her letter, full of such indignant expostulations as these, she, a simple woman trained up in the obedience of the Roman Catholic system, had the courage to send to the great Doctor of her church and party, Antoine Arnauld, who had agreed to adopt the declaration, and was believed to have been concerned in drawing it up. She did not dispute his creed, for it was the same with her own. It was his betrayal of the belief he held, the duplicity, the cowardice, which she denounced, and, by the boldness with which she upbraided him, showed him how to be daring in a righteous cause. She declared that if the compromising conduct continued the agitation would kill her, and kill her it did. She expired on the 4th

4th of October, 1661, a martyr to her lofty sense of moral rectitude, and the disgrace of shrinking, at the dictation of power, from the avowal of truth. The Mother Angélique had gone to her reward in the preceding August. On her death-bed she checked a nun who was taking down her words. She was answered that the dying remarks of a preceding abbess had been of considerable use. 'Ah,' she said, 'that dear mother was very humble and very simple-minded, but I am neither.' Doubtless she had had her hours of pride, for she had accomplished mighty things, and could not look round upon her holy flock, and the celebrated men who had gathered round her house, or mark her influence over the minds of others, and the impulse which her example had given to piety throughout France, and not be tempted to feel some complacency at the contemplation of her work; but if a momentary vanity ever intruded, it was quickly expelled, and she was as truly humble as she was good. Not only as the reformer of her convent does she occupy the chief place among its celebrities, but she appears to have been really the most remarkable, as was testified by her associates and successors when they proudly called her the '*Great Mother Angélique*.'

It would be doing these holy women a grievous injustice, and would entirely destroy the value of their example, to suppose that they were actuated by the hope of that fame which has eventually fallen to them. It was the hatred which Port-Royal excited, the opposition it provoked, the injustice it suffered, which raised it to the place which it occupies in the eye of the world, and, far from presenting a field for ambition, its insignificant endowments, its homely buildings, and its secluded position, seemed to doom it to perpetual obscurity. The decisive part of the life of Mother Angélique was passed in an arduous struggle with lukewarmness, laxity, or vice, and she could have no notion that her steady devotedness and gentle wisdom would ever be heard of beyond the walls of the convent which they adorned. The incidents of her career which most attract the reader were, after all, but brief episodes in her humble, unobtrusive existence, and were done in a corner and not in the market-place. The 'day of the wicket' was a domestic scene which subsequent events alone caused to be recorded; and if anything could have added to the grief which the Abbess felt in that memorable conflict, it would have been the knowledge that the particulars would one day be published to the world. The noble remonstrance of Jacqueline Pascal against the covert surrender of the most cherished principles of the Port-Royal community was contained in a private letter which was never intended to see the light, and would doubtless have passed into oblivion except for the splendour of her brother's reputation, which,

which, like a sun, illumined every object within its system. The conflicts of mind which killed her were on behalf of views which were discountenanced by the great names of her sect, and she undoubtedly must have supposed that her sorrows and remonstrances would be buried with her in the tomb. Even as it is, the names of Mother Angélique and Jacqueline Pascal have waited two centuries for the honour which, however little it was desired, was so eminently their due. It was in the party of the Jansenists that Roman Catholicism made its nearest approach to the Protestant creed, and rarely indeed have any adherents of the Papal church shone forth with such a pure and steady light as the Nuns of Port-Royal.

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ART. VIII.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* London. 1856.

IN the year 1841, when the long struggle between the Melbourne Government and its political opponents was drawing rapidly to a close, Sir Robert Peel, as the head of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, conceived the circumstances of the juncture to be so ripe as to justify his taking into his own hands the critical office of moving a decisive vote against the existing Administration. The ground which he chose for the attack was their admitted failure in many legislative measures of prime Parliamentary and national importance. Those, he contended, who are unable to legislate, are disentitled to govern; and to this effect was the spirit not less of his motion than his speech. Mr. Macaulay was then a combatant of the first class in all the more historical debates of that assembly, which now laments his absence without hope of his return. He gave to the question, as was his wont, a retrospective turn. He joined issue with Sir Robert Peel, not upon his minor premiss, asserting that the Melbourne Government had failed in many of its great legislative undertakings, but upon his major, which declared success in legislation to be an essential condition of the right to hold office. He made his appeal to the last century, and contended that for decade after decade of years, from the Hanoverian succession onwards, legislation of the higher class was almost a dead letter. And his facts were, we conceive, entirely beyond dispute. The long course of some fifty years produced nothing, that can be quoted in that class, except the Septennial Act; for the useful and sensible consolidation of the Stocks, which represented the then formless and chaotic national Debt, by Mr. Pelham, was a measure not entitled to take any very high rank in



in the history of statesmanship, either from boldness of design or from difficulty of execution. At the close of those fifty years came the Acts, which had for their aim the raising a revenue from our American Colonies by the authority of Parliament. The general, perhaps the universal, opinion of our own time is, that the Septennial Act was a beneficial measure, and that the laws for taxing America were highly ill-advised; but, setting aside the merits of these laws, we must admit in both cases that they were important. As having been important, they are apparent exceptions to the general stagnation of legislative enterprise during the first half century of the Hanoverian dynasty. Yet they are only apparent exceptions; for they were alike expedients of the moment to meet a pressing necessity. The taxing acts were intended to relieve the finances labouring under the effects of war, and were passed by men innocent, as it seems, of political intention. The Septennial Act was simply intended to bar the constituency from the exercise of the franchise at a moment when its temper was unfavourable to the actual settlement of the Crown in the line of Brunswick. Not even in these cases, and far less in any others, do we find any recognition of the principle, in the sense in which it is now understood, that it is the duty of Governments and Parliaments to watch not only over the maintenance but over the improvement of the laws, and to study their progressive adaptation to the ever shifting exigencies of society.

This abrogation or abeyance of the legislative office in regard to political and social improvement was in the main to be considered as the price which we paid for the rescue of the constitution of the country from what used to be called in the homely old English phrase, 'Popery and arbitrary power.' To escape from greater evils, the country accepted evils which were less. To advance would have been better than to stand still: but it was better to remain where we were without advancing, than to lose the ground which former generations had made good. The extravagant laudations of the two first Georges and their period, which were once so common, are only to be excused as due to the excited feelings of men under the pressure of constant alarm excited by the ever impending return of the Stuarts. In truth that pair of very indifferent Sovereigns and most unattractive human beings, were the sufficient and only bar between our laws and institutions on one side, and almost certain ruin on the other. There were other drawbacks, too, connected with the Hanoverian succession, and other evils, of which it is not easy to distribute the responsibility, though we still groan under their effects. But into the higher sphere of morals and religion we do not at present enter, farther than to express the surprise with which we find  
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Mr. Macaulay laying on the altar of Whiggism a sacrifice so costly, as the assertion that the reign of Charles the Second supplies us with the most immoral period in the history, not of the court only, but of the nation.

The political insecurity, however, which retarded legislation during the barren period we have just described, also diminished the urgency of the need for it. For it is rapid growth in the body politic that renders stereotyped law intolerable. When progress is slow and doubtful in the country at large, a better shift can be made, than when the elastic force which swells in every limb threatens to burst its swathing bands, unless they be enlarged from time to time. The first half century of our Hanoverian history was not, in our belief, a period of rapid growth, and would scarcely have been a period of growth at all, but for the reflex effect produced upon England by the wonderful advancement of the American Colonies, and by their constantly expanding commerce.

In the early part, however, of the reign of George the Third, causes came into operation, which were destined to lead to an immense development of our national resources. Great manufacturing inventions, extensive improvement in our internal communications, and moderated legislation with respect to corn, began to act on the condition of the country; and the union with Scotland, heretofore one of force and of statute, began to take root, on both sides the Border, in the affections of the people. A course of rapid industrial progress began, which entailed a multitude of economical and moral changes in society, and created numerous wants before unknown. But a torpid organ does not resume its activity at call; and the political system of the eighteenth century, with its cast of parties, had been formed with reference to the state of the succession, and had become wedded to those subjects which bore upon it, namely at home a certain balance between religious parties, and abroad the prevention of French preponderance; a policy which flattered the national tendency to expansion, by the opportunities it afforded for colonial conquest. And unhappily the great American quarrel, springing out of the debt and financial difficulties which were the legacy of former wars, now again absorbed the energies of England; and involving her towards its later stages in a desperate struggle with Europe, as well as with her own kindred, forcibly as it were adjourned the solution of the rapidly multiplying problems of our internal government. When Mr. Pitt became minister, he applied himself with gigantic energy to that portion of the public exigencies, which was the most pressing, and thoroughly re-established our finances. It is hard to say what might not have been anticipated from his vigour and wisdom, combined

combined with a continuance of peace. But the hurricane of the French Revolution swept over the face of Europe, and drew him into a war which again postponed for a quarter of a century almost all attempts at legislative progress, with the splendid but isolated exceptions of the union with Ireland and the abolition of the Slave-Trade. At the close of that war we found ourselves with heavy financial embarrassments, with a depreciated currency, with all the establishments of the country swollen to unnatural proportions, with a poor-law threatening almost to absorb landed property, while it also demoralized the middle class by parish jobbery, and by subserviency the lower, with a vast increase of population, and a general shifting in the relations of the various classes of the community. Not only had the work left undone by four or five generations accumulated upon one, but the whole period which had been negative as to clearing off incumbrances, had been active in creating them: on the one hand the processes of decay had taken their usual course, and antiquity required reparation: on the other the youth and prolific vigour of the country had brought new ideas, new relations, new spheres of life into existence, and no provision, religious, moral, political or municipal, social or physical, had been made for them. The Church, the State, the titled, landed, commercial, and labouring classes, had all departed from their former reciprocal attitudes, and no one knew either how far, or in what direction they had swerved.

The argument of Mr. Macaulay, then, was in this view worse than worthless. It was, if strictly taken, to show that we might be idle now without reason, because others had from necessity been idle before us; and this, although we were suffering so deeply from the consequences of the unhappy necessity, which we were invited of our own free will to reproduce.

But in truth this representation, though it may be dialectically a fair answer to an adverse rhetorician, would not be a just representation of the whole case as it stood. The Government of Lord Melbourne with all its faults was not in fact chargeable with legislative inaction. On the contrary, though it was defeated in many measures of importance by a powerful and determined opposition, yet it also carried many; standing second indeed in this respect to the ministry of Lord Grey, but likewise capable of bearing advantageous comparison with some other Governments, composed of the same or of kindred materials. There are indeed (so, as opponents, we may take leave to think even in the calm of after-time) great stains upon its memory; it expelled Sir R. Peel, and itself came into office, avowedly and expressly to carry measures with respect to the Irish Church, which, when they were found to be from the state of public feeling inconvenient,  
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it coolly turned adrift. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues were willing to be the heroes of the famous Appropriation Clause, but, as to becoming its martyrs, that was a totally different affair. Their best friends admit that they adhered to place with an undue tenacity; and we cannot question the truth of the charge against them of dallying with Radicalism, since Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) found it necessary on quitting office in 1839 to make the accusation. Nor can even friends, we should think, admire the manner in which they raised the great controversy of Protection in 1841. Legislation upon corn, sugar, and timber may have deserved their attention; these, however, were questions which common decency required them to approach as questions of the first order, with full deliberation and full notice. Instead of this, the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Session proved by its silence that no such plans were intended: and it was only when the accumulation of Parliamentary defeats absolutely compelled them to choose between resignation and a policy, that they announced their intention to modify the Protective system. They had weathered seven Sessions of Parliament; during this, their legislative life, they had made no step worth naming in the direction of commercial freedom: on their deathbeds they executed a charitable bequest in its favour, which the world took to be rather like some other charitable bequests, made under like circumstances, a wrong and an embarrassment to their successors much more than a testimony of disinterested and self-denying affection. But with all this the Melbourne Government, like Lord Grey's which preceded it, and Sir Robert Peel's which followed it, has left its mark upon our history. Many laws of the utmost importance are due to its labours: the Municipal Corporation Acts in the three countries, the Church Commission Acts, the Marriage and Registration Acts, the laws for the Commutation of Tithes in England and Ireland, the Irish Poor Law, the extension of the arrangements for public aid to popular Education, the introduction of the Penny Postage (although under financial arrangements which were singularly discreditable): these, if we name no others, form no trivial monument to an English Administration. On the particular merits or defects of these measures we have no intention of entering: as they remain upon the statute book, and have struck root in the country, we must recognise them as being, upon the whole, apart from all individual or party views, a fair representation of the national mind, and an adequate product of its legislative organ. In one subject, however, the Government of Lord Melbourne left a wretched name. A fatality appears evermore to dog the path of Whig finance, and never was it in worse

worse esteem than under the management of Lord Melbourne's ministry.

At the time when Sir Robert Peel's Government was driven from office in 1846, it might upon the whole be justly said, that for a quarter of a century or more the work of legislation for the United Kingdom had been vigorously carried on. The business of administration, which is the primary function of the Executive Government, subject only to the after control and correction of Parliament, had, we believe, during the same period, been very creditably conducted. The organisation of departments, the scale and methods of public remuneration, the management of the public accounts, all had undergone extended inquiries and improvements. The colonial policy of the country had passed into a new, and, as it is now universally allowed, a most beneficial phase: and although the Foreign Department was of necessity less than others subject to effective Parliamentary review, yet in this respect too the agency of Parliament had been often important, and never otherwise than creditable. With all this the condition of the people had undergone a marked improvement, and general content among the masses (in which we must, we fear, recognise the best modern substitute for the ancient sentiment of popular loyalty) had taken the place of a sullen and restless estrangement. Thus the Legislature had really and vigorously addressed itself to the work of dealing with the arrears which a century had accumulated, and its general success was attested by the growing prosperity of the people, and by the public approval of its labours.

Now all this was achieved under a system of party government: a system much maligned, much misunderstood, open no doubt to exception, bearing testimony in its very basis to our human imperfections, to the inevitable prolongation of childhood into our manhood; but yet inseparably associated with the government of the country ever since the Crown ceased to be the predominating power in it, and our parliamentary institutions grew into their full development.

It would be beside the purpose of these pages to discuss the Reform Bill; though the time has now come, when its tale might well be fairly and dispassionately told. But on one among many prophecies, not all of the same colour, then confidently vented, but since falsified by the facts, we would pray the bestowal of a moment. It was confidently said, that the Reform Bill was to extinguish the system of government by party. But when once the momentary feeling had passed by, which gave to one section of politicians a factitious, and for the time an overwhelming strength, it became clear that the tendency of the Reform Bill  
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for the time was not to destroy, not even to mitigate, but to continue, nay, to sharpen and enhance the struggles of party. Town and Country, upon the whole, represent the respective preponderances in Great Britain of Church and Dissent, of Authority and Will, of Antiquity and Novelty, of Conservation and Reform; and Town and Country had received from the Reform Act each its separate organization, acutely distinct and angular, while all the intermediate, nondescript, miscellaneous influences, that under the old system had darkened the dividing lines and softened the shock of the adverse powers, had been but too ruthlessly swept away. The independent section of the House of Commons, which had previously been considerable, formed an altogether insignificant percentage of the first Reformed Parliament. In the second it was reduced to what in chemical analysis is usually denominated a 'trace.' It was imponderable, inappreciable. Before the crisis of 1841 it had become absolutely extinct; and we believe the *articulus mortis* was reached at the juncture when that respectable politician, Mr. George Frederick Young, ever the last to yield to what he thought wrong or doubtful, enlisted under the banners of the Conservative Opposition.

We now hear grey, or semi-grey politicians, those who begin to plead their having served their country for a quarter, at least, of a century and upwards, descanting, before the admiring babies of the last ten years' growth, on the comfort and satisfaction of the good old days of party government, before the great break up of 1846. Ah! those were times indeed. What close-running! what cheering! what whipping in! No loose fish; no absentees: if a man broke his leg before a great division, it was a kind of petty treason. What harmonious meetings then in the dining-rooms of leaders! What *noctes cœnæque Dcûm* at the Carlton! if indeed it was not rather by the morning light, that men walked up Whitehall and Charing Cross, admired St. Paul's with a side-long glance along Whitehall Place, before it was cut to pieces in the view by the cross lines of Hungerford Bridge, and reckoned with glee how the usual 'working' majority for ministers of about three was progressively reduced to two, and to one. Such was the social and jovial side of the *régime* that then existed. But it had other aspects. No doubt it was a time, when some men economised the labours of thought and inquiry by casting wholesale on their leaders the responsibility of their votes; and when a doubting conscience was sometimes borne along, through insufficient light, by resistless sympathy, sometimes perhaps even by the mere servile dread of the intolerance of party censure. It was a time, no doubt, of strong antipathies; but it was also a time of strong attachments,

of unwavering confidence, of warm devotion. If a man detested one half of the House of Commons, at least he loved the other; and we very much doubt, as far as our information goes, whether at the present day the barometer of his hatreds has fallen so low as the thermometer of his affections. If his politics were not profound, they were intelligible; and so were his companions. Men were aware, in those days, with whom they rubbed shoulders; it was not then as now, when more than one quarter of the House of Commons presents precisely the appearance of the birds and animals known to street-wanderers as 'the happy family,' in all except its happiness. As we have seen it stated in a MS. review of the period, 'it was a time when the whole House was composed, on the one side or the other, of men who were really comrades; when comrades were friends, and leaders were almost idols; when every one who needed guidance was willing to seek for it, and when none who sought for it could fail to find it. Personal selfishness and vanity, levity and idle crotchets, were then much less rife than they now are, and the high moral results of a spirit of discipline were very perceptible in the dignified tone of the proceedings of Parliament, and in the degree of respect which it commanded from the community.' Even the Irish members had this advantage, under the iron rule of O'Connell, that they were positively prohibited from tearing one another to pieces in the name of their religion and their country.

Now, without at all arguing that there are no topics of comfort to be found, at least in the main causes which have brought about the present less hearty and intelligible state of things, we very seriously desire to call attention to the disastrous nature of the change which has occurred, in its bearings upon the efficiency of Parliament.

A first and superficial view of the House of Commons would suggest the idea, that a highly-organized state of political party must be unfavourable to efficient legislation, and that the absence or feebleness of party combination must make it comparatively easy. How can Lord Melbourne's government carry intricate questions of law and policy through all the turns and twists of the Parliamentary labyrinth, with its three hundred and thirty sworn supporters, when Sir Robert Peel sits opposite, watchful as a lynx, with full three hundred and twenty-five similarly conjured against the minister and his plans? Now the very fact which constitutes the danger, supplies the remedy.

'Tu mihi fons vitæ, tu mihi causa necis.'

In the first place, this condition of the Opposition affords a security,

security, not to be equalled in any other manner, that the Government shall not fail to do its duty according to its own sense and perception of it. Blunders will be exposed, jobs denounced, weak places laid bare, all measures carefully probed and sifted; each of them, for each department, mainly by the man who, upon the next change of ministry, will himself be the minister for that department. But, strange to say, this state of things, affording an absolute guarantee that the Administration shall not have more than fair play, likewise furnishes the very best security of which the case admits, that it shall not have less. For both parties are playing for a stake of equal value in the eyes of each; the Ministry for the retention, the Opposition for the acquisition of power. If the stake of either be higher, it is that of the Opposition; for hope is sweeter than enjoyment, and there is some truth in the hack saying of political circles, that there are but two happy days in the life of a public man, the day when he obtains office, and the day when he resigns it.

Given the House of Commons, made up of a party in power and a party out: it is plain that what we should desire on behalf of the country is, stimulus to what is right for the party in, self-restraint and circumspection for the party out. The former is supplied to the Government by the existence of an Opposition, and the Opposition finds the latter in the prospect of power. There is no such healthy check upon the action of abstract opinion, as a contingent liability to be called upon to give it practical effect. The expectant minister must be wary in condemnation, and still more wary in suggestion, when he knows that the very triumph he aims at will, if achieved, require him to-morrow or next day to deal with the case he is discussing; that he may find the plan he has too rashly projected upon a nearer view impracticable, and the plan he has indignantly been denouncing the only one of which the case, when thoroughly examined, admits. All this is seen in the clearest light, and is, above all, known and felt beforehand; and not by effort, but by fixed habit. It is not a formal lesson; it is part of the Parliamentary atmosphere, which the British statesman breathes. These imperative considerations are enforced by the outcry which arises when they have been unhappily forgotten, or, in the heat of party excitement, casually overborne. Doleful is the case of the minister who, stung with shame and deafened by outcry, rises on the right of the Speaker's chair to propose what he had condemned from the left; and the notoriety of the case when it occurs by way of exception, together with the poignancy of the suffering which it causes to an honourable mind, affords ample proof of the efficacy, as a general rule, of what may be called for

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politics, more justly than for population, the preventive check. This teaches us, that a weak Opposition may be, nay almost must be, unscrupulous; but that a strong Opposition must be measured, guarded, balanced, alike in its declarations and its votes.

Nor must we allow ourselves to be wheedled out of those views of the case which common sense suggests and experience confirms, by objections of the sentimental and maudlin class. We may be told that we have represented public men as being actuated solely by a lust of office, which means personal advantage, and as being habituated to weigh public measures only in the scales of selfish interest. This is far from the truth, which in practical subjects is commonly missed alike by optimists and pessimists, and certainly by the latter at least as much as by the former. The appetite for office, in many cases we are assured, and in all we may trust, is not the lust of pecuniary or other personal advantage, nor even mainly the craving for distinction or for power as an object in itself; but it is the desire of ardent minds for a larger space and scope within which to serve the country, and for access to the command of that powerful machinery for information and for action, which the public departments supply, and which multiplies the means of usefulness for a minister, in a degree far beyond any that personal diligence and private resources can enable him to attain. He must be a very bad minister indeed, who does not do ten times the good to the country when he is in office, that he would do when he is out of it; because he has helps and opportunities which multiply twentyfold, as by a system of wheels and pulleys, his power for doing it. The present First Lord of the Treasury has, to his honour, always been above the timid and feeble tone of those who think it necessary to affect a coyness with respect to office, and who can talk of nothing but the sacrifices they made to duty on the last occasion of accepting, or, as the case may chance to stand, of resigning it. His language, we believe, has always been frankly to the effect, that office is the natural and proper object of a public man's ambition, as the sphere in which he can most freely use his powers, be they what they may, for the interest and advantage of his country.

And the responsibility of the Opposition, if it be strong, that is, if it be in a condition to take office upon its being vacated by the actual possessors, is twofold: they are punished by failure in the attempt to gain it; or again, they are punished by shame and scorn if, after having gained it, they attempt to hold it by policy and by measures which when in opposition they denounced. But if the Opposition be weak, if it be not so manned  
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and organized as to take office upon the occurrence of an opportunity, then the case is very different. It is not punished by failure to attain that which if offered it is unable to assume; it is not punished by the prospective shame of administering inconsistently what it never seriously hopes to administer at all. And if there is no contingent punishment to follow upon miscarriage, there is no responsibility at all. But the responsibility of the Opposition, as we have explained it, is no less than that of the Government itself, the life soul and energy of our parliamentary system. An Opposition which is weak, and which therefore is not responsible, can only satisfy its natural appetencies in the idle explosions of malevolent passion, in seizing such occasions as chance may send for catching at momentary notoriety, or in intriguing with discontented sections for the overthrow of the Government, sometimes under vague hopes from the chapter of accidents, sometimes upon the pious principle that what is bad for our antagonists cannot but in the end be good for ourselves. Not that a weak Opposition is of set purpose indeed, more than a strong one is patriotic and virtuous by vow: but as the one is placed in circumstances such as to favour and promote a discharge of its duties upon the whole satisfactory, even so the other is deprived, to such a great degree, of the incentives to beneficial exertion, and of the checks upon folly, precipitancy, and fraud, as to leave little or no chance to the better in their conflict with the worse parts of our nature.

But it is high time that, abandoning the region of argument and speculation, we should come to facts, and point out in some detail the nature and extent of the evil to which we desire to draw attention, namely, what may be termed the paralysis of Parliament as the great organ of the constitution for its highest purposes. This is an evil which has been since the year 1846 of almost constantly growing force, and which under the present administration has reached a height quite without example since the time when the settlement of European affairs in 1815 permitted, and the loud voice of public necessity required, the legislature to set about its work in earnest.

The premiership of Lord John Russell, from 1846 to 1852, but ill bears comparison with his leadership from 1835 to 1841. The two periods were nearly of the same duration. In the first of them he held only the second place in the ministry; the second saw him at its head. Under Lord Melbourne he had to confront a minority, which at the outset came within thirty of the number of his own supporters, and which gradually reduced that margin until it came to a cipher; while it was conducted by parliamentary leaders, whose combination of talent, skill, and experience with

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most remarkable faculties for business was almost, if not altogether, unparalleled in our annals. But the Government of Lord John Russell was scarcely confronted by an opposition at all. There were occasional rallies under Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, to take a vote on the subject of protection; but there was no organized staff of statesmen watching with a jealous eye and habitually criticising the operations of Government, as occasion offered, in each of its departments. Again, the calibre of the men had not fallen off; for the heads of departments were by no means inferior to those who had served under Lord Melbourne—rather, indeed, the reverse; and the minister himself had the advantage of ten more years of experience in parliamentary leadership since he had acted with Lord Melbourne. Every circumstance, if we compare the two periods, would appear at first sight to have been in favour of the second as against the first; but in point of performance, none can doubt the superiority of the first over the second. We have enumerated a few of the parliamentary achievements of Lord John Russell as leader for Lord Melbourne: as leader for himself he did not pass one single measure of a class to take rank with any of them except the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Now of this, although it was a necessary and immediate postscript to the Corn Act of 1846, he postponed the settlement until 1849; and he then contrived his measure so as neither to gratify the free-traders by making a clean sweep of the reductions on the coasting trade (which was done by Mr. Cardwell on behalf of Lord Aberdeen's Government in 1854), nor to soothe the protectionists, and at the same time realise the full advantages of his measure, by obtaining the reciprocity which America through Mr. Bancroft had promptly offered. We pass by the financial history of this Government, as we shall hereafter do in regard to the Government of Lord Palmerston, with the same decorous silence as that of the administration of Lord Melbourne: nor do we suppose that among the multitudes of all classes, who thought that the insolence of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman would best be repressed by legislation, there is one who feels himself indebted to the Russell Government for the abortive measure that it placed upon the statute book under the name of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The provisions of the Irish Poor Law were extended under sheer necessity; and the statesmanlike conception of the Encumbered Estates Act, which originated with Sir Robert Peel in a remarkable speech, was forced upon a reluctant and objecting Ministry by general opinion. Neither, again, do we give credit to that Government for the Act which altered the constitution of the Australian Colonies, for it was  
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a measure alike falling short of the exigences of the case, and the state of the public feeling, as exhibited by the debates, at the time when it was passed through Parliament. The question, however, which we are at present discussing is not the policy which should have been pursued; but, as most persons would agree that legislation must be adapted to the growing wants and changes of society, we are pointing out how inefficient was the ministry to accomplish this indispensable end.

We know not to what this marked decline in Whig Administration can justly be ascribed, except to that disorganization of party which followed upon the events of 1846. It may indeed be true that Lord John Russell was in a minority before the dissolution of 1847, and that even after it he could hardly claim a clear majority of his own pledged supporters. But he had other unpledged supporters, who were quite as steady and of far greater weight. Governed by fears which subsequent experience proved to be altogether chimerical, Sir Robert Peel apparently deemed it his first duty, during this period, to prevent the accession to power of a party favourable to agricultural protection. Accordingly, drawing with him by his great and just authority a portion of his former colleagues and adherents, he spent the four last, and perhaps most questionable, years of his political life in securing power to those whom he had up to that time constantly opposed, and to whose opinions he had himself undergone no conversion. This stage in his career has, it is no more than fair to notice, secured the eloquent praise of M. Guizot;\* but, without questioning the integrity of his motives, we presume to doubt whether he acted in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment. At any rate, thus it happened that Lord John Russell's Government was secured in majorities, in ease, in most weighty countenance, and in access to the best advice. Why did it fall so far short of its former self, and run a career so little distinguished in the eyes either of its opponents, of its friends, or of the country at large? Was it not the absence of that tension on both sides which is the necessary condition of activity, and which can only result, according to all such experience as our history supplies, from the distribution of the mass of the two Houses of Parliament into parties under the guidance of those in whom confidence is placed, and who are on the one side with the minister in possession proving by his acts his right to govern, on the other side with the minister in expectancy, proving by his criticism upon

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\* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Septembre, 1856.

such of those acts as he disapproves, and by his expositions of his own prospective policy, his superior fitness to hold the reins of power? Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions. The action is with Government, the reaction is that which we term opposition. It is not true, but the reverse of truth, that a strong Opposition makes a weak Government. A strong Opposition makes a strong Government: for it either makes the Government strong in its merits and services and in the fidelity and loyalty of its supporters, or when by the failure and prostration of these it has made the Government weak, it becomes the strong Government itself, and sends the former Administration to lie fallow in retirement, and, as quickly as it may, to grow fresh and vigorous again. And as with a strong Opposition we have a strong Government, so with a weak Opposition we have a weak Government, and with no Opposition we have, for the purposes of which we now speak, no Government at all.

Three sessions yet remain, before we come to the present Administration, for rapid and cursory review.

In the beginning of March, 1852, Lord Derby and his friends entered upon their parliamentary labours. They were avowedly supported only by a minority in the then existing Parliament; and an understanding was arrived at, that they should confine themselves to such measures as were of immediate urgency, and should then without delay counsel the Crown to dissolve the Parliament, with a view to that early and final settlement of the whole question of Protection, which was admitted on all hands to be so desirable. The business of the session was accordingly carried through in a period of four months, and under these circumstances it would be unjust, even to absurdity, that we should require from the Derby administration a great array of legislative achievements: yet, we believe, even its bitterest opponents will be prepared to admit that it is liable in this respect to no discredit. The question of the militia was settled: a constitution, conveying many valuable privileges, was enacted for New Zealand,—and, if we are rightly informed, it proved at least sufficiently acceptable to the people of that colony to make Sir John Pakington the most popular within its limits of our innumerable Colonial Secretaries. The Chancery Reforms, too, at this time became law. If it be replied, that this list of legislative measures is but slender, let it be recollected that they were the produce of no more than half a session; and let it also be borne in mind, with a view to equal justice, that this list, though the work of a Government supported by a minority and

and put upon half-time, will bear favourable comparison with the performances of other sessions, both earlier and later, when the Government of the day had no such just excuse to plead.

The session of 1853 cannot on the whole be termed inactive; but that of 1854 must certainly be set down as one of marked legislative failure. It would be beside the mark to dwell, in a mere summary like this, upon the causes of the weakness of the then existing Government; but of the fact, while we have the recollection of the session of 1854 before us, it is impossible to doubt. Education slept: Reform was snuffed out: two important measures of the ministry, one having reference to Scottish schools and the other to parliamentary oaths, were rejected on the second reading; and the Bribery Bill, which figured among the principal proceedings of the year, was as much or even more the work of distinguished members of the Opposition, than it was of Lord John Russell. Yet even this feeble year is strong, in comparison with those which have succeeded it. The Oxford Bill, after almost interminable discussions, became law, and virtually decided the academical constitution of Cambridge; the coasting trade was thrown open: and Parliament found much of indispensable occupation in the financial and other measures connected with our transition to a state of war from the time when 'the land had rest forty years.'

And now we have reached the threshold of a period in which the clack of debate has been not less loud nor wearisome than heretofore, in which once more the absence or mitigation of party spirit has seemed to open a clear and broad field for vigorous legislation, and in which we have been assured with even greater confidence than is common that we had at last got the right man in the right place. But when we ask for the legislative results of the last two years, the query itself may almost be taken for an insult. Oh for some Caleb Balderston, who without materials could deck and furnish forth that board, which ought to be adorned by every variety of food from our legislative kitchen; or could rightly plead the 'thunner' which came down the broad chimney and spoiled them all. The mind reverts to the history of these sessions, if indeed they have a history, with a vague and uneasy sense of something like the tossing of a ship at anchor in a heavy ground-swell: there has been noise but no wool: motion but no progress: all the forms and figures of parliamentary life, Queen's speeches at the beginning and the close, men in wigs and men not in wigs, a beating upon green boxes, cheers rolling hither and thither much as usual, parchments and papers carried up by the hundred to the table from the bar, interminable lists of unintelligible titles for innumerable bills; the ordinary staff of

of Honourable, Right Honourable, and Noble persons in office, everything in short that tongue can speak, mind imagine, or heart desire, except one thing, and that is the performance of work. For blunders, scandals, failures, and disgraces, official, political, constitutional, executive, and above all legislative, the session of 1855 perhaps exceeds all former precedent, but can hardly exceed them as much as it is itself surpassed by the session of 1856.

With a view of sparing wearisome details, we shall enter on no detailed consideration of the former of these years. We shall not attempt to present a full statistical account even of the second. That may be found in a return which was ordered at the close of the session on the motion of Mr. Disraeli, and the substance of it is contained in a speech which he delivered on the 25th of last July. We do not altogether adopt the view of causes which he offered, but as to his facts there can be no doubt. And now it will be our task in the first place to set in the scale the chief positive results of the session; and then to array against them some of the more conspicuous and strange of its miscarriages and scandals.

The chief positive results of the session are to be found, we believe, in the Cambridge University Bill, the Police Bill, the Bill to appoint a Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and the Bill for the retirement of the Bishops of London and Durham. The first of these, although it went one stage further with respect to the admission of Dissenters to degrees, yet was, as we have said, in almost every important point a reprint *mutatis mutandis* of the Oxford Act of 1854; and consequently it went through Parliament in a small fraction of the time which that measure had consumed. The Police Bill was a measure originally framed in Brobdignag, but finally reduced to the dimensions of Lilliput, and, having in fact become by collapse nearly invisible, was allowed to pass. It simply provides for attracting all those counties which have not yet adopted the system of Rural Police, within the sphere of a central and united influence, by the *bonus* of a grant from the Consolidated Fund. It was termed by a statesman of the present century the most vulgar of all political expedients, to solve a difficulty by dipping into the public purse. It may be so: we are not, however, aware that the case before us admitted of any other mode of treatment; and, though the Act be a small and partial one, we are far from treating it as otherwise than creditable to the Department or the Government which passed it. We cannot speak with equal favour of the two other measures, on which the session rests its claim to praise or to acquittal. The appointment of a Vice-President of the

the Committee of Council for Education is highly objectionable. It is notorious to all the political world, that though the executive duties of that department are multiplied and serious, they are almost wholly summed up in the prudent and careful management of details. The political and parliamentary portion of them is almost infinitesimally small. They scarcely have invaded the dignified ease of Lord Granville; they do not prevent him from representing while we write the British Crown and people with his splendid suite as Ambassador Extraordinary at St. Petersburg; they absolutely do not admit of division between that intelligent and popular nobleman, or any one who may hereafter fill his place, and a second in command. In its first aspect, therefore, this measure is simply the perpetration of a job by Act of Parliament in the creation of a highly salaried office without duty. But again this as a parliamentary office, and therefore as implying an addition to the official staff without necessity, is highly exceptionable on constitutional grounds. Lastly, we are always liable to this danger, that a public functionary whose appointed and regular duties do not bring him all the notoriety which he covets, may seek for fame through meddling and mischief: witness the meteoric career of Sir Benjamin Hall, whose Salmonean thunders made even the Duke of York's Column for a moment, though happily *but* for a moment, tremble upon its base. If a dull man is appointed Vice-President, we simply pay 2000*l.* *per annum* for more snoring on the Treasury Bench, and for the addition of another uncomplaining sheep to the flock of an accomplished whipper-in. If an *esprit remuant* is put there, then our 2000*l.* will go to pay him for concocting plans of public education on a scale of grandeur probably exceeding even the resolutions of Lord John Russell; in which case, if only to secure fair play, we ought surely to pay another 2000*l.* to Mr. Henley for the use of his masculine sense, sharp penetration, and indomitable firmness, in overturning them. As, however, the President of the Council has now been for four months abroad, without the nomination of any Vice-President to supply his place, we confidently trust either that the Government will have the good sense to make no appointment under this silly Act, or that Parliament will, even in their teeth if necessary, have the good sense and patriotism to insist on its repeal.

Nor can we pass a more favourable judgment upon the Act for the retirement of the Bishops of London and Durham, of which Lord Derby, aided by Lord Aberdeen, in vain attempted to arrest the progress. Introduced and passed under circumstances of extraordinary indecency, its matter was not out of keeping with its manner. It has left upon record a scandal which we fear will  
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often and often make the hustings ring, and long continue 'to point the moral and adorn the tale,' to animate the rhetoric and excuse the venom, of Anti-church orators. It is much more likely, we believe, to bar than to open the path to the effective consideration of the question how provision may best be made for the discharge of the Episcopal Office where the bishop is disabled, for it has put out of the way the two cases which happened to offer peculiar facilities for adjustment, and which might have drawn others along with them, while it has left only unmitigated difficulty behind. With respect to this ill-starred bill, our principal consolation must be in the belief that those, whose names were most prominent in the arrangement, were in reality least responsible for its objectionable parts; and in the knowledge that the crushing illness, which prevented the Bishop of London from applying his own great capacity to a novel and thorny question, was simply due to the prolonged and exhausting labours of his apostolic charge.

Such is the legislative catalogue of actual performances for 1856; and in our view its demerits fully counterbalance its merits. But let us assume that this is matter of opinion and open to debate; the same can hardly be said of that far larger part of the proceedings of the year to which we are now about to turn, and from which we shall, in mercy to the reader, only make certain selections, characteristic however of the whole.

Shortly before the opening of the session the public had been startled by an announcement that Baron Parke had been called to the Upper House by the title of Lord Wensleydale, but that the Patent he had received limited his peerage to the term of his natural life. As that distinguished judge was known to have no son, and to be considerably advanced in years, it was evident, so at least all men thought, that this proceeding was one as deliberately taken as it was obviously important; that it contained a distinct announcement on the part of the administration that life peerages were necessary, that they were now to be systematically inaugurated, and that the prerogative of the Crown had upon full consideration been found clearly sufficient for their revival or establishment. Thus conceived as to its purpose, the proceeding adopted was obviously a convenient manner of trying the issue.

That word *Prerogative*, once so awful, is now tame and familiar to our ears. Formerly large and elastic, it has, in its application to almost all subjects, been gradually hemmed in by the boundaries of custom or of statute. But there remain certain spheres within which it is still watched with jealousy: one of these is the ecclesiastical supremacy, the other is that of the constitution  
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of Parliament. Even the invention of what is wholly new in these high matters could hardly be more culpable, than the revival of what has been dark and doubtful in its origin, and what has nothing clear and unambiguous about it except the fact of its utter desuetude. Nor is the fault and danger lessened, but enhanced, from the fact that an extension of the prerogative would not at the present day be the mere addition of a certain amount of force to the Crown—a power outmatched by its competitors in the state: it would be so much taken from the balanced system of the constitution and given to that single element which alone, humanly speaking, can ever seriously disturb it, namely, the majority of voices in the House of Commons of the day.

It was very speedily seen to be plain that the Government had reckoned without their host. A formidable opposition arose, led by Lord Lyndhurst, backed by Lord Derby and his party, silently approved by many among the usual supporters of the Government, loudly and authoritatively favoured by the liberal law-lords, Brougham and Campbell. Of Lord Derby it might well be said that he was in this case

‘Magnum

*Agmen agens Clausus, magnique ipse agminis instar.*’ \*

But the hero of the day was Lord Lyndhurst. Though he had long passed the limits of fourscore, he stepped into the fray, nay, led the van with force and fire—

‘*Ultra vires moremque senectæ;*’

and even his glance, his countenance, and his figure, were less remarkable than the undimmed brilliancy of his intellect, the lucidity and consecutiveness of his historical research, and the cogency of its application. His two speeches on this subject, taken in conjunction with his age, are, we believe, performances without example in Parliamentary history. The result was, for the House of Lords in its relation to the Crown, a sort of minor *Magna Charta*. The supposed prerogative was by repeated votes cast upon the ground and trampled in its dust and mire: and though it was well understood that life peerages by prerogative, which were thus ignominiously belaboured, meant life peerages at the command of the majority of the House of Commons, yet neither that House nor the country at large were dissatisfied with the manly and dignified resistance of the Lords, nor grudged them one tittle of the triumph which they won.

There has not been an occasion within the memory of this generation, when the Crown has suffered such defeat and dis-

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\* *Æd.* vii. 706.]

paragement. It has claimed, and claimed too by the act of exercising it, a power which, beyond all doubt, placed the independence of the House of Lords at its mercy in a manner and degree heretofore unknown, and by means of (at best) a forgotten machinery. We who now live have never seen it challenge the Peers to a trial of strength except in 1832, when the Ministers not only were backed by the House of Commons and the country, but, what is more, when they knew their own minds. The Crown was then victorious, and the Lords received a blow and damage which it required the patriotism, prudence, and self-command of many long years to retrieve. On this occasion its failure was as signal, as was then its success: and the responsibility of having advised such a contest even upon grave and imperious occasion, even after having taken all the means to ensure success which forethought can suggest, is of the gravest order.

But the occasion was not grave. The purpose in view was simply that of removing a dissatisfaction which has grown up during the last few years with the working of the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and the narrow scope of the remedy, namely, the importation of a single new judge, conclusively shows that the evil was one which did not require in order to its cure a conflict between two of the greatest, and the two most august, among all the powers of the state. In fact, as we believe, the inconvenience arose partly from the advanced age of some of the present law lords, and partly from certain personal incompatibilities, that is to say from what is accidental and transitory: and notwithstanding the downfall of the life peerage, notwithstanding the defeat of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, the remedy has been applied after all, and Baron Wensleydale now sits in the House of Lords, and is ready to lend his powerful aid to its judicial *corps*, under a patent of peerage not limited to his life. There was one way, and only one, in which the Crown might have been relieved from the disparagement it had undergone, and that was that the Ministry should have made their own both the original act and the censure it received, in the usual manner, namely, by retirement. They would thus have borne the offence away as it were on their own shoulders; the fault would have been purged, and the Crown entirely relieved from the odium and the slight it had encountered. But at no stage in the proceedings did it appear to occur to them, that they might thus dignify defeat by accepting its proper and ordinary consequence.

The strangest part of this narrative, however, is yet to be told. During the discussions in the House of Lords, common Fame—*Fama*,

*Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum*, but which also sometimes does a little good—whispered it abroad, that this great constitutional innovation had never received the sanction of the Cabinet, or even been debated at its meetings; and that more than one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State had declared in very plain terms that they knew nothing about it, and had been no parties to it. The Lord Chancellor was asked in the House of Peers, what the law officers of the Crown had had to say to the measure. With a simplicity that infancy itself could not match, the head of the law replied that the question of the right of the Crown was so plain that he had not thought it necessary to consult them. This question, which he thought so plain on the affirmative side, every one of his legal colleagues held to be equally plain, only in the negative: and again that mischievous common Fame reported, that one at least of the law advisers of the Crown, a man of the very highest distinction in his profession, did not scruple to make it known to such as cared to ask him, that the case of the Government for life peerages by prerogative, in homely phrase, had not a leg to stand upon.

Still, however, a sort of face was put upon the matter by denials and asseverations in the usual form. A Committee sat: a bill for the so-called reform of the appellate tribunal was introduced, it was passed through the Upper House, and the leading members of the Government maintained at least their consistency under discomfiture, by declaring that they supported it because it left open and unprejudiced the question whether the Crown had a right to make life peers by prerogative, and that nothing could induce them to support it on any other supposition. But the Bill came into the House of Commons. It was raked right and left, front and rear, by a fearful fire; its fate quivered in the balance; some impertinent and over-analytical members confidently pronounced that the effect of the Bill had been misrepresented in the House of Lords, and that its terms went to the positive extinction of the alleged prerogative. The Government remained obstinately silent on the point. At length, before the closing division of the Commons, an answer was categorically demanded from the law officers. Sir Richard Bethell rose amidst breathless attention. He said that '*if* such a prerogative existed'—he continued to repeat several times over his emphatic '*if*'—and no man who has not heard an *if* from the Solicitor-General can well conceive how much more force he gives to that insignificant-looking and hypothetical particle than another man could put into the roundest volley of assertions—if such a prerogative existed, that is supposing it to exist, 'it was beyond all doubt entirely extinguished by the Bill.'

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The time must come when the echo of banter and of bluster will alike have died away, and when it comes, we are much mistaken if there will be any opinion but one in the country upon the history of this extraordinary proceeding. Such reckless disregard of the principles on which Cabinets are conducted—such levity in raising for any purpose however small, or for no purpose at all, the weightiest constitutional questions—such unblushing abandonment, at the last moment and under compulsion, of the ground upon which the contest had been provoked and maintained, and of the doctrines which alone made it excusable—such poltroonery in turning tail alike on what had been said and what had been done as matter of high public interest and constitutional concern—such an inability to appreciate the importance of principles, purposes, and great measures, as compared with the mere retention of office and of the name of power—are nowhere that we know of to be found in our parliamentary annals. And in this one case we see the specimen and pattern of all the vices which make up the share of the existing Government, and we fear it is no small share, in the responsibility for our present state of legislative and parliamentary prostration.

The opening of the session in the House of Commons was not less unhappily remarkable than it had been in the House of Lords. A Commission had been appointed, we believe under the Government of Lord Aberdeen, to inquire into the subject of the local dues and charges upon shipping in the various ports of the kingdom, which were highly complex, various, and confused. The Commission reported that it was expedient to deal with these charges in a manner somewhat summary for the public good; the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. R. Lowe, introduced to Parliament, in a lucid speech, a measure which was intended to sweep them away. It had a double strength of authority, for it represented in the main the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and unreservedly the mature views and conclusions of the Cabinet. The newspaper press gave the scheme a favourable reception, and for about three days Mr. Lowe was the hope of the Ministry and the man of the time.

But the ports began to bestir themselves, and the signs of a formidable opposition overcast the horizon. As long as this was confined to the adverse benches, it was matter of no account; for the numbers of the Conservative party, even when it musters well, are a minority, and, besides, the prevailing disorganisation is not wholly excluded from their ranks. But blackness overspread the faces on the right hand of the chair, when, of all men alive, Sir Francis Baring, a Whig among the Whigs, and the saviour of the Government in the session of 1855 from the adverse address of Mr.

Mr. Disraeli on the negotiations at Vienna, rose to second the motion of Sir F. Thesiger for the rejection of the Bill on its second reading. However, Mr. Lowe was not dismayed; he even extended his front; he spoke in menacing tones of 'musty parchments,' and of the analogy between certain alleged forms of property and pure plunder. The second reading had actually been proposed; what option remained? A Government cannot easily withdraw any measure announced from the Throne and introduced upon the part of the Cabinet without obtaining the judgment of Parliament upon it. This, however, is sometimes done (or, we should rather say, *was* sometimes done, it is now growing to be the general rule); but to withdraw a measure of the Administration in the middle of a debate is such an utter befooling of the whole function both of Government and of Parliament, that it was plain *this* could not be thought of. One contingency, however, escaped the persons who so reasoned; perhaps it could not be thought of—but it could be done without being thought of. Alarm had risen high in the House; Lord John Russell declared his nerves to have been shaken by the strange unearthly utterances of Mr. Lowe. It was known that he had been a distinguished senator in Australia, and there was thought to be in his speech a certain *souppçon* or flavour of the doctrines current there in a particular class of society. Under these circumstances, Lord Palmerston rose at the commencement of what should have been the second night's debate, and announced the withdrawal of the measure. Not that the Government had changed its mind—it had maturely considered the whole affair, and then only had determined—but, said the First Minister, there are certain details of the Bill which may require further adjustment, and which, from their complicated nature, cannot be conveniently adjusted in a Committee of the whole House on the Bill. Therefore the Bill was to be entirely withdrawn, and the whole proceeding was to be begun anew before a Select Committee of inquiry into the subject. But why all this circumlocution? The Government had undergone a defeat—the defeat not of those who are beaten after doing their best, but of those who, having challenged the fight and begun it, then run away. Now even this censorious world gives Lord Palmerston credit for so much courage, that we must take it for granted that he is possessed of that high and noble quality. We sincerely regret that, instead of using it on this occasion, he resorted to a subterfuge alike unworthy of his position, his colleagues, and his character; for the cause which he assigned for the withdrawal of the measure was a pretended, not a real cause, and was known to

his whole audience to be so. There are multitudes of other Bills besides the Local Dues' Bill which come before Parliament, and which involve intricate details not suited for adjustment in Committees of the whole House; but, perhaps for this very reason, it is provided by the forms of the House that Bills themselves, after the second reading, when their principle has been affirmed, may be referred to a Select Committee for the better settlement of their clauses. Accordingly, the proper course for the Government to take, on its own showing, would have been to state that the details of the Bill, being difficult and complex, would be referred to a Select Committee after the second reading. Lord Palmerston knew very well that the Bill would be lost on the second reading, and that this was the reason for withdrawing it. Ashamed to state the true cause of his proceeding, he put forward one which was wholly fictitious, and which was fabricated with so much clumsiness, that it in no degree warranted, even if true, the decision he announced, but pointed to a course altogether different and to persistence in the debate. In other times it used, we believe, to be thought that confession redeemed a fault. It seems to be the notion of the nineteenth century that confession not only does not redeem, but constitutes a fault, and not only a fault, but the one fault which is unpardonable; for there is no evolution of political mountebankery which it is not deemed advisable to execute, rather than to tread in the old ways of the Constitution and of our forefathers, and to say plainly before the world, as the case may be, 'we are defeated and resign,' or, 'we are defeated, but we do not construe the disapproval by the House of the particular measure as a proof of the general withdrawal of its confidence, and we shall therefore continue to act as advisers of the Crown.'

But why are these things permitted? If the Minister deals with public business in a manner which destroys the mutual respect between Governments and Parliaments—if he acts in matters of high public concern without sincerity, that is, without earnestness of purpose—if they are mere cards and counters to be played with for the purpose of the hour—if he has neither extended knowledge of the public interests, nor is capable of feeling that deep and wearing solicitude about them which, for other Ministers, has constituted at once the chief burden of their life, and their main title to the posthumous gratitude and admiration of their country—why does not Parliament correct all this? Grant that the fault in this case, and in most cases, of blunder and miscarriage, lies in the first place with the Minister: is it not the business of Parliament, of the House of Commons in its own sphere, of the Opposition, to call the Minister to account,  
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and to mark his misconduct with its displeasure? And if it fails to discharge this duty, does it not itself become in the face of the country chargeable with the blame?

That this must be answered in the affirmative is, we think, undeniable. Still we must ask ourselves, what is the cause which leads the Parliament thus to forego the performance of its duties, and suffer the organs of state to lie in scandalous inaction?

Although we would willingly avoid wearisome detail, yet for fear it should be imagined that we are carefully selecting adverse instances, and untruly representing them as patterns of the whole, we must advert to other proceedings of the session, particularly those in the department of legislation; and we regret to say they are characterised throughout not only by the same incapacity, as we have already observed, to comprehend the state of the public exigencies, and of the mind of Parliament, but by the same combination of levity with inertness of purpose. There was indeed hardly a subject which the Government were not ready to take up of their own motion, or under seeming pressure, or at the request of 'Brown, Jones, or Robinson.' Take, for instance, the department of matters ecclesiastical. The Church courts were to be reconstituted; the law of Marriage reconstructed in its most essential and tender point, that of the indissolubility of the contract; under the name of a Church Discipline Bill, a new organic relation was to be fixed for the established Churches of England and Ireland, and other provisions were laid before the House of Lords, such that, in the judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, uttered from his place, the Bill ought to have been called 'a bill for the subversion of episcopacy.' A new law of church-rate was engrafted on the Abolition Bill of Sir William Clay. All these four were ecclesiastical measures of the first importance. The first was defeated, the other three abandoned; and the ecclesiastical legislation of the session is summed up in the useful Bill for facilitating the division of parishes. This was not a bill of the Government; it was the work of a private member, Lord Blandford; but it was pursued with singleness and energy of mind, and its success, in contrast with the failures we have mentioned, serves in some degree to indicate their cause.

But the case was alike in all departments. The London Municipal Reform Bill of the Home Secretary, the Civil Service Superannuation Bill of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Partnerships Bills of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, the Scottish Education Bills of the Lord Advocate, every one of these were either defeated in their most essential parts, or (and this was the case with nearly all) utterly abandoned. A fry of



minor measures, the Poor-Law Bills of the Poor-Law Board, the Health Bills of the Health Board, the Works Plans of the Works Board, the Agricultural Statistics Bill, the National Gallery Site Bill, and so forth—

‘Sed quid ego hæc autem nequicquam ingrata revolve?’

The case of all was alike; and if the Secretary for the Colonies and the President of the India Board lost no bills, it may very possibly be for the reason that, so far as the world is informed, they had none to lose. Such legislative wreck and ruin never has been seen.

But we must also look outside the sphere of legislation; and here we shall find the facts equally unsatisfactory as regards the public. One measure of the utmost importance to the country came before Parliament in the shape of resolutions on education proposed by Lord John Russell. To the adoption of these resolutions it was universally understood the Government were to lend their support, with a view to the framing of a bill, which might become the subject of further and more definitive consideration. For, upon introducing them, their author received the compliments of the First Minister, who expressed his hope that Lord John Russell might have the honour of settling the long agitated question. But as the resolutions were more and more revolved in the Parliamentary mind, they came to be more and more disliked. The Dissenters enlisted under the banners of Mr. Henley; the Peelites took the same course; the Government found Lord John Russell's ship not seaworthy, and unexpectedly declared against all his resolutions except one. In this *one*, which purported to be little more than formal, they could see no harm, and it received their support; but they were destined, even on this solitary remnant of a grand scheme, to divide against an overwhelming majority, which gave assurance to the country that, if we are no longer so much at one in religion as to be able to give full effect to the principles involved in its national establishment, we at least intend, while liberally ministering the assistance of the state, to take care that it shall be assistance only and not dominion over education—to respect to the uttermost the freedom of religious teaching, and to rely upon the innate energies of the Church for the maintenance and propagation of the doctrines which she holds.

The aspect of the session upon the whole was one of constant defeat and disparagement to the Administration. But, strange to say, the slights and insults were not all on one side. Though Lord Palmerston has endured more from the Houses of Parliament than any former Minister, they have also endured more

from

from the Minister than any former Parliament has borne from any of his predecessors. If vengeance can be a compensation for suffering, or rather, for we see nothing vindictive in his nature, if the loss of self-respect can be made up for by seeing others compromised, these consolations must abundantly be his. For while he has multiplied miscarriage upon miscarriage as Minister, the Houses of Parliament have endured them; they have attempted no remedy; the Lower House has suffered all attempts at censure to become as vain and frivolous, as the conduct that had provoked them. And this, if the ancient spirit of English representation be yet alive in the House of Commons, is no small punishment. It is easy to conceive what stout old Peter Wentworth, whom Elizabeth herself could not browbeat, would have said to the childish proceedings that make up nearly the whole session of 1856—how Hyde and Falkland, not to say Hampden, would have chafed at seeing English gravity, manliness, and earnestness of purpose, dethroned as they now are in perhaps their choicest sanctuary. But this is far from being all. Dictation, assumption of power, reckless calculation upon Parliamentary timidity or impotence, have been carried to a very high pitch indeed. Lord Palmerston has required and obtained from the House of Commons such submissions, as it had never before made within the long term of his own political career. For example, the bill for the two episcopal resignations was one involving great and varied difficulties. It created peerages for less than life. It raised points the nicest and most dangerous as to the undue influence, which an unscrupulous Minister might obtain by furthering similar retirements. The question whether the resignations stipulated to take place were to be made upon contract, and therefore simoniacal, at least demanded to be maturely examined. The question how disability ought to be ascertained, in cases where consequences of so grave an order were involved, was similarly difficult and weighty. It was material to inquire on what conditions retirement should be allowed—in which of several modes the administration of the existing bishop should be replaced, whether by a substitute, an assistant, or a successor; and again to guard against the establishment of precedents unawares; and well to consider, what rule should be advisedly adopted with respect to the charging of episcopal pensions on the common fund of the Ecclesiastical Commission, or on the revenues of the see. All these matters were at least opened by the measure. Yet that was done which Pitt or Peel would never have attempted, and which if they had attempted they would not have been allowed to do. The House of Commons was required to pass the Bill through all its stages in four, or at most five, days,

days, from the 20th to the 25th of July; and what is more strange by far,

‘ Obedient Yamen  
Answered Amen,  
And did  
As he was bid.’

In this proceeding it may, however, be said the House of Commons might have refused obedience, had it so pleased. Scarcely so, in fact; for when our wearied Senators are scattered to the four winds of heaven, their re-assemblage without time and notice is impracticable, and the squadron of official members enjoys a kind of Parliamentary omnipotence. Still the case is a different one from that which we shall next notice.

The negotiators, assembled at the conferences of Paris, having settled the business, for which the world knew them to have been authorized to meet, proceeded to other matters; and, without the slightest knowledge on the part of the public at home, Lord Clarendon became party to a covenant which involved a complete and permanent abandonment of the ancient and long-cherished policy of this country with respect to restraints upon the commerce of neutrals in time of war. With the merits of this large question of policy we have, at this moment, nothing to do; they are much contested; but the manner of proceeding which was adopted deserves the sharpest reprehension. The rights which we had exercised from time immemorial—which we had maintained alike by diplomacy and by arms—which were deeply rooted in the law of nations as well as in the usages of this country—were given up in the dark, alike without the sanction and the knowledge of the country, of the Parliament, nay, perhaps it may be conjectured—after what we have seen in the case of the Appellate Jurisdiction—of the Cabinet. This was not like the temporary concession at the beginning of the war, made without objection from any quarter worthy notice, and made under an absolute necessity which excluded all discretion. If we were to have France for an ally, unity of maritime action was positively indispensable: and while the arrangement was *pro hac vice*, all the rights of the country were fully reserved. The surrender made by Lord Clarendon was of a very different order. It was not to gain a peace, for peace was already made; it was not to obtain the extinction of privateering, by way of reciprocal concession from America, for America was not then consulted, and having since been asked, she has, as might have been anticipated, utterly refused. It was not even done by treaty, but by an engagement as clandestine, as it was binding with reference to Parliament and the nation. It is idle to say that this change

change was a change within the limits of the prerogative. For the purposes of a foreign negotiation everything is, in the abstract, entirely within the limits of the prerogative, except what requires legislation to give it effect. It would have been within the limits of the prerogative, if not to give the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar to the Emperor of Russia, yet certainly to agree to his immediate occupation of Constantinople. Yet even foreign negotiations of high importance are usually kept within the substantial cognizance of the Legislature. For example, the negotiations for peace were not entered upon without the full knowledge and known contentment, if not approval, of Parliament; and yet it was free to us, after the conclusion of the treaty, to interfere and repudiate it, without breach of honour (the very measure adopted by France towards England in 1841 with respect to the treaty for the better suppression of the Slave Trade by the establishment of the right of search,) up to the very moment when the ratifications were exchanged. But the worst of this matter is, that there was no treaty at all, and therefore no ratification, and no interval before it. It was an informal, yet perfectly binding engagement in the shape of a mere Protocol, contracted in secret, without any public or parliamentary sanction, at a single stroke of the pen, by the sole discretion of the Minister, and without any opportunity either for revision or recall.

What could Parliament do? It might have impeached; or at any rate, have dismissed the Minister. By acquiescing in the slight passed upon its authority it exhibited its impotence; but its inability to punish does not establish the innocence, or even mitigate the culpability of the proceeding of the Government, or diminish by one hair's breadth the evil and danger of the precedent which it has made.

There was another proceeding connected with the Conferences at Paris, of a character more painful still. At one of the sittings, the Foreign Minister of France declared that the laws of Belgium, with respect to the press, required the attention of Europe, and would, unless altered by its Chambers, call for a forcible intervention: and he asserted, that in consequence of their inefficacy, exhortations to assassination were suffered to be published in that country with impunity. The Protocol, which records the fact, gives a summary of the discussion which followed. Lord Clarendon, in this discussion, held language not in full harmony with the feelings of his country; but his position was difficult, and he carefully guarded himself, according to the report, from admitting the facts to be as they were erroneously stated by Count Walewski; the truth being, that the Belgian laws respecting the press for the protection of foreign governments,

ments, are more stringent than our own, and are indeed so stringent, that no measure could be taken to increase their rigour short of the abolition of trial by jury in offences of this class. But great was the surprise, and, we must add, the shame of Parliament, when, after the Protocols had been laid upon the Table, it was informed by Mr. Whiteside, that at the end of this very same Protocol, after the more diffuse account of the conversation, there came certain summaries of opinion on the subject of the press, in which all the Plenipotentiaries were stated to have agreed: that under one of these heads the sentiments of the French Minister were virtually reproduced, and the threat against Belgium but too intelligibly repeated; and that this summary immediately preceded the signatures to the Protocol, among which were read those of the Earl of Clarendon and of Lord Cowley. We must do them the justice to believe that this extraordinary proceeding was no more than an act of inadvertence: but many a man shoots his father or himself by an act of inadvertence, and of such a class, on the best supposition, was the act of the British Plenipotentiaries. Nor does our belief to this effect at all mend the matter in its bearing upon the public interests: that which alone stands upon record is the signature of Lord Palmerston's Foreign Minister to language at variance with all the principles of British law and British liberty—language which Lord Londonderry would have scorned to make his own, and for which, if he had made it his own, he would undoubtedly have been censured or impeached—language which is now enshrined in a very solemn public document, as conveying the united sentiments of the Great Powers of Europe, and of which the danger is only neutralized by the fact that every English heart would take fire at the least sign of a disposition on the part of the Government to countenance, either directly or indirectly, either actively or passively, any attempt at giving it effect. And indeed the speeches even of our humbled House of Commons were intelligible enough up to this point: but no man was found bold enough to propose that which the case, beyond all doubt, imperatively called for—namely, a vote of Parliament, declaring that we were not prepared to betray for others the principles which we hold dearer than life for ourselves.

After what we have related it can excite little surprise that the course of Parliament with respect to the recruiting question in America was marked by a similar feebleness and indecision. We do not wish to revive that discreditable discussion which took place in the House of Commons on the 1st of July. Suffice it to say, this was an occasion on which no one Member could be found (we believe there was a single exception—but an exception of

of the class that strengthens the rule) to acquit the Government by his speech, and yet scarcely any to condemn it by his vote. A quarrel more trumpety than this affair of the recruiting appeared to be in the eyes of Englishmen, it is impossible to conceive. But it is not so certain that the subject was of equally dwarfish dimensions in the view even of unprejudiced Americans; at all events, the fact was not only clear and indisputable that we were through our agents in the wrong, but that, again, in order to avoid the capital sin of confessing an error, the shabbiest and most discreditable evasions had been employed. It is needless to enter in these pages on the details, for they form the whole staple of the debate; and the speech of the Minister himself contains no attempt to escape from the pressure of the heavy accusations urged against his Government. But Mr. President Pierce, by an extraordinary manœuvre, had made himself the best friend of Lord Palmerston, as he accepted for apologies the assurances of the Ministry, and laid the blame on Mr. Crampton and the Consuls, whom he dismissed. Now, there is not an act of any one of these gentlemen known to the world that did not receive the full and express approbation of Lord Clarendon: but they, whose offence as against England was absolutely none at all, and whose offence as against America has been entirely covered by the approval of their official chief, have been deprived of pay—perhaps we should say of livelihood—while the two Governments, with a shabbiness which we could not have expected from Lord Palmerston, were exchanging the sugar-plums of mutual compliment over their heads.

It is, however, the merit of the Minister, that he never fails to follow the indications which reach him from one mystic source. The Government is well organised in that department which feels the pulse of members of the House of Commons, divines and reports their intentions while yet in embryo, and then, according to circumstances and to orders, either wheedles them into compliance, or takes the measures necessary to avert the occasion which would cause the meditated disobedience to break forth. It is universally believed that the Government intended to dismiss Mr. Dallas in requital of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton when it should come. It requires no argument to show that the one proceeding was, in reason and in honour, a just and inevitable consequence of the other. If Mr. Crampton was rightly dismissed, then we ought to have effaced our offence by confession; but, if wrongfully, then beyond doubt it concerned the honour of the country, that we should not suffer this gross insult without the proper sign that it was felt. A body of gentlemen in the House of Commons, however, who 'usually support the Minister,' had been laudably

laudably determined to allow no step that would further embroil the two countries. They made their intentions clear, through the medium that everybody knows but nobody names, to Lord Palmerston. The consequence was that Mr. Dallas was retained, and the whole subject of our relations with America is as yet kept in that ambiguous state between hostility and friendship, which commonly describes our position in reference to half the countries of the globe at the periods when Lord Palmerston has the supreme control of the foreign policy of the country. No successor has yet been named to Mr. Crampton; and it rests in the power of the man, who has successively embroiled us during the last twenty years with almost every Power of the civilised world, to dismiss Mr. Dallas for any or no cause, and to bring us to the verge of war with America; with no Parliament to check him beforehand, and with the knowledge that when Parliament meets and the mischief is done, it is little likely that any party should covet the charge of dealing with the difficulties that the existing Government may then by its recklessness have created.

We shall only touch for a single moment on one other subject, that of the well-known Crimean Report. It is too large for discussion here: and it may even yet become the subject of more practical consideration elsewhere; for there is in the public mind a deep and rankling dissatisfaction, which nothing short of some deliberate determination of Parliament ought to allay. Lord Palmerston resisted the inquiry proposed by Mr. Roebuck to the House of Commons, and upset the Report of the Sebastopol Committee: he would have a better inquiry of his own. 'We,' he said, 'will be your Committee.' When *his* inquiry was completed, he subjected the Report, in which the results were summed up, to a new or third inquiry before a Board at Chelsea, so contrived and arranged, that the opinion of the Board could not be made public before the Session had virtually closed; and thus it still remains wholly unknown what is the judgment of Her Majesty's Government upon the causes of any one of the disasters of the winter of 1854-5. The decision to inquire displaced one Government and half-shattered another; the results of the inquiry, through the contrivance rather than the neglect of the Administration, are equal to zero. It yet remains to be seen how far Parliament is satisfied with the mode, in which the Minister has redeemed his solemn pledge to sift to the bottom the causes of the Crimean calamities.

We might have greatly extended our delineation of the actual state of public affairs under the Palmerston administration. We have not, however, space to dwell upon the flippancy with which it has now become almost habitual in the Lower House to answer  
grave

grave and pertinent inquiries on matters of state,—upon the manner in which subordinate members of the Government, and especially Mr. Peel, are put up to make unpopular resistance to reforming motions, which later in the evening the Prime Minister gains the cheers of his supporters by accepting,—or upon the form—now, we believe, about to be stereotyped—for covering ignorance and inattention to business, by assuring the House of Commons that ‘undoubtedly the question is difficult, but undoubtedly it is also important, and it will certainly receive the consideration of the Government.’ We cannot give the notice they deserve to the backward and forward marches of the Minister on the subject of the observance of Sunday; movements associated only in their common indecency: nor can we wait to expose the petty but most mischievous device, of treating the representatives of the people, at the public cost, with railway tickets to reviews, which we believe no one of them desired or asked to obtain in a manner so improper. But we will close this portion of our task by adverting to a ludicrous paragraph, which has just been going the round of the newspapers: it is as follows:—

‘**LORD PALMERSTON AND HIS COLLEAGUES.**—We understand that Lord Palmerston has issued a circular to the parliamentary heads of each department, requesting them to supply him in the month of November with the particulars of all legislative measures which they are desirous of being introduced into Parliament. The object of the Premier in making this prudent request is, that the Cabinet may, in the first instance, have a full and early opportunity of being acquainted with, and of deciding upon, the departmental bills to be introduced into Parliament, of determining in which House of Parliament the measure shall be introduced, and of avoiding the confusion which invariably arises from the introduction of a large number of Government bills at the end of the session, when there is no longer sufficient time for their full and ample consideration.’

The material part of this announcement really is the retrospective admission it contains. It is plain from the paragraph that the writers of it plainly see that heretofore the ‘heads of departments’ have not thought it at all necessary to communicate with the Premier on the subject of the measures they might mean to bring into Parliament, any more than the Premier thought it requisite to communicate with the ‘heads of departments,’ or the Lord Chancellor with the law officers, in the strange and disastrous affair of the life peerages. But now it seems that, after two sessions of office, it has occurred to somebody that there is something wrong; and hence there is gravely announced to the world, as a new invention of State, that which every man, who has gathered even by rumour the A B C of administrative business, also knows to be of elementary and absolute



lute necessity in order to its being carried on with efficiency or even with decency ; namely, that the members of the Government who have bills in preparation should obtain the sanction of the Cabinet, and especially of its head, to all among those bills which rise above the standard of commonplace, at all periods both of and before the session, and most of all at the time, usually about the month of November, when it is the custom of most cabinets, we believe, for once at least to look forward, and to frame something like a plan for the operations of the coming year.

As, when the just equilibrium of motion has been lost, a ponderous machine sways first in one direction and then in the other, and compensates a perilous reel towards the right by another to the left, even so we see at this moment that machine of State, whose vital parts are the Administration and the Parliament, wabbling, as it is termed, this way and that, sometimes the Minister manifesting his contempt for the House of Commons, and sometimes the House of Commons insisting that the Minister shall eat dirt, and both alike spending in their lateral and tortuous movements the strength, which ought unitedly to propel the legislative body along the path of sedulous and careful improvement.

Meantime the signs of this demoralisation of Parliament, with respect to its high duties, are becoming manifest through the country. Some years ago that body had reached so high a place in the public veneration, through the energy and comprehensiveness of its labours, and through what the public took to be the ungrudging sacrifices of its leaders, that its decline is slow, and the first degrees of the descent are almost imperceptible. But they are now rapidly coming to be visible to the commonest eye. The inter-sessional speeches of members to their constituents present us with the picture of something like a confessional for politics, brought under the public eye. And the language held in these speeches during so much as has passed of the present recess appears to be wholly that of admission and of penitence. The indication of causes, indeed, is meagre in the extreme, and the light thrown upon them is for the most part utter darkness. To talk of long speeches as the root of the mischief is mere trash ; for ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, speeches were far longer ; the House of Commons had then three or four nights of adjourned debate for every one evening so spent in 1856, and yet those years belong to a time, which to the latest days of our history will be held in honourable recollection, if not for the unerring wisdom of the Legislature, yet for its indomitable, unflagging energy, and for the extraordinary amount of real work which on behalf of the country it achieved.

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Once more, then, to what causes is due this unexampled state of the political arena? That we may lay the saddle on the right horse, let us first take it off the wrong one. It is not due to the late war. When the Parliament met at the end of January, that war was virtually at an end. We had already entered upon negotiations, of which the work had previously been half done at Vienna, and of which the whole substance was agreed on beforehand. Their details doubtless imposed enough and to spare of arduous labour on the Foreign Minister who represented us at Paris, but they no more afforded a plea for ministerial or parliamentary inefficiency than does any other important foreign negotiation which proceeds while Parliament sits; and of late years we have rarely been without one. Besides, it is not that the Minister and the Parliament never stirred; on the contrary, the seed of promise never was more largely cast—nay, the harvest of noise was abundant; it is only the *yield*, that too soon was found to be short beyond all former example.

Nor is it because the work of men in power is difficult, that we have now to lament an almost unprecedented collapse of political energy. No doubt the difficulties of Governments are always great; but they are not, so far as they are extraneous, greater, they are even less, than they have usually been. The stock of public satisfaction, created by the activity of some former ministries, is not yet exhausted; and hence the indolence of the day enjoys a toleration, which twenty years ago would have been accorded to no Minister, and no Government, whatever.

Neither is the mischief due to the vices of this particular House of Commons as compared with others, either past or possible. Its history presents indeed a whole legion of failures; but three things at least may be said of it; it has rejected many bad proposals of the minister; it has never refused a good one; and it has sometimes by the main force of minatory votes, as in the case of Lord Goderich and the admissions to the civil service, compelled a sluggish functionary of state to move onwards, even when he had mustered all his *vis inertiae* for somnolent resistance. It does not abound beyond its predecessors in political or rhetorical nuisances: there is no eminent public man, official or independent, within our recollection, who ought to have been within its walls, and yet is excluded from them. If it is unhinged, bewildered, and disorganised, all this has come upon it from causes quite independent of its own personal composition, causes which would in all probability operate even more powerfully upon a new body of representatives, if the Parliament were dissolved to-morrow. It is not the individual House of Commons that is at fault; we must look deeper for the mischief, and much deeper for its cure.

The criticisms which in the preceding pages we have passed upon the policy of the Government will already have shown that in our opinion there lies in that quarter a certain amount of specific responsibility for the evil. The great Journal of England, which supports Lord Palmerston as the man of the moment at least, if not of the day, in delivering a hostile judgment upon Mr. Disraeli's Review of the Session near its close, condemned\* not less distinctly the conduct of public affairs by its political friends; and intimated that, if its own method of handling the subject had been adopted in the debate, Lord Palmerston must have come off second best.

Yet let us not be unjust to the Ministry. Some of its high departments are filled by men of great ability; others by men of large experience; all by men who must be admitted to have fair claims to the public respect. They are not on the whole inferior to those who filled the departments of State under Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell. Whence then—the question does but recur with the greater force—the miserable declension in their public performances? We do not seek for the main cause of the evil within the doors of the cabinet, but we do opine that one of the causes, and that no inconsiderable one, lies within those doors; nay, further, that it is to be found in the very man who, if his name does not give to the Government true strength with the country, gives it at least that temporary substitute for strength which is termed *prestige*.

We believe Lord Palmerston to have attained to his present high position by the suffrage of his countrymen. It appears probable, indeed, from so much as is known to the public of the history of the Ministerial crisis in February 1852, that he gave Lord Derby some reason to expect his assistance in the formation of a Government, and then disappointed him by withholding it. Yet a man who has passed near fifty years in Parliament untainted by intrigue should not, after so long a trial successfully endured, be lightly suspected. But more. We have heard that when, during the interval between Lord Derby's attempt of that date and the formation of the existing Government, Lord John Russell received from Her Majesty a commission to construct a Cabinet, though he had failed with many others, Lord Palmerston agreed, in the event of his success, to act on his behalf as leader in the House of Commons. If this be true, it is of itself a conclusive proof that Lord Palmerston did not intrigue for the Premiership, but won it fairly. Whether he won it wisely, whether the ultimate verdict of his countrymen, which must determine his future fame, will be raised or lowered by their having known their old Foreign Secretary as a young Prime Minister,

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\* 'Times' of July 26, 1856.

is a question altogether different. Those words may yet become his political epitaph which were spoken of another favourite :—

‘ O thou fond many ! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !’ \*

Lord Palmerston has the obvious advantages of an unusually prolonged service rendered to the State, great adroitness and facility of speech, admirable temper, high birth, and a frank and manly bearing altogether answerable to his extraction. The extraordinary assiduity of his attendance on the House of Commons has been the subject of public remark and commendation. His foreign policy, after it ceased to be under the salutary and effective control of the late Lord Grey, has scarcely had the approbation of a single British statesman ; but, whether from its manliness or from the sound and affectation of it, it has beyond all doubt been eminently agreeable to those who form the masses of the ten-pound constituency, and to those who reflect that constituency in the press. Of this there is a most curious proof upon record. One material occasion only, during the whole administration of Lord John Russell, forced Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham into the ranks of opposition, and reunited for the moment all the scattered fragments of what was once the great Conservative party ; it was the debate in 1850 on the Foreign Policy of Lord Palmerston. But that was also the one only occasion on which the undistinguished Ministry of Lord John Russell obtained a signal and a splendid success ; for the result of a long debate, and of the arguments and eloquence of a great preponderance of eminent men against Lord Palmerston, was a majority of nearly fifty in favour of the Government to which he belonged. But we doubt whether even from his so largely partaking of those hectoring propensities of John Bull, which are unhappily a byword against us in foreign countries, he derives a greater advantage than from the extraordinary manner in which, to the common eye, he appears to project almost all the faculties and energies of youth into a ripe old age. It is felt to be a fine thing for the country to have a minister at all times ready for a row with Czar, Emperor, King, President, and all the rest of them ; but a still finer thing that this same man should, when he was in the seventh decade of his life, have spoken through a whole night, and should now, when he has more than started in the eighth, be able to walk, ride, hunt, or swim, against those who have the advantage of him by two generations.

On the other hand, if our estimate of Lord Palmerston be

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\* 2 Henry IV. i. 3.

correct, he labours under two radical and incurable defects, which must inevitably prevent his ever taking rank among the great ministers of England; his knowledge of public business, and his interest in it, appear to be alike limited to the Foreign Department; of the affairs of which he is a master, and with respect to which, though steady firmness seems not to be found among the elements of his character, his tone and language often prove that his heart is in them. It may be truly said that Lord Palmerston first began to think upon the domestic business of the country when, after seventy, he was summoned to the conduct of the war. In regard to the infinitely multiplied and diversified subjects, administrative and legislative, which continually solicit the mind of a Prime Minister if he is in earnest, and which prematurely exhausted the immense energies of Peel, his conceptions are vague, flat, bald, and shallow, in an unprecedented degree. The lesson which he was set too late to learn, he has not learned at all; there is scarcely an idea, good, bad, or indifferent, to be extracted from his speeches upon the general business and legislation of the country; even his military knowledge appears to be that of thirty years back, and to be produced into the light in the garb of that day, unrenovated, unrefreshed even by the 'reviving drawer' of Sydney Smith. More than this, the people feel that the business of the senate is handled in the spirit of the nursery; and the worst of all is that they feel it justly; for there lies at the root a want of cordial interest, and a marked absence of earnestness of purpose, and of the sense of any other sort of responsibility than the simple risk of being placed in a parliamentary minority. These are defects which might indeed have left Lord Palmerston useful in the second place for which Lord Derby designed him, but which are incompatible with the beneficial occupation of that post on which all other political offices are dependant; and with defects like these in the head, it is impossible even for the best men in secondary posts to achieve the arduous exploit of rendering creditable parliamentary service to the country. Still, amidst the decay of zeal and the abeyance of political duty, the Minister, strange to say, enjoys his ease:—

‘pronâ

Fertur aquâ, segnisque secundo defluit amni.’\*

Nor is that ease disturbed, it seems rather even deepened, by the quarrelsome policy abroad, which constantly entails upon us suspicion, disesteem, and isolation; and which appears to be employed at least, if not devised, as a screen for the neglect of primary and domestic duties.

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\* *Æn.* viii. 548.

But if we have now laid a full share of blame upon the administration, must we not next turn to that side of the House with which this journal may be supposed to feel a peculiar sympathy, and ask, where is the Opposition all this time? Under our parliamentary system, is not this the quarter from which we should anticipate either the correction, or at least the faithful and stern exposure, of what is wrong in the proceedings of the administration?

We cannot think it enough to say in reply, that the Government is Conservative. Has this word a positive, or has it only a negative meaning? Granted, that there are no indications in the ministry of a tendency to organic change; does this of itself constitute safety, or is it only one of a set of conditions, the rest of which are just as essential as the first to make the country prosperous and its institutions really secure? Deeming the state of public affairs to be wholly unsatisfactory, we on that account see in it the seeds of future danger and disturbance. We cannot afford to multiply sessions of Parliament, of which the best thing to be said is, that if they have done little good, they have done little harm. The elaborate machinery of constitutional Government was not constructed, nor were the triumphs of British freedom gained, for such a neutral end as this. Nor is the body politic, more than the body natural, ever really stationary. The hand of man may indeed be slack in the work of preservation and repair, but the tooth of time never ceases from its work, and that which is not waxing, inevitably wanes. In this day of ours, Government and public institutions have no strength to spare. Great political genius is not the birth of every generation; the absence of it at the present day is often deplored; but diligence, and above all earnestness, we have a right, and a necessity besides, to require. We cannot afford to be ruled by drones; and least of all by Administrations or Parliaments, whose noisy buzz mocks the reality of life and industry, but produces none of their fruits. Next to a revolutionary spirit in our rulers and representatives, we ought to view with suspicion and aversion any such crew in the vessel of State as, ceasing to row it steadily up the stream, lets it, as a necessary consequence, drift down among the rapids.

We have striven, in what has hitherto been said, to be before all things intelligible. We have left, indeed, and we shall leave, much unsaid; but we have spoken with the conviction that evils must be seen in clear and bold outline, before remedies can be devised. Besides, it is the right and duty of all observers, as occasion offers and suits, to note for themselves, and to make known to others, the ill symptoms of the state. In a country like this, where the discovery and application of

remedies depends mainly on a healthy freedom in the circulation of opinion, the very act of making them known, if it at all succeed in fastening public attention upon them, is the first and perhaps the most important step towards the cure.

We have already indicated the opinion which we ourselves entertain of the cause to which the evils we have described are principally due. It is not the Premiership of Lord Palmerston; that Premiership itself is partly a result of the dislocation of the old forms of party connection, and partly aggravates the evils of that dislocation; for his normal manner of playing with the public business could not be tolerated in a Parliament, of which the component parts were rightly braced and marshalled for their duties: in return, by flattering indolence, and by baffling earnestness and putting it out of countenance, it tends to confirm the existing state of things, and prolong the period of parliamentary demoralisation.

It may indeed be said that party is not dissolved. There is still a Liberal party in power; there is still a Conservative party in the 'cold shade' of opposition. We grant that, numerically and nominally, by far the greater portion even of the House of Commons is attached to the recognised leaders on the one side or on the other. It may be urged that we are inconsistently complaining of the revival of those independent sections of the House of Commons, of which we have already lamented the extinction under the first action of the Reform Bill, and we may be told that outlying knots of men are precisely what were wanted to soften the too rude shock of principles and parties.

We are far from disputing the existence and the great numerical strength of both a Liberal and a Conservative party in Parliament. We perceive, on the whole with satisfaction, that the local organisation of the constituencies still remains almost everywhere in its old and simple form of dualism. This division of local parties may indeed be at present almost as much animal as intellectual, but it is dignified by traditional recollections, and it is probably the best or only way, in which the communication of ideas between representatives and constituents can be practically maintained. We also find in it the basis upon which, in an altered posture of public affairs, we may again see the old parties once more arrayed face to face, and in something like their old condition.

We should, however, be wholly mistaken if we were understood to object to the existence of any members, or bodies of members, not connected with party, even if they should together amount to a considerable fraction of the House of Commons. We do not presume to pronounce, that such a state of things would be incompatible with a needful strictness in the drill of parties, and with the

the full vigour of Parliamentary Government. Our complaint is not grounded on any abstract doctrine, but upon the proved practical prostration of the legislative organ—upon its gradual and certain loss of respect from the country—upon the present inefficacy of the checks which Parliament, and the Opposition in particular, ought to be able to impose upon the conduct of a Ministry—upon the damage and disgrace which the country undergoes from the practical prevalence of a persuasion, whether just or not, in the House of Commons, that the Opposition are not prepared to run the risks attending the resumption of office, and which influences the minds of so many persons, that, when some capital error of domestic or of foreign policy is denounced, the attack is enervated and baffled by a latent impression that Parliament has no choice, as the Government have no successors in readiness to follow them. Whether this be true or otherwise is not the question. We do not ourselves share in the belief, that the present Opposition would flinch from the responsibility of assuming the government in the event of a ministerial crisis. But that belief exists and operates, at least so far, that when a case arises, like that of the Life Peerages or the American recruiting question, where the conduct of Ministers is wholly without defence, Parliament has not been able to punish, because it has not dared to displace; which means, in other words, that the whole essence of our Parliamentary system is in abeyance, since its working absolutely depends on the known responsibility of the Opposition, which again itself hangs wholly on their known readiness to take office. Without this the country has no adequate guarantee for either the honesty or the prudence of their criticisms and plans; the virtue of public discussion is lost, and ministers enjoy power, or what ought to be power, without the ordinary incentives to doing well, which are wholly inseparable from their liability to dismissal in the event of doing ill. Our complaint therefore is wholly practical, and is founded upon the two glaring facts, first, that Parliament has of late years increasingly lost its capacity to make provision for the legislative wants of the country; and, secondly, that it does not, under the present circumstances, venture to call the minister to account, when it thinks him wrong, from its ignorance who is ready to succeed him, and it accordingly has allowed him, again and again, to cover the discomfiture of the debate in the brilliant victory of the division.

Want of mutual confidence, want of defined profession of political opinion, the uncertain sound of the trumpet of leaders, the yet more uncertain movement of the followers who should obey, and the action and reaction of each of these causes of weakness and confusion on the other, seem to be the evils of



which we ought, apart from all consideration of leanings in politics either this way or that, to desire the removal.

But when we speak of the disorganisation of the old composition of political parties as an evil, and of the want of clear political profession, let us not conceal from ourselves the fact, that much of the inconvenience we suffer ought to be far outweighed by the satisfaction with which we may contemplate its cause. Twenty years ago the Liberal and Conservative parties had taken opposite ground on a multitude of great public questions. Most of those causes of difference have disappeared by the settlement of the questions to which they referred. It is not true that the triumphs have been all one way, and that the more Conservative part of the nation have disposed of the contest simply by surrendering the posts they defended. The great question of Protection and Free Trade was at no time really a question between the Conservative and the Liberal parties. If franchises have been enlarged, if corporations have been reformed, if Dissenters have been relieved, if education has been more powerfully aided, mainly through the efforts of the Liberal party, on the other hand ecclesiastical property has been defended, the independence of the House of Lords upheld, the constitution of the House of Commons shielded from violent and organic changes, the relative rights and attitude of classes maintained, principally through the energy and determination of Conservative politicians. But the interval between the two parties has, by the practical solution of so many contested questions, been very greatly narrowed. He who turns from Pall Mall towards the Park between the Reform and Carlton Clubs will perceive that each of those stately fabrics is mirrored in the windows of the other; and it may occur to him, with horror or amusement, according to his temper, that these mutual reflections of images set up in rank antagonism to one another, constitute a kind of parable, that offers to us its meaning as we read with conscience and intelligence the history of the time.

No man should quarrel with his own blessings on account of the incidental inconveniences with which they may be accompanied; and therefore, if we lament that the relaxed and divided state of political combinations paralyses the House of Commons for the time, we must thankfully record that, while this is an evil with reference to the duties of the future, it is itself a sign and a result of good achieved in the recent past. Had the decline of parties been owing to mere indifference or disgust, our regret for the fact would have been unattended with either hope or comfort; but this is not the case. It is due to the sobering lessons of experience which each party has received, and which  
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have brought about a general abatement of extreme views and an abandonment of impracticable purposes; it is due to the increased degree in which considerations of the public good have ruled the mind and conduct of politicians; it is due to the patient and unwearied labour of Parliament, which has achieved since the Peace of 1815, and since the Reform Act of 1832, so many great legislative exploits. All this is true political and social progress; and it is progress, moreover, which it has been mercifully vouchsafed to England to secure during a period, the latter part of which has been disastrous in a high degree, on the continent of Europe, to the principles of orderly and regulated freedom.

When before the Dissolution of 1852 the Government of Lord Derby was assailed by its antagonists as 'a Government without a principle,' Mr. Disraeli ingeniously replied upon the Opposition as 'an Opposition without a cry.' It might not be difficult at this moment to puzzle either side of the House by asking the Government where and what is its principle, or the Opposition where and what is its cry.

Undoubtedly the state of the Conservative party, as it has been exhibited on many occasions during the last session of Parliament (let us give as instances the motion with respect to Kars, and the proceedings with regard to education in Ireland), cannot be satisfactory, either to its declared members, or to those who, aware that it represents an essential and governing element of British society, heartily desire to see it fulfil its proper political duty, whether in or out of power; namely, that of giving steadiness to the onward movement of society, and negotiating, as it were, terms of peace and union between the new wants, desires, and necessities that are ever springing up in a highly vitalized society on the one hand, and those august institutions on the other, by which England yet testifies to the true and far-sighted wisdom of the elder time, and exhibits to the world a 'solidity' of her political institutions, not less remarkable than that of her soldiers on the field of bloody battle.

But if there be cause for dissatisfaction in Conservative quarters, what shall we say of the Liberal party? Graced with the *spolia opima* of the political arena, it is in luxurious possession of all the ensigns of power, and of all the machinery for beneficially ministering to the wants of the public service. It likewise, as well as its rival, represents a powerful tendency of the English mind; and, though its unchecked predominance would be full of danger, its health and activity are needed for the welfare of the body politic; and the only sacrifice we shall make to our own principles in qualifying this doctrine is, to express an opinion  
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that, if we are to judge from the feeble and discreditable manner of its present working, it would be far more respectable, far more useful to the country, and of course, therefore, far more at ease in its own conscience, upon the benches of Opposition. Lord Aberdeen was bold enough, on assuming office, to propound the paradox, that any Government, which in these days would obtain the confidence of the country, must with that view be both Conservative and Liberal: but we fearlessly put it to the members of both these political parties, that policy and proceedings such as those of the session of 1856 (and not of that session only) are neither Conservative nor Liberal; they hold on to each of these only by its besetting vice; they have nothing of the Conservative character except its inertness, and nothing of a Liberal aspect except its restlessness. To the high-minded men of all parties the first object of anxiety must be, that they may maintain their traditions, fulfil their promises, redeem in office the expectations raised in opposition, transmit to the next generation the fame they have inherited from the last. But what if a Government formed of members of the Liberal or Movement party holds place for several years—and, for aught we know, it may be in Lord Palmerston's power to retain the seals of office till he has turned four-score—what if, when retiring, it is in a condition to point to few useful laws enacted, while its failures are unnumbered in domestic legislation—while its diplomacy has kept the country in perpetual hot water, and has rendered necessary the maintenance of costly establishments, which a better state of foreign relations would have enabled Parliament to reduce; and while its administration of patronage, especially of ecclesiastical patronage, has been deeply tainted with the nepotism which, not less than financial blundering and feebleness, appears to stick like a barnacle to all Whig, Whigging, and Whiglike administrations; and to mar the dignity and political virtues, to which that party is without doubt, historically at least, entitled to lay claim? We cannot indeed refuse to agree with Mr. Disraeli, as he is reported to have spoken on the 25th of July, in thinking that a party which is thus contented with the titles and the patronage of office, and which, on condition of enjoying them, allows its own professions to be forgotten, its principles to lie in abeyance, and its very name to become a by-word for weakness—slowly, perhaps, but infallibly, undermines the ultimate foundations of its power in their proper seat, namely, the public mind, and may hereafter have to pay, by whole decades of exclusion from power, for every single session of those during which the title to possession has not been fairly earned by diligence and success corresponding with its high

high responsibilities and its great opportunities. The Radical and independent Liberal party has long practised what, to speak plainly, we must call an imposture on the country, by its annual sham-fight on the Ballot: it is now practising, perhaps unconsciously, a deceit not less gross upon itself: for, by standing before the country as primarily answerable for the feebleness and effectlessness of parliamentary action, it will speedily lose the best part of whatever qualified hold it may have upon the public respect.

Some of those observers of public affairs who might agree with us in lamenting the present decadence of Parliament, and even in perceiving a connexion between that decadence and the disorganised state of the old party connexions, may see a shorter way, than we ourselves do, to effectual improvement. They perhaps think that, after all, the simple cure lies in the reconstruction of what is called the 'old Conservative party.' Among the anomalies and solecisms of the Lower House in its present condition, one of the greatest, without doubt, is the position of those gentlemen who pass by the appellation of Peelites, and who, ejected from office by their scruples and difficulties in respect to the Sebastopol Committee, have since maintained an attitude which the country, as represented by its press, plainly considers to be equivocal. Moreover it is plain that, among all the outliers from the great parties, none, not even Lord John Russell, so powerfully tend to prolong the existing state of general weakness, and the relaxation in party organisation. Not that they are powerful either in their numbers or in the general favour, but that by their traditions, if not by their characters, they happen to have points of contact and of sympathy, rather marked in their character, with gentlemen sitting on both sides of the House who own no general political connexion with them. It was certainly characteristic of Sir Robert Peel to combine fearlessness in regard to administrative changes with no small dread of constitutional innovation. Whether governed by a superstitious adherence to the maxims of their leader, or whether really and conscientiously imbued with the same spirit, the Peelite ex-Ministers are seen to take a more forward place than the Government in regard to many questions of administrative reform; while on the other hand, in cases such as the resolutions of Lord John Russell on education, or the bill for the retirement of the two bishops, they are found among the loudest denouncers of change, as being dangerous, or undefined, or not warranted by the pleas that are urged in its favour. They thus operate as *solvents* of party connexion, in a manner and degree for which their mere numbers or personal qualities would not account: each  
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of these kinds of occasion alternately seeming to place the Peelite politicians in relations with various members of the two parties as close as, or even for the moment closer than, those in which they may habitually stand to their own recognised leaders.

Perceiving clearly, as we do, the evils of a position which cannot we apprehend be satisfactory either to those who observe or those who hold it, we shall not jump to the conclusion that it rests with these gentlemen, or with any one else, to abate the nuisance by any act of their volition. Of the jealousies and suspicions inevitably characteristic of a Parliament without parties thoroughly organised, a larger share perhaps alights on the party now supposed to be led by Lord Aberdeen, than on any other class, knot, or clique of politicians whatever. And it should be remembered that in general neither jealousy nor suspicion can be overcome by any measures taken for the purpose of overcoming them: they can only be disarmed by the more natural and spontaneous action of events moving in their own course, and by the slow and silent, but powerful, influence of considerations of the public interest upon judgment and conscience, which in the long run, though not always at the moment, determine the action of political party. It is plain that those who are now dissociated, either wholly or partially, and either on the one side of the House or on the other, from the leading parties, ought, if they are ever again to be found in the ranks, to be found in those ranks where their sympathies may principally lie; and the question which ranks those are must commonly receive its answer, partly indeed from the tempers of individuals, but chiefly from the course of public affairs, and from the tendency of this great question or of that to grow for the time to a paramount and commanding importance in its bearing on the interests of the country.

Mindful, in one respect at least, of the modesty which befits our calling, we shall not presume to attempt pointing out particular modes in which the existing confusions can be cleared, and the motley mobs of the House of Commons restored to something more resembling the old, costumed, and regimental character of its accustomed organisation; but we shall throw together, in general terms, a few propositions which appear to us to be placed nearly beyond dispute.

First of all then the constituencies, as we have intimated above, do not appear to feel, as their representatives have felt, the debilitating and disorganising influences so patent within the walls of Parliament. Whether they have or have not distinctive opinions—whether they seek or do not seek separate and opposite ends—whether the antagonist candidates can or cannot succeed  
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in imparting to their respective speeches and addresses a decent amount of difference—it is beyond all doubt that, as the constituencies have been, so they mean to continue, divided as Conservative and Liberal respectively; and none of the wizards of Peelism, or of Palmerstonism, or of Manchesterism, or of Administrative Reform, or of Voluntarism, or of any other personal, intermediate, sectional, or hybrid creed, will, at least in our day, dislodge them from the impregnable stronghold of their set electioneering habits and ideas, commonly as simple and homogeneous as the colours which, in the days when such things were, used to distinguish the flags and ribands of contending parties.

Secondly, while the electioneering gear continues to be much in the same working order as it was, it is plain that a public opinion has for many years been forming itself both broad and deep—broader in some respects and deeper too than the limits of party organisation. This public opinion is considerably adverse to speculation or constitutional changes, but is disposed to view with great favour all active and efficient government, comparatively careless from which party such a boon to the country may proceed. Ballot is moonshine; even the Church Rate agitation seems to have reference principally to the hustings; nobody cares to try and turn the Bishops out of Parliament; the County Rate is still imposed and spent by a non-elective body; the unpaid magistracy, the law of succession to landed property, the hereditary peerage, the Established Church, are politically tranquil—no storm whistles round their ears. *That* one of the two great parties, we venture to predict, will acquire the predominance in Parliament and in the country, which succeeds in impressing the public mind with the belief that it is most deeply and earnestly impressed with the right (a right not the less real because indeterminate) of the people to what is called good government, and that it is also most largely gifted with the qualities necessary to enable it to satisfy that right and the reasonable desires which attend it.

Thirdly, as respects the system of policy and conduct which we have endeavoured to express by the term good government, there never was a time when the Parliamentary field was more open, less thronged with labourers. Happily restored from war to peace, we want efficient establishments, with a just and strict economy; and this demand undoubtedly involves the searching and circumspect reconsideration of almost the whole of our military arrangements. At *some* period, we may be certain, the merely demagogic cry for economy will arise, and we can only be well prepared to meet it when it comes by placing ourselves before its arrival in a condition to show that the public get value for the money which they are called upon to spend. We want, again, that high-minded

mind and temperate foreign policy, which seeking peace seeks it through honour, which abhors the spirit of intermeddling, which trusts liberally till it has found cause to be mistrustful, which disdains under all circumstances subterfuge and evasion, and which is careful above all things that its bark shall not be worse than its bite. We want a clean-handed and disinterested administration of patronage, and a frank and full practical admission of the truth that, as in the judgment of Mr. Burke, parsimony was a *magnum vectigal*, so purity and efficiency in the public establishments are among the best props of government. We want the maintenance of the public credit at the highest point, and of the public revenue in a condition fully to meet all the demands of the service of Her Majesty. We might pass to other subjects, such as the reform of the law, the great Indian question, the improvement of the provision, as far as the law can improve it, for the discharge by the Church of her holy duties; but passing on from particulars, we will venture to add we want, most of all, that a character of seriousness and earnestness should be once more impressed upon the proceedings of the Parliament, and that, if it is determined to retain its privilege of laughing at bad spoken jokes, at least it will not allow its whole proceedings to assume the character of a bad joke put into action. The party that shall most resolutely embark in this career, and shall at the same time most steadily discountenance all peddling and tampering with the venerated institutions of the country, will, we believe, soon be the uppermost party in public estimation, and in the influence and power which that estimation never fails to confer.

There is one more, and that an organic question, which we would willingly have avoided, but on which we are compelled to touch; it is that of the attitude and of the political rights of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. This journal has viewed with little favour the recent movement of which Mr. Spooner has been in the House of Commons the conscientious and determined organ; but we see plainly that the course of events at present tends to give to that movement a force and a success, which we would gladly see it deprived of all claim whatever to attain; inasmuch as we cannot regard the contingency of its triumph without serious misgivings for the permanency of the present ecclesiastical settlement in Ireland. We do not mean that the people of this country are growing more intolerant—far otherwise; but our meaning is, that the whole course and policy of the Church of Rome, at home and abroad, in the gross and in detail, partakes so much of the character of a perpetual provocation, and so seriously tends to raise the question, which nothing but the very last necessity should induce us to revive, of the competency

petency of Roman Catholics, believing and above all practising according to the present fashion of their Church, for the due discharge of political rights. When we look abroad we see that Church as the odious oppressor, through the Papal Government, of the Roman people, as the darkling conspirator against the wise government and infant liberties of Sardinia, as the trafficker who in Austria purchases the revival of the immunities of the middle ages for a consideration not stated in the deed, but we fear well understood to be the determined support of injustice. The monstrous and unheard-of extravagances, to which she has recently pushed her theology, are matters of a less direct, but still a kindred, bearing on the state of the English mind. But what is most proximate and most serious to us is, the great and deleterious change which has passed in our own country upon the mind of her that says she never changes. A band of proselytes, bred in the Church of England, have passed within the Papal borders, and seem to have carried with them a flame of ultramontane fanaticism that has already given a new face to the Anglo-Roman body. The readers of our history are well aware, that in former times this narrow portion of the Romish pale was under the full sway of all the milder and tempering influences, which have often so beneficially softened and restrained the peculiar liabilities of that communion, and have, in particular, assisted to establish, when they have been dominant, a considerable, or even a cordial, harmony between it and the secular power. But the case has always been widely different, when the ultramontane or high Papal opinions have prevailed. Even these, however, have of late received a new and portentous development through the system of what is called 'direction.' Under this system, the Roman Catholic who follows it goes to his priest not only to assist his conscience in disburdening itself for the past, but to take orders from him—we can call them nothing less without falling short of the truth—as to the line of conduct he shall pursue in all the most sacred relations, the most intimate and delicate duties of life. For example, supposing him to be a person who has recently fallen into the toils of the Romish Church, it is from the priest that he hears how he is to deal with his own wife and children, and what compulsion or coercion he may or must use with them for their soul's health. When he has heard, he has only to obey; or, at least, the case is not much mended in the eyes of Englishmen, if we are apprised that he has still an appeal from the priest to the bishop, and from the bishop, in the last resort, to the Pope. Now we do not speak lightly or at random when we say, that this system is alive and active in England at this moment; a system which we can only compare in its operation on the mind to a contract



contract of sale or slavery for the body, which our laws refuse to recognise. If the domestic relations, if the conjugal and paternal affections of educated, or it may be high-born subjects of her Majesty are thus given over into the absolute control of the Pope and his myrmidons, we can well judge what sort of freedom will remain for the discharge of duties merely public and political, and how the worst charges of Mr. Spooner and of Exeter Hall are likely to be more than justified. We would earnestly hope that a gentler and a better spirit may yet come to prevail over the extravagant unruliness of these hierarchical tendencies. We are confident that there are still many members of the Church of Rome who join in this desire. If it be fulfilled, then we may yet see tolerable peace maintained between the Roman Catholics of this country and the British Constitution; but if otherwise, then we fear the contests, which our fathers waged so long and so bitterly, will ere long be painfully revived. In that unhappy case we predict that one among the main conditions exacted by the British people from its rulers, of whatever political complexion, will be this—that they shall take care that the privilege of sharing in the administration of a free government shall be extended only to the free; and that the Roman Pontiff, though he might have co-religionists, shall not have serfs or slaves, in the Great Council of Queen Victoria and of the British Empire.

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END OF THE NINETY-NINTH VOLUME.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,  
AND CHANCERY LANE.







